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HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

EDWARD CAMPBELL ASWELL, *Assistant Editor*

Editorial FOREWORD

WE ARE a nation of economic prophets. Any citizen who manages to scrape together five hundred dollars beyond his immediate needs is obliged to become a small investor and take on the rôle of a minor prophet. There are no dominating major prophets whom he can trust to forecast the future. Seldom has there been such a conflict of voices vested with authority as during the past eighteen months. The government preaches optimism, the charts indicate pessimism. Even an index as blatant as the fall in real commodity prices was concealed from the public in 1929 by the continuance of artificially fixed values. Unfortunately for the average man, no bell or carillon is rung announcing with conviction the beginning of a bull market or the start of a bear landslide. For the small investor it is a case of free will and unlimited opportunity for worry.

THE FORUM celebrates the anniversary of the crash with an article by John T. Flynn on the lessons we should have learned from it, and an essay by James Truslow Adams deriding our patron goddess, Pollyanna. Mr. Flynn is more reassuring than Mr. Adams. He believes that unreasoning optimism has been followed by unreasoning pessimism. He sees a silver lining of financial stability in the dark cloud hanging over American business to-day as clearly as he saw the inky padding of the golden aura of the so-called New Era, which caused him to indite the gloomy prophecy he contributed to THE FORUM nine months before the big crash. How many FORUM readers at that time heeded Mr. Flynn's warning and Secretary Mellon's advice and bought bonds? Those who did have been "sitting pretty" on the sidelines.

MR. ADAMS is one of the most discerning of our economic Cassandras. He has retired from stock brokering to what seems to him a better way of life. Last April, during that false dawn of our reviving prosperity, he predicted pri-

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FORUM

Next Month

THE SPECTER OF OVERPRODUCTION

Fabian Franklin

In these days of business depression, economists and business men are stalked in open daylight and troubled in their dreams by the Specter of Overproduction. Many harassed schemes have been proposed for laying the ghost, but until now apparently no one has remembered that there is only one effective method of dealing with goblins — and that is the method of rationalizing them out of existence. This is the service performed by Fabian Franklin, and all of us ought to find comfort in his thorough-going exorcism of the Great Bogie of Overproduction.

OUR CHANGING CHARACTERISTICS

James Truslow Adams

In a recent Editorial Introduction, we hinted that some profound change seems to be at work upon the fundamentals of American character. Now Mr. Adams backs us up with this provocative article in which he describes the exact nature of the change, contrasting the Colonial American with his great-grandson of to-day, and searching through our turbulent history for the causes which have worked the transformation.

LITTLE BABBITTS

Floyd Tillery

"When the war was over and drives became only a memory, all live-wire Babbitts looked around for other 'activities.' From the luncheon tables came the cry: 'Give us something to do! We can eat cheaper than this at a drug store and better than this at home.' Then some genius thought of the precious little Boy Scouts. Might not the emotional appeal of these khaki-clad twelve-year-olds be used to material effect? It might — and it was."

WHAT I BELIEVE

George Jean Nathan

The philosophy of a man who boldly confesses it his purpose to squeeze out of life the very maximum of pleasure with the minimum of pain.

RELIGION, SCIENCE, POLITICS

Dean Inge

The "gloomy Dean of St. Paul's" makes some pointed observations about three major phases of our life. His article is, in effect, a balance sheet on which he jots down the gains and losses that are already apparent in the religion, science, and politics of the transition period in which we live.

SLANG

George Frederic Nieberg

"Slang has become a part of us. Despite its disreputable foreign origin and doubtful family tree, we have adopted the alien as our own and point to it with a democratic swagger as one of our great American institutions." You will be as much surprised as we were to learn from Mr. Nieberg's jaunty but careful bit of word-sleuthing that almost every familiar slang expression which we think of as typically American was coined in Europe three or four hundred years ago and used as a sort of international language by a roving fraternity of gypsies, pickpockets, and roistering hoodlums.

FOREWORD

Continued

vately with deadly accuracy the debacle of June, and in June he prophesied to his friends the August attempt to jack up the stock market. Mr. Adams believes that America, with its exceptional reserves of wealth and grit, has a good chance to pull out of the present world depression. Sometime in the future, however, he fears that overproduction unaccompanied by intelligent direction of employment, distribution, and consumption will pitch us into an economic Armageddon.

DESPITE the recent mock burial of General Depression by the Governor of Virginia, despite the frequent glad tidings from Washington and spasmodic buoyancy in the stock market, the facts available at this writing are not such as to warrant incense to Pollyanna from the small investor. The quantity of surplus materials is actually greater instead of less than a year ago. Domestic unemployment refuses to drop, and the commodity index stubbornly declines to rise. The foreign horizon is bleak with discontent in Latin America and a heading-down psychology in England and France. Only Russia, "the communist absentee" from the League of Nations, is joyful — dumping upon Europe wheat grown with tractors purchased from "the capitalist absentee." Under such conditions the timid American small investor is sticking to Mr. Mellon's bonds, fearful of a general passing of stock dividends in 1931.

THIS "Old Era" bond investor is free, unperturbed, to indulge his speculative faculties and gifts of prophecy in non-economic themes. To suit his mood, in this issue of THE FORUM he may find articles on the failure of trial marriage, the fallacies of the wets, and absurdities in education. He will even have time to try for the modest five hundred dollars in prizes offered by THE FORUM for the best list of the twelve most important dates.

LET US END on a note of optimism. The more vigorous private investor will continue to prophesy about business as well as culture. He will say that some one must carry the equities through thick and thin. He will screw his courage up to the sticking point and prefer, to the static security of bond and savings fund, to keep his stake in the rise and fall of the lusty organism of American business. For him there are indices of hope. The buyers' general strike will sooner or later break into a wave of new consumption. Production will readjust its gears. And if history repeats the cycle of thirty years of commodity price reduction from the peak of 1920, it is cheering to know that nine-tenths of that reduction takes place in the first twelve years.

HENRY GODDARD LEACH

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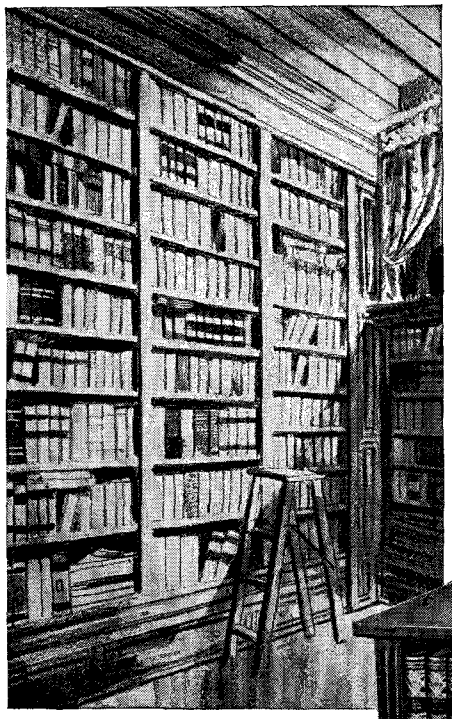

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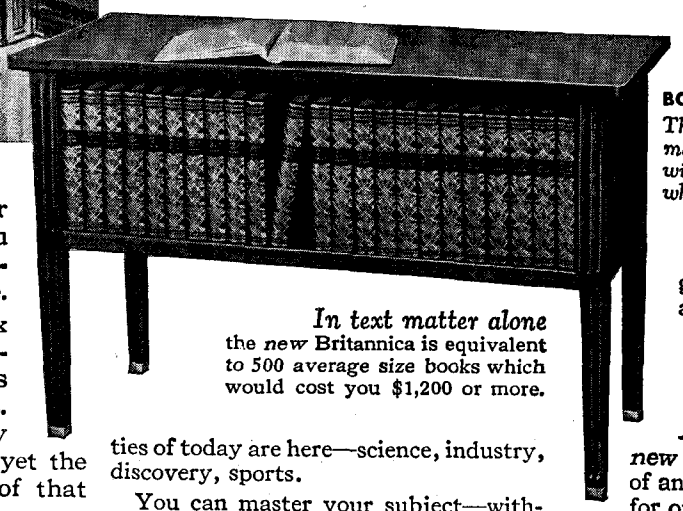

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They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus. — KEATS

Reviews by

FRANCES WARFIELD THOMAS CRAVEN
JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Crowns and Coronets

THE EDWARDIANS, by V. Sackville-West; Doubleday, Doran, $2.50.
Reviewed by FRANCES WARFIELD.

MISS SACKVILLE-WEST tells two stories in one novel. Thus: Once there was a Prince of Wales whose mother was overlong at dying, so that he yawned and waited to be King. The son of righteous parents, he was little interested in righteousness. Women interested him; especially actresses, especially witty actresses. For the rest, he drank largely, dined lavishly, hunted, gambled, raced horses, traveled the Continent, took the waters, and was forever being discovered in the center of group photographs wearing a Homburg hat. But above all, he yawned. Around him revolved a wide circle of rich men and lush women who helped him entertain himself. Round and round they went — feverishly, repetitiously, expensively. When the Prince became King, the habit of yawning was fast upon him. His circle drew closer, so that, when a film gathered before the royal eyes and the royal hand sought the royal mouth, the bore might be eased away. The King job, he found, had hardly been worth the wait. He supposed that his reign would be brief, and it was. He supposed that a new order was coming, that stimulating changes would take place, and that before that time arrived, he would have been carried, bored for eternity, to Westminster Abbey. He was right.

So much for Miss Sackville-West's first story, which forms the background for her second. As to the second: Once there was a young Duke who possessed a large income, good looks, an ancestral estate and a house with several hundred rooms. He was, quite naturally, fairly well satisfied with his set-up until a self-made Polar explorer with a romantic scar across his face suggested to him that he was the victim, as well as the lord, of what he surveyed; that by reason of his birth and circumstances he was slated to a dull and stereotyped life of doing unconventional things conventionally. The explorer invited Sebastian (for that was his name) to fly with him to a polar hut and hard-tack, thus cheating the Edwardian merry-go-round, temporarily at least, of a rider, and the hearts of Edwardian ladies, temporarily, of a few fillips. But Sebastian had fallen in love. He shivered at the arctic

prospect. Abstractedly and with true English-novel stuffiness, he acquired five or a dozen mistresses in a row (or, as the author wants you to believe, plunged from love affair to love affair), meanwhile pondering his state. The explorer, as luck would have it, bobs up again on the fourth-to-last page of the book and renews his offer. This time there is not even hard-tack. He invites Sebastian to learn that "life is a stone for the teeth to bite on." Sebastian goes off to learn, possibly, what most people who bite stones find out: that imported biscuits taste better.

The first story, obviously, is the better and the more important of the two. In person, Edward VII figures hardly at all; actually, he accounts for and in a sense personifies the entire period which Miss Sackville-West shrewdly and expertly brings to life. Edward VII, who Victoria so earnestly prayed would grow up in the image of his "angelic dearest father," grew up, instead, a perennial bad boy. But he was none the less a Victorian — he sinned carefully. To-day, London manicurists and small shop-keepers will hint slyly at this and that about the royal family; in Edward's day they knew nothing to hint about. His discreet small brougham standing all but unnoticed outside a certain door was a symbol to society that Victoria was dead but hypocrisy was not. Pictures of Edward VII frequently show him in the inevitably pathetic combination of knickerbockers and a full beard. This sums up both the man and the transition period for which he stands.

England was less and less in awe of her atavistic feudal landowners. The inheritance had jumped so alarmingly that ancestral roofs too often went unrepaired. Millionaire Jews were nuzzling into Debrett and into lists of guests at society week-ends. Women talked of voting. Girls surreptitiously read "Three Weeks" — published in 1907, you know — and dreamed of palpitant lives of their own in small flats. Men smoked in the presence of ladies and spoke darkly and inaccurately of Socialism.

An old story in outline. Miss Sackville-West has filled in the details. None of her characters is entirely fictitious, she tells us. Book club customers in this country and England have excitedly identified Sebastian's country estate as the author's own Knole, with its three hundred and sixty-five rooms, fifty-two staircases, and twelve court-yards. *The Edwardians* will be read, and avidly, for its rich, heady atmosphere of life on the grand scale. For the flattering sense which it brings of intimacy with crowns and coronets. For its satisfyingly specific accounts of the toilettes, intrigues, and philosophies of the last lovely ladies we are likely to meet in history for some time — ladies who had cleared the knick-

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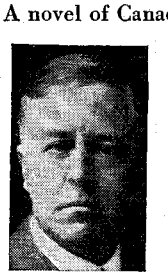

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nacks from their drawing-rooms but still did their hair up with rats. Read it, and if, like poor Edward in his Homburg hat, you yawn a little, be sure that you will fall asleep and dream, like any Edwardian nobody, of being invited to a real Edwardian society week-end.

Rembrandt's Holland

R. v. R., by Hendrik Willem van Loon; Liveright, $5.00.
Reviewed by THOMAS CRAVEN.

THIS HUGE volume is not so much a biography of Rembrandt as a minute and pitiless exposition of the manners of seventeenth century Holland. It is, let me say at the outset, an extraordinary performance, vastly engaging as narrative, an historical document of unquestionable value, and in one respect unique: the first intelligent and thoroughly credible conception of Rembrandt to appear in English. The faults are numerous but not difficult to condone. The story is excessively prolonged — Mr. van Loon's knowledge of his ancestors is so abundant that he cannot resist the temptation to display it; the narrative frequently goes astray, at times lapsing into an incoherent yarn; the digression dealing with the New World, in my opinion, is tedious and unconvincing and might well have been deleted; and the colloquial style, especially in the dialogue, is not always appropriate. But these things I cheerfully waive for the sake of the true and unromanticized account of the greatest of Dutch painters.

R. v. R. purports to be the diary of Doctor Jan van Loon, great-great-grandsire, nine times removed, of the Dutch-American Hendrik Willem van Loon, now residing in Holland. The Doctor, of course, is but the projection of the present van Loon into his distinguished ancestor who, fact or myth, is in these pages a very real character. Together with his four cronies, one of whom is Rembrandt, he forms a nucleus of enlightenment in a dreary background of bigotry and persecution. He is a man of the utmost liberality, confessedly plain and unassuming, but actually as wise as Montaigne, as modern as Havelock Ellis. His independent income allows him to indulge his philanthropy — and incidentally to waste his substance in a society of boors and cheese-mongers — and his position as surgeon and general practitioner brings him into conflict with every aspect of a hateful civilization.

With infinite detail he sets down the life and manners of an ignoble age: he describes his grandparents, exceptional specimens of decency and tolerance, his father, an unspeakable cur, his brother, a pathetic weakling; he describes conditions of war, commerce, politics, and art, both in general and with specific instances

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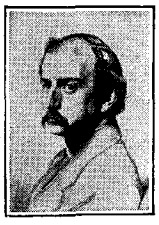

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Books

of greed and cowardice; and he lays bare the Calvinistic soul with serene detachment, but at the same time, with merciless penetration. A large part of his chronicle is devoted to religious fanaticism: all sects come off badly, Jews, Papists, and Reformers alike, but the Calvinists are his major abomination. For them he has not a kindly word, not a single humane circumstance, not one generous act. The conclusions to be drawn are graphically outlined: the Dutch of the seventeenth century were arrant materialists and witch-burners; where there is organized religion there is bigotry and oppression; the Puritan conscience is the curse of civilization; and the intelligent skeptic is foredoomed to disaster.

In his middle years Doctor van Loon is called in to attend Saskia, then in the last stage of consumption, makes the acquaintance of Rembrandt, and becomes at once the painter's physician, companion, and counselor. His betrayal of Rembrandt does not exactly square with the artist I have learned to know — he is too childlike, too helpless and irresponsible — but it is entirely plausible and in every way consistent with existing records. Here at last we have an artist with blood in his veins, neither a fatuous Bohemian nor an unapproachable superman — rugged, sensual, enormously concentrated, tender-hearted, generous in the extreme, affectionate, and above all, a man of character, earthy and fond of his liquor, but also noble and profound. In short, a rare and exceptional figure but not a freak of nature. I had rather expected that Mr. van Loon had discovered new biographical material but he relies upon the records reproduced in Bode's monumental work. These, however, he has fully exploited, telling the whole story of Rembrandt's relations with his son's despicable nurse — and making too much of it, I fear; unraveling the complications of the financial collapse and bankruptcy; and following the uncomplaining pauper to his tomb.

In discussing art, Doctor van Loon happily avoids æsthetic terminology. His views, on the whole, are sound and clearly expressed, but in one or two cases somewhat misleading. He justly arraigns the Dutch traders for their stupid rejection of Rembrandt's masterpieces, and he is quite right in insisting that his countrymen demanded in painting only a reflection of commonplace experiences. But on the other hand, the Dutch painters, Rembrandt excepted, were only expert craftsmen whose business it was to supply the market with little substitutes for nature, and I cannot see that they were entitled to much more consideration than purveyors of other commodities. And when he says that Rembrandt painted, not a chair but the soul of a chair, not a

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Books

scientific demonstration but abstract science, not the sortie of a company of guardsmen but civic pride, I frankly do not know what he means. He seems to believe that Rembrandt was absorbed in exploring the mysteries of natural light and shade, whereas the great Dutchman was not concerned with the imitation of natural tones and in this special problem of observation was no match for Vermeer and de Hoogh. Technically, Rembrandt's light is neither sunlight nor candle light, but his own created illumination, in distribution, intensity, and quality far different from the medium through which we behold the visible world, a system of tones employed architecturally to construct heads of unexampled palpability, to reveal psychological truths, and to ennoble the deepest experiences of mankind.

But these are small matters in a book which does not pretend to criticize masterpieces but to present an artist capable of painting them. Rembrandt talks of his aspirations and trials in plain language, which is proper, and his remarks are full of good sense. In explaining why he refuses to follow the current fashion of running away to Italy, he comes close to fundamental art values, and his argument should be read by all artists who can find nothing at home worth painting. His speech will probably offend the purists, but against this speech as a conscious method on the part of Mr. van Loon to use a modern idiom I have not a word to say. In the main, it works, but occasionally the introduction of American slang strikes me as forced and incongruous.

Looking Backwards

Main Currents in American Thought, *Vol. III: The Rise of Critical Realism in America*, by Vernon Louis Parrington; Harcourt, Brace, $4.00.

Reviewed by John Chamberlain.

It is a pity that Vernon Parrington did not live to put the finishing touches upon the third volume of his able and comprehensive *Main Currents in American Thought*. For it is doubtful, had he lived to work it into perspective, that it would have carried with it from the presses such an aura of wistfulness. E. H. Eby, who has served as editor and contributed an appreciative introduction, tells us that approximately the first half of the manuscript had been put into finished form; the rest is pieced together from outlines, scattered essays on Sinclair Lewis, Rolvaag, and Cabell, a class-room syllabus, and a dirge entitled *A Chapter in American Liberalism*.

The last will do much to confirm the recent pronunciamento of Gilbert Seldes; that American liberalism has suffered a

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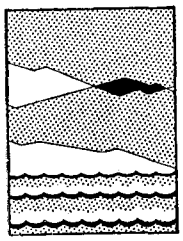

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Books

spectacular defeat. Evidently the course of events in the United States since the Great War (a crusade which debauched all its participants) had eaten into Parrington's old-fashioned Jeffersonian soul. Behaviorism, the results of the army intelligence tests, and the spectacle of cynical and youthful critics of Democracy, all combined with the lapse of the liberal movement to urge Parrington to a defeatist wail. Was the great experiment in Democracy — an experiment that held Parrington's fascinated attention and Taine-like skill through the two lucid, rich, and firmly-grounded volumes of *The Colonial Mind* and *The Romantic Revolution in America* — about to founder in the emergent paradox of unmitigated plutocracy? Was the muck-raking movement of the 1900's (which, in Parrington's opinion, had lifted us out of the crude and rapacious "barbecue" of the Gilded Age to a point which "Chartist England had reached in the eighteen-forties") a paltry glimmer of false dawn? The answer, Parrington indicates, is on the knees of the gods, where it may be left for the moment. But had he lived to complete his book, it is certain that so energetic a man as Parrington would not have rested content with leaving us a rind to chew on.

It is Parrington's vast and backward-looking sympathy for the Jeffersonian expectations that infuses *The Beginnings of Critical Realism in America* with wistfulness. Throughout the book he is on the side of the farmer and the frontiersman, a partisanship that leads him to examine at length and to champion all the post-Civil War movements that were intended to stem the tide toward industrial monopolies and combinations. Not that one blames Parrington; if his side had won things might have turned out more pleasantly. But we are forever chiding the New Humanists for remaining immured in the past; so how, in the name of consistency, shall Parrington escape? In any case, to stay by something that has been irrevocably killed is a futile procedure for a man who is writing a book that leads up to the very gates of the future. "Critical realism," to Parrington, meant a critical attitude toward the ideals of industrialism, of plutocracy, of the middle-classes. Well, he has been critical of these ideals, but he has not been "realistic" in all cases, and in one matter he falls definitely over backwards. When he comes to the discussion of money, he raps E. L. Godkin over the knuckles for his dislike of Bryan and free-silver. It is here that Parrington's agrarian bias is most glaring, for with both eyes on the farmer he does not see with Thomas Beer that free silver legislation would have been class legislation — for the benefit of the class of silver miners. Incidentally, Parrington did not get his chapter on William Jennings Bryan done.

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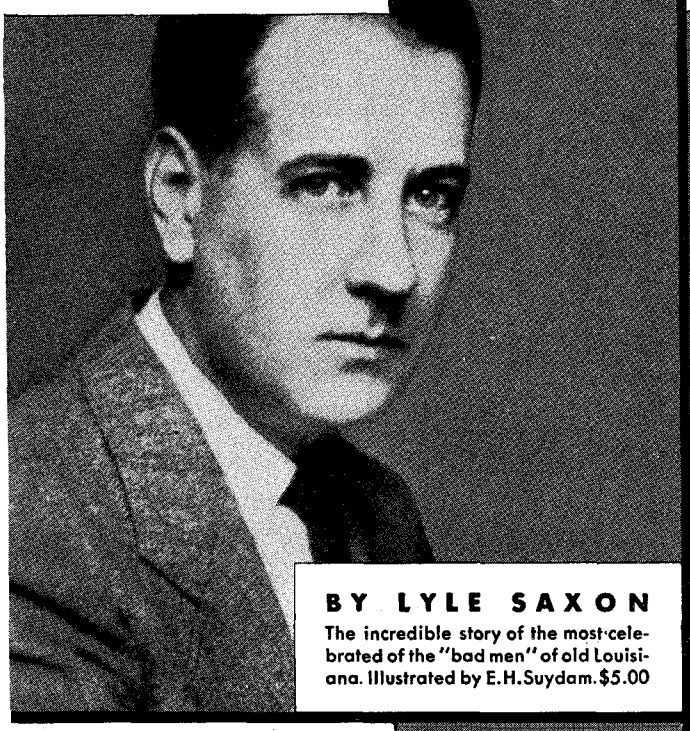

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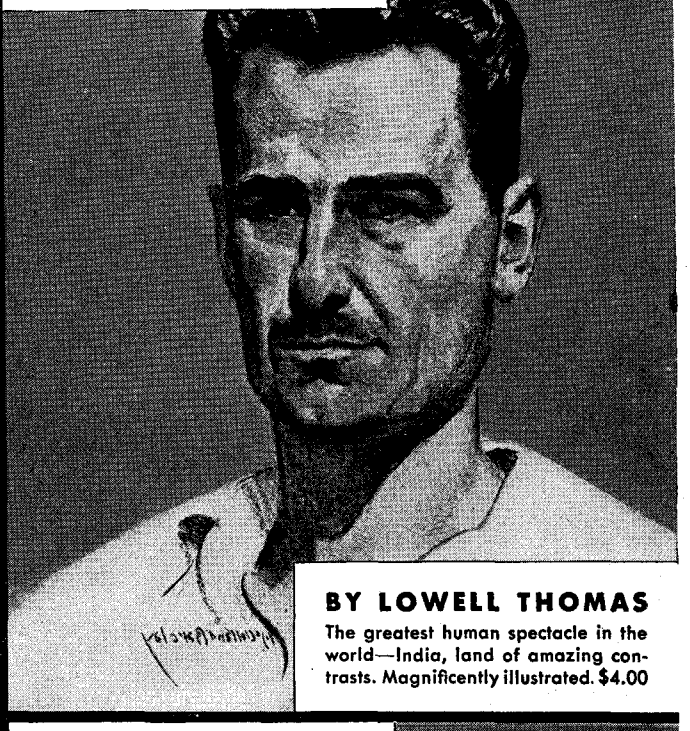

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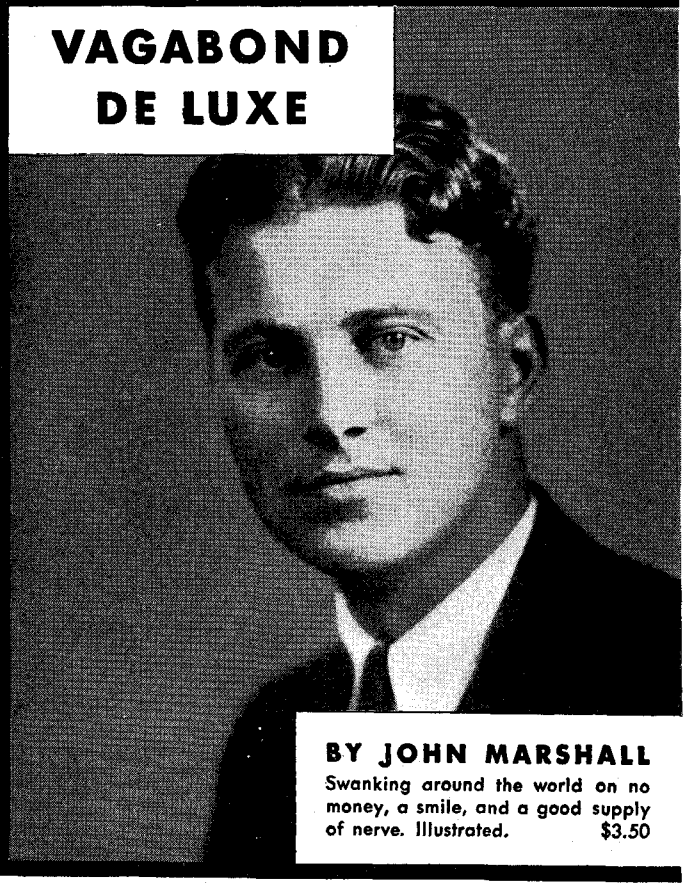

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Books

This is a major shame, for it might well have been the crux of the book.

Because of its orientation toward the past, *The Beginnings of Critical Realism in America* is valuable only as history and synoptic biography. It might have been Parrington's most important book, but it is, actually, his least. On the biographical side it is clear and just: it has accurate estimates of nearly all important embodiments of differing phases of thought between 1860 and 1900. Its discussion of the culture of the 'seventies fills out the skeletal work of Lewis Mumford's *The Golden Day*. The catches of Parrington range from Jay Cooke and General Grant (folk-heroes) to Peter Cooper, Henry George, and a number of obsolescent economists. But, especially in view of its unfinished state, it falls below the preceding books of the *Main Currents*.

The streams of thought ran clear in *The Colonial Mind*, and they ran just as unsullied a course in *The Romantic Revolution in America* save in one chapter, that on Herman Melville, whose *Moby Dick* Parrington made the mistake of likening to the much thinner *Jurgen* of Cabell. But the currents in the latter part of the present book have become confused; at the points where they are about to lead into programs for the future Parrington loses track of possible directions.

His criticism of Whitman as prophet, for example, isn't tart enough. His estimate of Cabell is over-eulogistic, and his paper on Sinclair Lewis is superficial. If he had lived he might have altered his perspective on both Cabell and Lewis. Very probably he would have discussed John Dewey and William James, who certainly represent a wide current of American thought. And was there to have been a chapter on American education, with Charles Eliot and Irving Babbitt bludgeoning each other, followed closely by Meiklejohn with a mallet ready for the victor? One would like to know, just as one would like to know why Parrington decided to omit a section on William Graham Sumner. Altogether, it must be set down as a catastrophe to American thought that its ablest historian died in 1929 with a decade of work still ahead of him.

Books in Brief

ROADSIDE MEETINGS, by Hamlin Garland; Macmillan, $3.50.

To BOSTON in the 'eighties, at a time when that city was more famous for creating literature than for suppressing it, came a young Iowan — naïve, eager to absorb the culture of the East, and possessed of a desire to write about his own Middle West in realistic terms. At first a protégé, he rather quickly won a place for himself by his talent, and it was not long before he was the discoverer rather than the discovered. Thus through these pages of Hamlin Garland's recollections run the names of the famous who helped him and the once-unknowns whom he helped in turn. They are interesting recollections, and they provide an intimate history of the makers of American literature from the time the author arrived in what was then the Athens of this country, to 1910 — for Garland, now seventy, has had little chance to become familiar with our modern moguls. The book is one which everyone interested in personalities behind pens (even though the ink from those pens is now faded and the paper yellow) will want to read.

THE GREAT JASPER, by Fulton Oursler; Covici, Friede, $2.00.

BEHOLD The Great Jasper, boardwalk astrologer and priest of the Temple of Egyptian Mysteries. Behold Jasper Horn, with his contagious, unfathomable wink, his prodigious zest for life, his prodigious success with women. Originally Jasper was a street car motorman, but an affair with his boss's young wife (whom even in intimate moments he addressed ceremoniously as Mrs. McGowd) projected him into a dizzy career. Kidnapping his own (legitimate) son, he fled to Atlantic City, met its engaging riff raff, and became, in his robes and gold tasselled fez, one of its chief celebrities. This is a picaresque sort of book, not notably well written, but spirited, amusing, occasionally touched with pathos, and always highly original.

THOSE EARNEST VICTORIANS, by Esmé Wingfield-Stratford; Morrow, $3.50.

DATES and battles and all the panoply of conventional history have no place in this study of the four mid-decades of nineteenth century England when a dogged and strenuous middle class rose to brilliant ascendancy. This is the story of the Victorians themselves, of their way and their philosophy of life, of the furnishings of their homes and their minds. It is an attempt to explain both their curious greatness and the fatal defects in their character. Successfully the author discredits a great many legends which have accumulated around those fiercely individualistic figures. He knows their faults, but one can see that he is fond of them, that he loves their oddities and respects their accomplishments, that he secretly believes we are a rather anæmic generation in comparison. He points out that they failed through compromise, and that they were unable to adjust their

(*Continued on page XVIII*)

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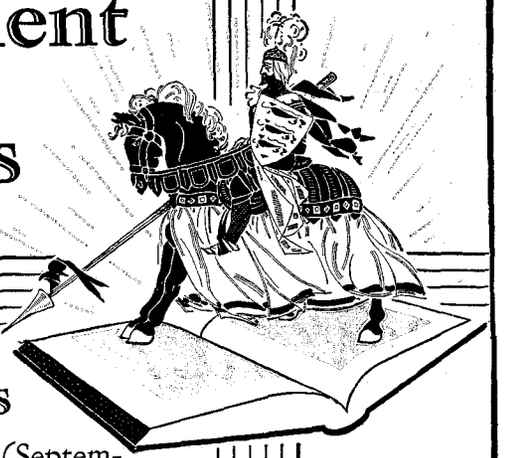

for 12 world-history dates

In three successive issues of The FORUM and Century (September, October and November) Hendrik Willem van Loon, Will Durant and H. G. Wells break lances in a tilt for the best list of twelve dates which were most important in making world history.

They don't agree with each other and, of course, you won't agree with any one of them. So the Editor of FORUM and Century is offering three prizes for the best list of dates submitted by readers, but not to include any of the dates listed by van Loon, Wells, or Durant in their articles. Read the date listing articles, then pick out the twelve most important dates they have left out, tell why each one marks one of the world's greatest events or a turning point in the history of nations, — and send your list in to the Contest Editor of FORUM and Century. The prizes are substantial and well worth a bit of time and thought to get:

First Prize: $250 Second Prize: $150 Third Prize: $100

Rules of the Contest: 1—Three cash prizes will be awarded: 1st prize, $250; 2nd prize, $150; 3rd prize, $100. In case of tie, the full amount of the prize tied for will be awarded each contestant. **2** — Prize-winning papers will be published in FORUM and Century. **3** — Contest open to everyone except FORUM Staff and their families. **4** — Each contestant must list 12 dates which are NOT among those chosen by van Loon, Durant, and Wells, and state briefly why each date is important. Papers will be judged equally upon dates chosen and reasons. **5** — Papers must not exceed 1200 words — approximately 100 words for each date. **6** — Since Wells' article will appear in November no paper can be considered which is sent in before the November issue appears. **7** — Contest will close midnight, Monday, December 1, 1930. **8** — Papers must be typewritten or penned legibly, and bear the name and address of contestant. Mail to: Contest Editor, FORUM and Century, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. **9** — No papers will be returned. **10** — Contestant may enter as many papers as he pleases. **11** — The Editor of FORUM and Century will be sole judge. **12** — The submission of a paper will be understood to constitute an acceptance of the rules stated.

It is not necessary to purchase copies of FORUM and Century in order to enter this contest. The magazine may be found in any public library

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What Was The Original
BONFIRE?

In the Middle Ages, when wars and pestilence ravaged England, fires for the burning of corpses were an everyday necessity. *Bonefires* (fires of bone) they were called. Later, when the custom of burning heretics at the stake became common, *bonefires* was the name applied to the pyres of these victims. The same term was used to designate the burning of symbols of heresy or other proscribed articles. Later its meaning extended to open-air fires for public celebrations or sport—but by this time in the less gruesome spelling *bonfire*, which today is a comparatively harmless word despite its grim history.

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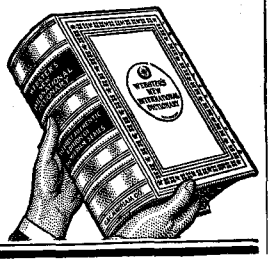

Get The Best

Books

mental and spiritual life to a new, mechanized environment. Nevertheless, this book is on the whole a defense, spirited, full of humor, and rich in anecdote. The author has not tried to be clever at the Victorians' expense. Consequently he comes closer than most of his contemporaries to penetrating their secret.

A NOTE IN MUSIC, by Rosamond Lehmann; Holt, $2.50.

ALTHOUGH this book lacks the freshness, the emotional intensity of *Dusty Answer*, it is written with the same sensitive grace and is, in addition, better balanced and more mature. Miss Lehmann has said farewell to what were presumably memories of her own adolescence. The people in her second novel are adults—bored and discontented people imprisoned in a dingy North-of-England town. They are stirred momentarily from their lethargy by a vivid, bright-haired brother and sister who flash across their horizon and as quickly disappear, careless of the emotional disturbances they have caused. Life resumes its old ways. Nothing has really been gained and nothing lost. Miss Lehmann has considerable beauty of style, an almost mystic feeling for nature. She is inclined to romanticize, but at her best she can extract the essential magic from small happenings and recreate their poignancy.

THE FUTURE OF DRINKING, by Gilbert Seldes; Little, Brown, $2.00.

OUT OF THE MOUTHS of humorists. . . . In this book the versatile Mr. Seldes is only intermittently funny, but he talks a lot of sense. Fanatical dryness is abhorrent to him. So, however, is fanatical drinking. He does not like the barbarous and imperfectly chilled mixtures which are the product of prohibition. He resents the fact that drunkenness is no longer optional, but compulsory. He has a respect for the finer pleasures of wine. He wishes to curtail his cocktails at will. He is, in short, a dissenter from the religion of drinking which, he declares, is springing up in America. He would like to believe that the future belongs to the moderate drinker, but he has the gravest doubts. This is a wise and amusing, though not hilarious, book. It could profitably be distributed both among the Anti-Saloon Leaguers and among the more dedicated patrons of our national speakeasies.

ANGEL PAVEMENT, by J. B. Priestley; Harper, $3.00.

AS HAS already been pointed out many times, the spirit of Dickens meanders gently through Mr. Priestley's pages. But, make no mistake about it, though the manner be that of the great nineteenth-century caricaturist, the ideas and their adroit execution are those of a man who lives to-day and who views the modern world through modern eyes. *Angel Pavement* deals with London life. It is not Aldous Huxley's London, or Mrs. Woolf's, or Evelyn Waugh's, but a London of people who work for a living and whose pleasures are modest if perhaps a little stuffy. Here are no glittering epigrams, no biological similes; there is satire, but it is good-tempered and not mordant. Unpretentious, filled with humor and yet containing a good deal of quiet, unheroic tragedy, this is a novel for the everyday man who wants to hear about the lives of other everyday men. The ultra-moderns, we believe, will not like it.

MILLIE, by Donald Henderson Clarke; Vanguard, $2.00.

THE OBVIOUS conclusion to be drawn from this book is that the title figure would have been a different girl if somebody hadn't "done her wrong." This "Our Nell" theme differs little from the original save that Millie goes from bad to worse, and at the end of the book is presumably headed for still greater depths. And even this originality is spoiled by a ridiculously forced ending. Mr. Clarke garnishes his novel with local color of early New York and displays his usual aptitude for the slang and speech of the underworld. There are moments, too, when scenes, persons, and bits of conversation have a convincing ring. Due to the author's direct style it is all entertaining in a superficial way. It is, however, a far cry from *Louis Beretti*, by the same author, which seemed to have been written with real zest and conviction. *Millie* is of pot-boiler caliber, and not very good pot-boiler at that.

THIS PURE YOUNG MAN, by Irving Fineman; Longmans, Green, $2.00.

THIS PRIZE novel has for its hero a particularly pure young man who is also, we regret to say, particularly dull. The author is obviously sincere, but he has written his story on formula lines (so many novels center about the spiritual gropings of an adolescent as he goes through school and college) and there are few traces of inspiration. Architecture enters into this book, and there is a good deal said about modern America and crass souls. But none of it is very interesting.

GLASS MOUNTAIN, by Joseph Warren Beach; Macrae, Smith, $2.50.

AS IF INFECTED by its predominantly Parisian background, *Glass Moun-*

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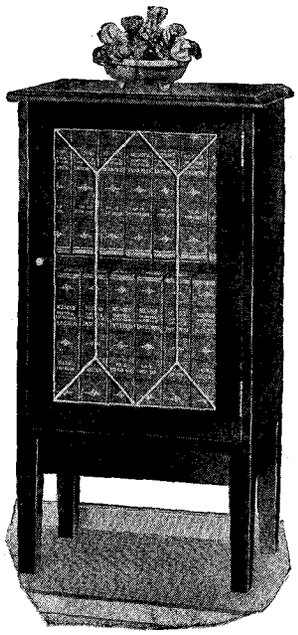

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Books

tain is a novel of love in the French manner. No other theme is allowed to intrude. Its heroine is Norma Harder, later Norma Wardroper, who hands over to another woman her great brute of an artist husband and, after a period of passionate dedication to his memory, marries a sensitive art critic with whom she has the greatest difficulty in straightening out her emotional relationship. A gallery of friends, all vaguely intellectual, watches these proceedings avidly, cheers Norma on, and complicates her life still further. Though tortuously constructed, somewhat "literary," and frequently too concerned with the intimacies of the bedroom, this is a civilized and consistently interesting tale. It has, moreover, passages of real beauty such as the initial encounter, in the clean, high air of the mountains, between Norma and Max Harder. Although Mr. Beach's characters have an inclination toward extravagant gestures and actions, they are for the most part emotionally convincing.

MIRTHFUL HAVEN, by Booth Tarkington; Doubleday, Doran, $2.00.

IN THIS latest book, Booth Tarkington gives full play to his expert ability for character drawing. With a leisurely, smooth stroke he brings the character of Edna Pelter into convincing reality. Mirthful Haven, her home, is a summer resort village in Maine. As is so often the case, there exists an obstinate antagonism between the "natives" and the summer people. Edna is forced, through circumstance, to take part with both factions, and her struggles and unhappiness in this dilemma are excellently portrayed. The book is worth while if for this alone. On the other hand, Mr. Tarkington dips too frequently into the syrup of sentimentality, particularly toward the end of the book. His method, moreover, of working out the tangle created leaves much to be desired. Just at the finish, when Edna is going through the most important crisis of her life, she ceases to be the central figure, and the reader is forced to learn of her fate through the conversations of other characters. The result is as disappointing as when one has to leave a play before the last act and hear from friends what happened afterwards.

THE LIFE AND MIND OF EMILY DICKINSON, by Genevieve Taggard; Knopf, $4.00.

THIS IS by far the best account we have had of the strange, secluded genius whose inner resources were sufficient to sustain her through a barren and outwardly uneventful life in an Amherst garden. Herself a poet, Miss Taggard has, one feels, found the most authentic clues to Emily's intricate personality. Her study is carefully documented, frequently with new material, and she makes out a highly plausible case in identifying Emily's mysterious lover as the Reverend George Gould. Neither Madame Bianchi nor Josephine Pollitt, with their other candidates, are nearly so convincing. Miss Taggard's principal achievement, however, is her admirable interpretation of Emily Dickinson's spirit. Her book is sympathetic but not sentimental, scholarly but never dry. It is written with grace and humor and unfailing intelligence. It is, in short, a work of art in its own right — as any biography worth its salt should be.

24 HOURS, by Louis Bromfield; Stokes, $2.50.

LIKE OTHERS before him, Mr. Louis Bromfield has been struck by the splendid wild barbarity of New York. He has permitted himself to wonder what passionate and sordid intrigues take place, nightly, behind those myriad doors. It is not a new idea, but Mr. Bromfield's particular cross section of the city's life is painted in lurid and exciting colors. He starts off, quietly enough, with a decorous dinner party in Sutton Place and follows the fortunes of the various guests during the next twenty-four hours. During that brief space, they experience anguish and terror and love. They are forced to reckon with their dead pasts. They are all affected, some of them crucially, by the murder of a night club singer in a "Murray Hill love nest." For most of them the pace is too hard, but others — like Melbourn and Mrs. Wintringham — have the strength to meet the challenge. In a sense they personify the city, and are more a part of it than the decayed aristocrats who play a considerable part in the story. The book is overlong and somewhat carelessly written. One has the feeling that occasionally Mr. Bromfield ventures into territory in which he is not at home. Nevertheless *24 Hours* is an enthralling yarn, rich in character and incident. Though he has not matched the standard set by his first two books, Mr. Bromfield is a born story teller and as such one may be grateful for him.

BEGGARS ABROAD, by Jim Tully; Doubleday, Doran, $2.00.

THIS BOOK might better have been titled "A Child's History of Europe — or, Jim Tully Among the Great." The history comes in when Mr. Tully, accompanied by his wife (whom he constantly refers to as Thomas Cook, Jr. — a mode of address which grows a little wearing after the first twenty times) arrives at an historical spot and immediately recalls the

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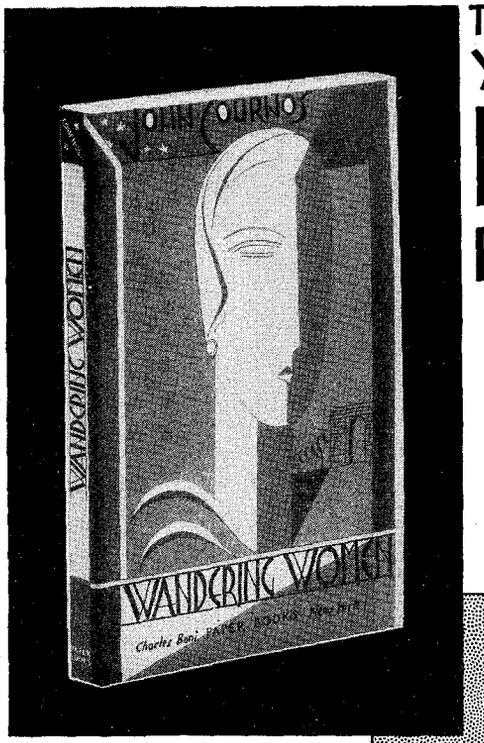

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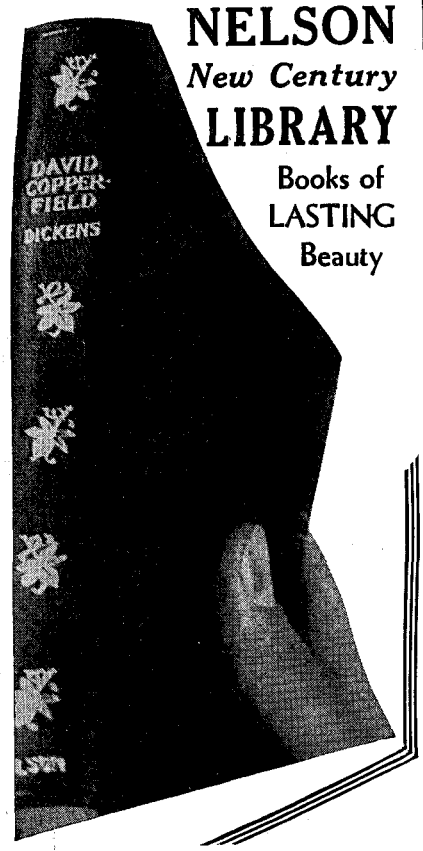

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Books

life and bloody death of some famous personage. Thus he visits a prison by the Seine, and there arises in his mind and through the next several pages the tragic story of Marie Antoinette, whose last days were spent within these very walls. The great come in when Tully calls on Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, and other reigning powers. One gathers that Shaw was overcome by his wit and that everyone else he met in Europe thought him pretty fine. He also goes to Ireland, which accounts for the dense brogue in the latter part of the book. Now that we know what Mr. Tully thinks of Europe, we should like to learn — from some unbiased observer — what Europe thinks of Mr. Tully.

CAKES AND ALE, by W. Somerset Maugham; Doubleday, Doran, $2.00.

THIS NOVEL does not, despite the jacket blurb, "stand with *Of Human Bondage*" (and Mr. Maugham would probably be the last man to say it did), but it is immensely entertaining, expertly written, and should be ranked well up in the list of current fiction. Apparently Maugham simply doesn't know how to write a dull book: he can merely turn out some that are less interesting than others. This is one of the more interesting. It is the story of an English novelist of high repute — "the last of the great Victorians" — and the skeleton in his cupboard. This skeleton is Rosie, his first wife, a woman whom the world considers a blot on a great man's past, but whom the narrator believes the one authentic touch of genius in the life of a much overrated author. It occurred to us, as it will doubtless occur to everyone else, that "Edward Driffield" may be based on Thomas Hardy. This may or may not be a sound interpretation, but at any rate *Cakes and Ale* does not need to be thought of as a *roman de clef* to arouse the reader's interest. As pure fiction or as adulterated fact it is worth reading.

QUIET STREET, by Michael Ossorgin; Dial, $2.50.

IF YOU WANT to have some notion of what the Russian Revolution was really like, read this story of lives that were maimed and warped by its horrors. It is a story told with singular detachment, packed with brutalities yet never melodramatic or hysterical. It covers large areas of Moscow life, yet all the labyrinthine threads lead back in the end to the quiet household of an old ornithologist and his granddaughter, who finally manage to piece together from the fragments of their world some measure of happiness and calm. By following the fortunes of a limited group of people — chiefly the friends of this household — Ossorgin brings one nearer to the cruel actualities of the Revolution than most non-fictional documents. There is no propaganda in the book. It is simply a record of how people face suffering and change, and as such it should have a breadth of appeal apart from the immediate interest of its subject matter.

AL CAPONE, by Fred D. Pasley; Washburn, $2.50.

FOR THE READER who has hopes of gleaning whether or not Al Capone has a daughter at Bryn Mawr, or who is desirous of knowing the Capone genealogical history, this book has little interest. Here is no mere biography, no dull recital of a gangster's quiet days. This is the history of a modern carnage. In it Mr. Pasley turns his vivid newspaper style to an account of Chicago's terrible twenties with a gusto that almost romanticizes the entire crime situation. The descriptions of the attack on Capone's Cicero stronghold and the St. Valentine's massacre are excellent reading and it is regrettable that the author's friendship with the late Jake Lingle causes the gloss of sentimentality to fall heavily over that chapter. However, omitting the telling of the Lingle episode, the book is a marvel of speed and entertainment, and is, moreover, an actual record of wholesale political corruption. Through it all smiles the lovable figure of Alphonse "Scarface" Capone, prominent American citizen and home boy.

THE FOOL OF THE FAMILY, by Margaret Kennedy; Doubleday, Doran, $2.00.

ALTHOUGH one occasionally sighs for the vanished Constant Nymph, this tale of the two Sanger brothers is immeasurably better than the average sequel. It, too, has the charm of the unexpected. The Sangers are still wild and lawless and impudent and richly absurd — even Caryl, "the fool of the family," occasionally forgets his stolidity and acts the inspired madman. Practical and plodding, he distrusts and deplores his brilliant half-brother, Sebastian, but in the end he is ready to forgive him anything — even the destruction of his own hopes — because he is too much a Sanger not to recognize and respect genius when he sees it. In their several ways, music is everything to the two brothers, more even than the girl with whom they both become so curiously involved. Naturally this novel cannot have the first freshness of *The Constant Nymph*, nor give one the same shock of surprise. No one, however, who was mesmerized by the magic of Sanger's Circus can possibly afford to miss it.

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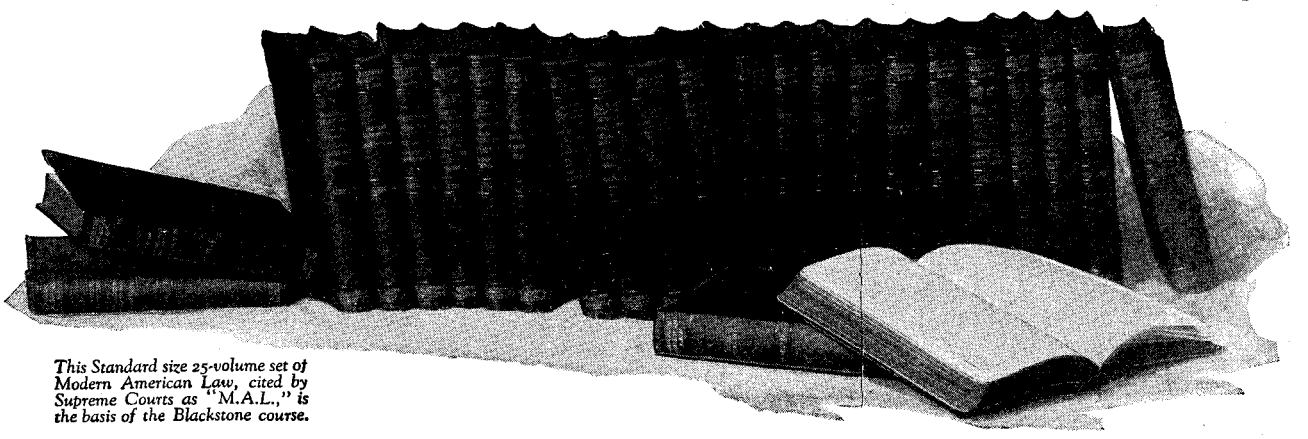

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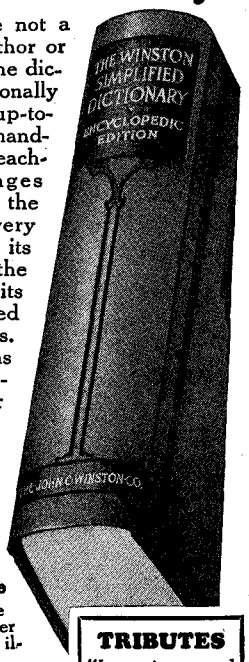

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Children's Books

NOVEMBER sixteenth ushers in another Children's Book Week, and the Women's Club Bureau devotes its entire space to the consideration of juvenile reading. In these days of scientific teaching, books, along with everything else, must undergo laboratory analysis. But the difficulty with books is that they refuse to be classified. One may describe a book as "delightful to read aloud"—but that does not prevent it from having fascinating illustrations, nor does it preclude its being a fairy tale. So there is considerable elasticity to these seemingly arbitrary classifications.

The division labelled FACT deals with those books which teach of actualities; under BOYS, BOOKS, AND BATTLES adventure marches boldly in—nor need the girls keep away, since books are there for them, too. Starred books are those which, in the Director's opinion, are unusually fine in their text, illustrations, and general make-up. The figures in parentheses are the ages to which each book is likely to appeal.

The classics have been omitted, necessarily, for the space is too small to include those favorites which each generation must pass on to the next. In the last group are suggested some reprints which are unusually good, together with different series of books which contain many old favorites and which are dependable as regards their editing and workmanship.

A. FACT OR FANCY FOR CHILDREN

MAGAZINE ARTICLES

"Idealism for Children"—Bertrand Russell—*Saturday Review of Literature*, December 14, 1929

"Children's Bookshop"—Marion Ponsonby—*Saturday Review of Literature*, October 26, 1929

BOOKS OF FACT

Grow Up to Fly—Edward S. Evans—McBride, $2.50 (8–15)

Tales of the First Animals—E. B. Walker and C. C. Mook—Farrar & Rinehart, $1.50 (3–8)

All the World is Colour—M. Clément—Farrar & Rinehart, $3.00 (2–5)

Builders of Empire—Floyd L. Darrow—Longmans, $2.50 (10 and up)

The Magic Universe—Mary G. Bonner—Macaulay, $2.50 (8–14)

Girls of Long Ago—Ida D. Peters—Crowell, $2.50 (10 and up)

The Red Eagle—Alexander Key—Volland, $1.25 (7–12)

**Adventures in Geography*—Gertrude A. Kay—Volland, $2.50 (5–10)

Trail Blazers of American Art—Grace Irwin—Harper, $2.50 (8 and up)

Sam Houston, Patriot—Flora W. Seymour—*Century*, $2.00 (10–15)

BOOKS OF FANCY

**The Country of Thirty-six Thousand Wishes*—André Maurois—Appleton, $2.50 (3–7)

**Books of the Three Dragons*—Kenneth Morris—Longmans, $5.00 (7 and up)

Castles in Spain and Other Enchantments—Bertha L. Guiterman—Longmans, $2.50 (7 and up)

At the Foot of Windy Low—May Justus—Volland, $1.00 (4–8)

Wonder Tales from Goblin Hills—Frances Jenkins Olcott—Longmans, $2.00 (8–12)

**The Wee Men of Ballywooden*—Arthur Mason—Doubleday, Doran, $2.50 (for all ages)

Pink Furniture—A. E. Coppard—Cape & Smith, $2.50 (8 and up)

The Gypsy Caravan—Howard Pease—Doubleday, Doran, $2.00 (8–11)

Fairy Tales of Modern Greece—Theodore P. Gianakoulis—Dutton, $2.50 (8–14)

Sparky for Short—Martha B. Bruère—Coward-McCann, $2.00 (3–8)

Magyar Fairy Tales—Nandor and Willy Pogany—Dutton, $3.00 (6–12)

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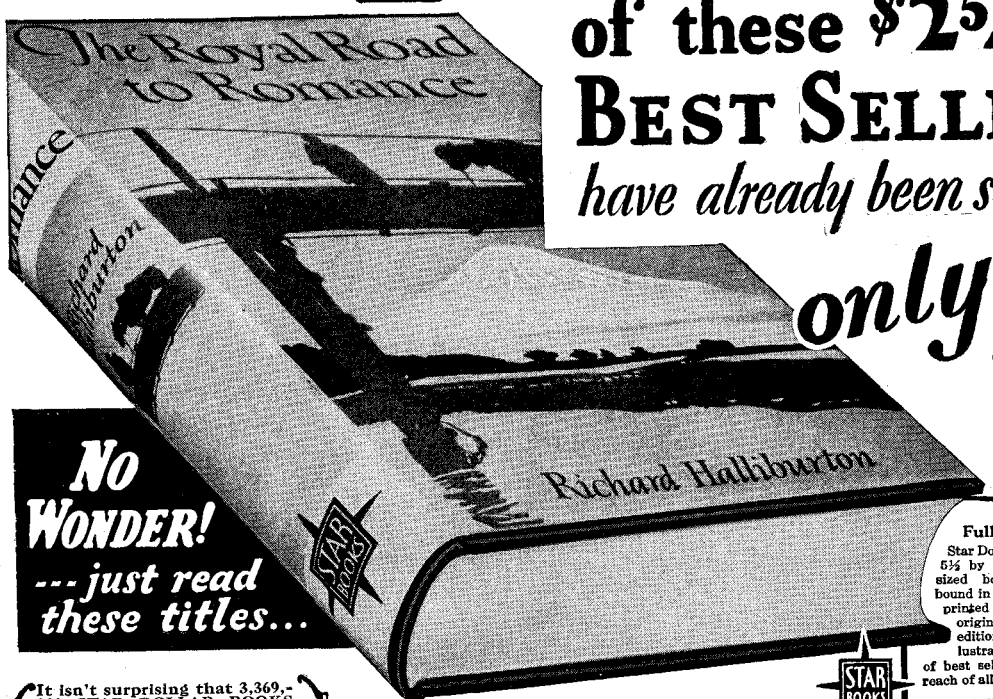

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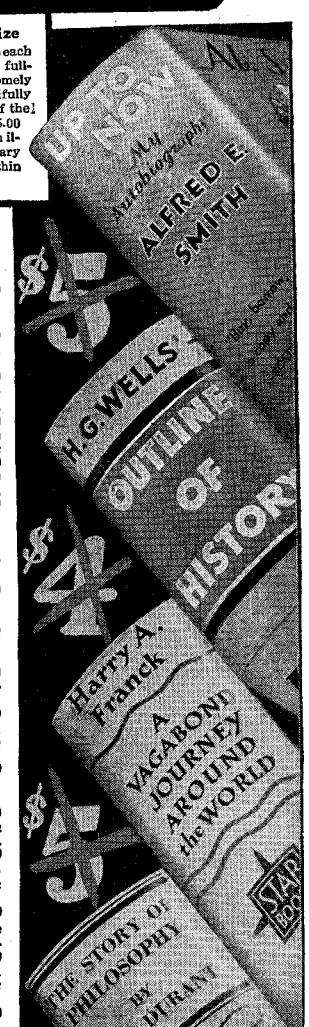

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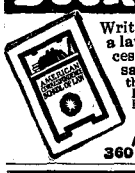

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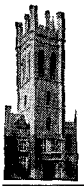

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Sir Bob — Salvador de Madariaga — Harcourt, Brace, $2.50 (7 and up)

B. To Read Aloud

Magazine Article

"On Reading Aloud" — M. C. Dodd — *Saturday Review of Literature*, December 14, 1929

Books

**Told* — Compton Mackenzie — Appleton, $2.00 (4–10)
The Hums of Pooh — A. A. Milne — Dutton, $2.50 (3 and up; to be sung)
A Baker's Dozen — edited by Mary G. Davis — Harcourt, Brace, $2.00 (for all ages)
The Two Bobbies — Dorothy W. Baruch — John Day, $2.00 (2–6)
John Martin's Book No. 14 — Dodd, Mead, $2.50 (3–11)
To Market, to Market — Emma L. Brock — Knopf, $1.75 (2–7)
Spinach Boy — Lois Lenski — Stokes, $1.25 (2–5)
Frawg — Annie V. Weaver — Stokes, $1.50 (2–5)
**Turn Again Tales* — Laurence Housman — Holt, $2.50 (3–10)
Bird in the Bush — Grace T. Hallock — Dutton, $2.50 (4–9)
A Hundred Trips to Storyland — Mary G. Bonner — Macaulay, $2.00 (4–9)
The Bad Child's Book of Beasts — Hilaire Belloc — Knopf, $2.50 (3–7)
This Way and That — Edna Potter — Oxford, $3.00 (3–7)
The Little Wooden Farmer — Alice Dalgliesh — Macmillan, $1.00 (2–5)

C. Picture Book Land

Magazine Article

"The Illustration of Children's Books" — Stephen G. Rich — *Nation*, November 20, 1929

Books

A Roundabout Turn — Robert H. Charles — Warne, $1.50 (2–5)
**The Painted Pig* — Elizabeth Morrow — Knopf, $2.00 (2–7)
The First Picture Book — M. S. Martin — Harcourt, Brace, $2.00 (1–3)
**The Ark of Father Noah and Mother Noah* — M. and M. Petersham — Doubleday, Doran, $2.00 (2–6)
Charlie Chaplin's Parade — M. Gold — Harcourt, Brace, $1.50 (3–6)
Mr. Mogo Mouse — Jane Ort — Volland, $.65 (3–6)
Numerous Names Nimbly Narrated — Ruth Sandys — Oxford, $2.50 (5 and up)
Raggedy Ann in the Deep, Deep Woods — Johnny Gruelle — Volland, $1.25 (3–8)

D. Boys, Books, and Battles

Magazine Articles

"The Boy's Reading" — W. B. Shaw — *Review of Reviews*, February 1930
"Going a' Journeying" — M. L. Becker — *Saturday Review of Literature*, April 29, 1930

Books

The Sky Girl — Dorothy Verrill — Century, $1.75 (10–15)
Finders Keepers — Carroll W. Rankin — Holt, $1.75 (8–12)
Mountains are Free — Julia D. Adams — Dutton, $2.50 (10–15)
A Boy Scout in the Grand Cavern — Douglas Oliver — Putnam, $1.75 (10 and up)
Susann of Sandy Point — A. G. Caswell — Longmans, $2.00 (12 and up)
The Silver Shell — Mary E. Chase — Holt, $2.00 (8–15)
The Mystery in Navajo Cañon — Hildegarde Hawthorne — Century, $2.00 (10–15)
"Kid" — Mary B. Fitler — Harper, $2.00 (7–14)
The Blacksmith of Vilno — E. P. Kelly — Macmillan, $2.50 (10 and up)
The Dark Star of Itza — Alida S. Malkus — Harcourt, Brace, $2.50 (12 and up)
Down the Colorado by a Lone Girl Scout — M. R. North — Putnam, $1.75 (10 and up)
Red Man's Luck — Constance L. Skinner — Coward-McCann, $2.00 (12–16)
Pirates' Doom — Admiral E. R. G. R. Evans — Farrar & Rinehart, $2.00 (10 and up)
Metten of Tyre — Helena Carns — Doubleday, Doran, $2.00 (up to 11)
Roy Andrews: Dragon Hunter — Fitzhugh Green — Putnam, $1.75 (10 and up)
Stephen the Valiant — J. Darn and C. Lederer — Dutton, $2.50 (8–14)
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By Way of Cape Horn — A. J. Villiers — Holt, $3.50 (12 and up)
The Windy Shore — Margaret E. Price — Harper, $3.00 (8–15)
Singing Seamen — Helen C. Crew — Century, $1.75 (8–15)
The Trail of the Ragged Fox — Pitt L. Fitzgerald — Macrae-Smith, $2.50 (10–15)
**The Bold Dragoon and Other Ghostly Tales* — Washington Irving — Knopf, $3.50 (12 and up)
A Boy Scout with the Sea Devil — David R. Martin, Jr. — Putnam, $1.75 (10–15)
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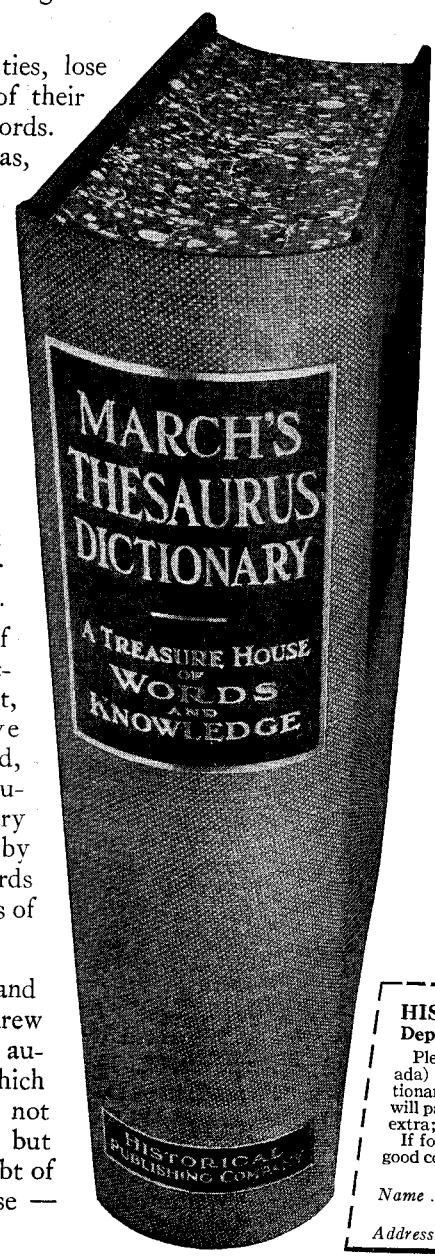

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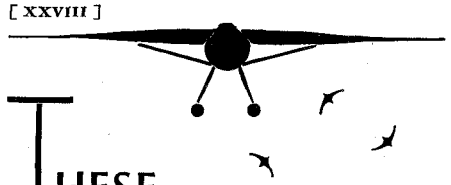

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E. CHOOSING BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

MAGAZINE ARTICLES

"Spare the Book and Spoil the Child" — S. L. Goldsmith — *Nation*, October 16, 1929

"Book Interviews with Children" — D. S. Patee — *Publishers' Weekly*, June 28, 1930

"Enlisting Community Support" — C. Mitchell — *Publishers' Weekly*, April 26, 1930

"From the Bookseller's Angle" — G. Andrus — *Saturday Review of Literature*, November 16, 1929

F. WRITING FOR CHILDREN

MAGAZINE ARTICLES

"Who Live Inside the Dream" — *Saturday Review of Literature*, November 16, 1929

"Adolescent Reading" — *Saturday Review of Literature*, October 5, 1929

"Writing for Children" — Rose Fyleman — *Saturday Review of Literature*, November 16, 1929

BOOKS

**Tales of a Grandmother* — George Sand — Lippincott, $2.50

Princess Rosette — Madame de Segur — Macrae-Smith, $2.50 (5 and up)

**Tales from Chaucer* — rendered in prose by Eleanor Farjeon — Cape & Smith, $3.00 (10 and up)

G. ANIMAL TALES

BOOKS

The Little Monkey with the Sad Face — Carrie Jacobs-Bond — John Day, $1.50 (2–6)

Jerry and Grandpa — Hilda M. Wicksteed — Crowell, $1.50 (4–8)

**Moorland Mousie* — "Golden Gorse" — Scribner, $3.00 (8–15)

Red Horse Hill — Stephen Meader — Harcourt, Brace, $2.50 (8–15)

The Life Story of a Little Monkey — Ferdinand Ossendowski — *Dutton*, $2.00 (8–14)

Hoofbeats in the Wilderness — Arthur M. Baker — McBride, $2.00 (8–15)

**Little Tooktoo: the Story of Santa Claus' Youngest Reindeer* — Marie A. Peary — Morrow, $2.00 (3–8)

H. VERSE FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES

BOOKS

Twenty-one Nursery Rhymes — Knopf, $2.00

Mirror of Youth — edited by Marian King — Longmans, $2.00

The Junior Poetry Cure — Dodd, Mead, $3.00

More About Me — John Drinkwater — Houghton, Mifflin, $2.00

Come Hither — Walter de la Mare — Knopf, $6.00

Ring-a-Round; a Collection of Verse for Boys and Girls — M. P. Harrington — *Macmillan*, $3.00

I. SERIES AND REPRINTS

BOOKS

Fairy Tales — Hans Christian Anderson — Bretano, $3.50

The Adventurer Series (books for boys about modern heroes) — Putnam, $1.75 each

Animals in Black and White Series — Eric Fitch Daglish — Morrow, $1.25 each

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Kidnapped — Robert L. Stevenson — Oxford, $4.00

Mother Goose — B. and E. Hader edition — Coward-McCann, $3.50

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J. PLAYS AND PLAY FOR CHILDREN

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Fairy Tale Plays and How to Act Them — Lady Bell — Longmans, $2.00 (9–12)

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May we again call your attention to the notice regarding the contest on historical dates which The Forum is running? In the September, October, and November issues of The Forum, Hendrik Willem van Loon, Will Durant, and H. G. Wells have stated what are, in their opinions, the most important dates in history. Read the rules on page 272 and then prepare your paper. In addition to the rules given, if you are a member of a woman's club please state the fact when you submit your manuscript. Should a club woman win any of the prizes offered, this page will make a special feature of it.

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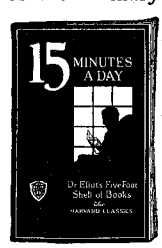

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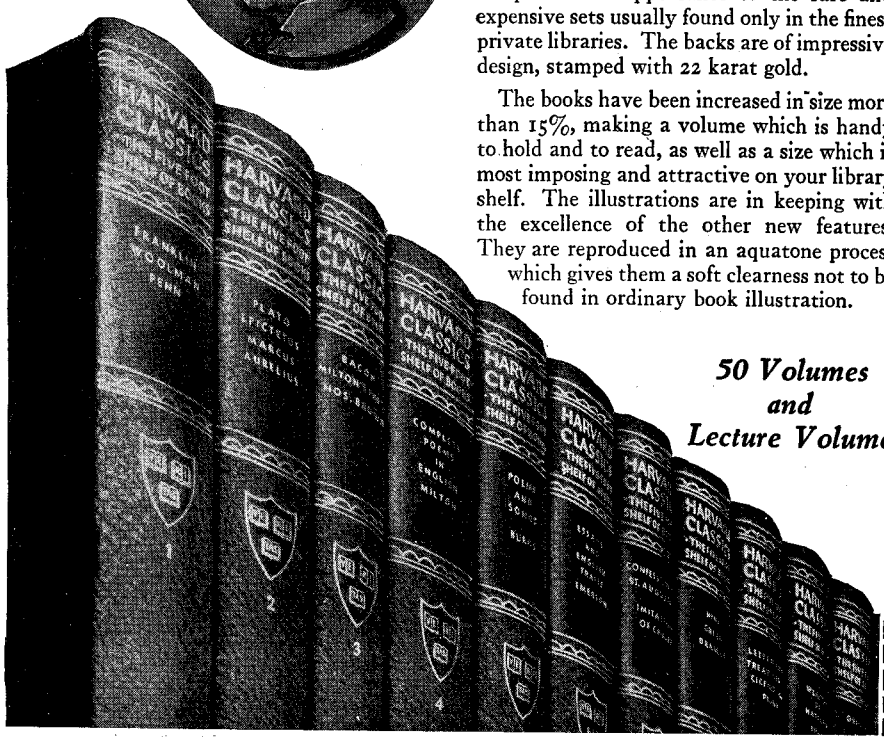

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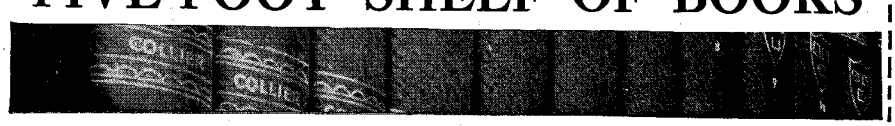

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Forum Definitions

What Is Mysticism?

THE FORUM's spirit of controversy appears to have entered even into the definitions. The definers of mysticism have divided themselves into two camps: those who take it seriously and those who deride it. However, the deriders in this instance appeared to be more concerned with derision than definition: the result is that none of their definitions are among the following prize-winners.

1. Mysticism is the doctrine that individual souls are emanations from and components of Universal Spirit, with which during ecstasy or illumination they may so merge and become identified as to realize this identity, and thus partaking of divine omniscience, attain immediate apprehension of ultimate realities which are beyond the pale of knowledge derived through the senses and reason. (*Walter E. Philips, Rocky Mount, N. C.*)

2. Mysticism is a generic system which believes the center of life lies neither in reason, sense stimuli, will, nor consciousness, but in our innermost self, our being, substance, nature. In order to know truth, we must become truth, then truth is no longer outside of us, nor even in us, but we are it and so are one with the divine, eternal life which in ultimate intention and reality is God. In a moment of ecstasy and love, feeling and thought are transcended, a spontaneous, instinctive oneness with the world takes place, and the rapprochement between Nature and man is established through intuition, not intellect. (*Ebria Feinblatt, Los Angeles, Calif.*)

3. Mysticism is the belief that the spirit of man is related to God and that the spirit of man, through a medium apart from ordinary mental and emotional processes, can rise to an immediate understanding of God and therein to an intuition of all truth. Mysticism is divided into two branches, rationalistic and Christian, with the chief difference being in the primacy the latter gives to divine influence. (*Ray Bloomberg, Seattle, Wash.*)

4. Mysticism is a way or method by which an individual consciousness approaches the real or absolute and obtains a knowledge of cosmic laws and truths in a manner which is, or seems to be, independent of sense perception, intelligence, or any other intermediary assistance. (*Zayda Bartley, Oakland, Calif.*)

Next: — *What is* IRONY? *Definitions, typewritten and not exceeding 100 words, must reach the Editor by November 25. Prizes of $5.00 for each winning definition.*

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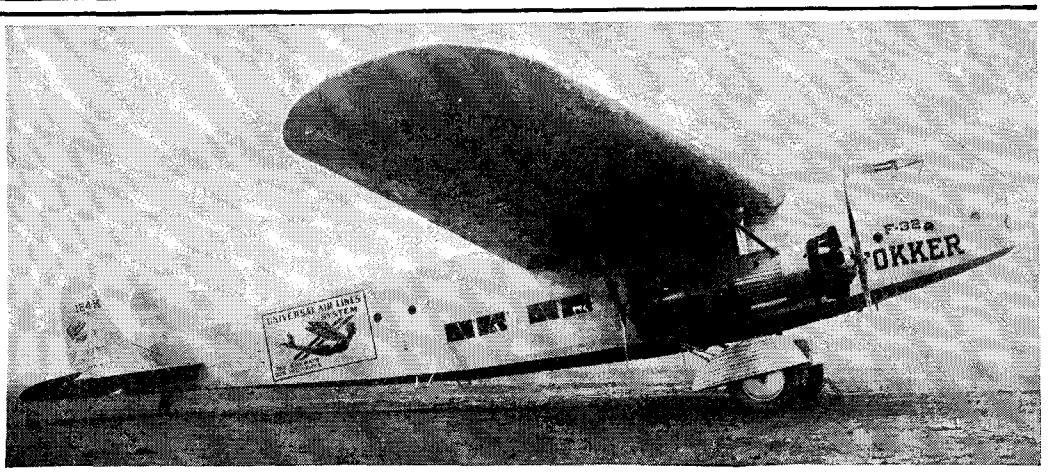

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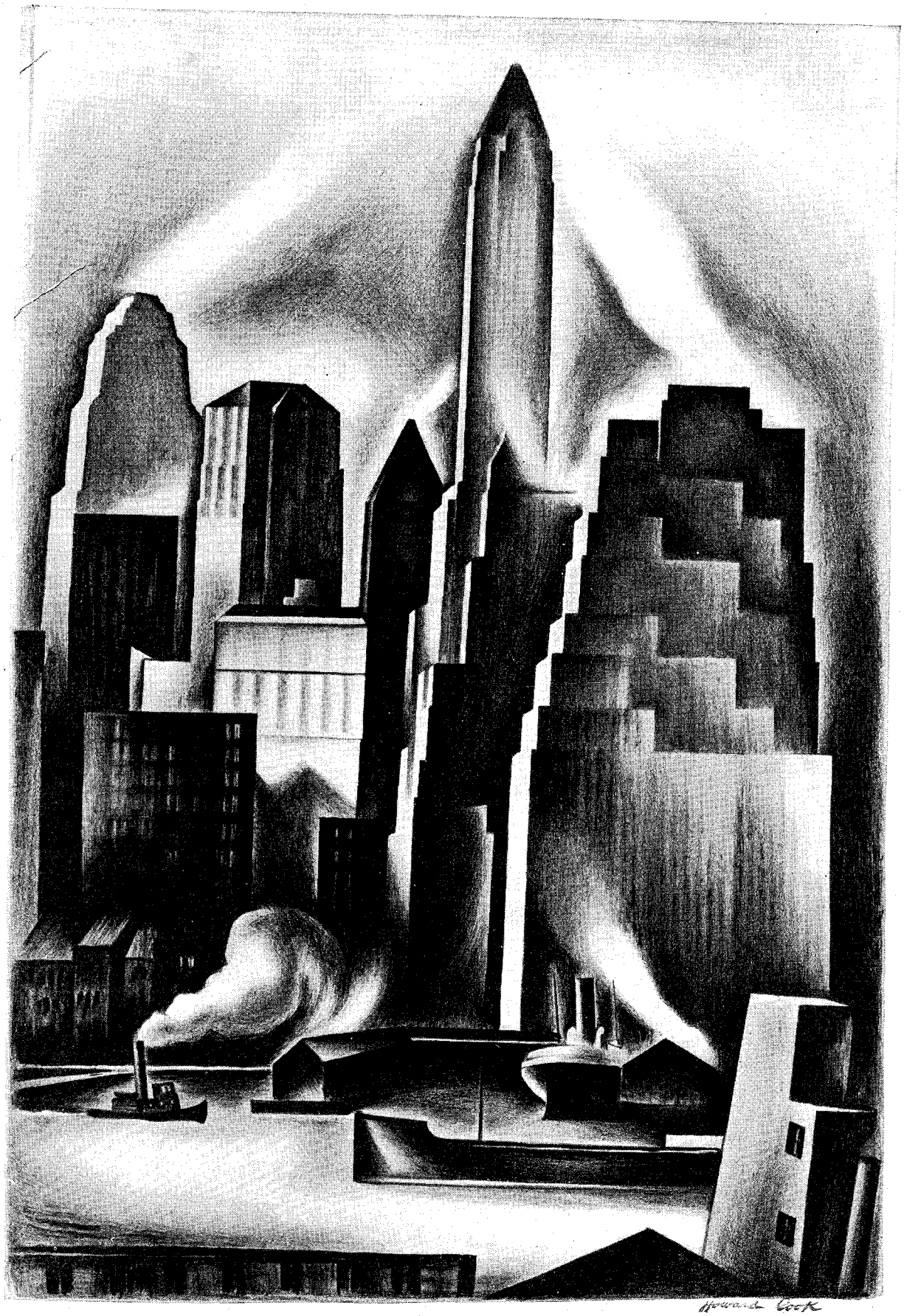

POLLYANNA'S TEMPLES

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F O R U M

NOVEMBER, 1930 VOL. LXXXIV, NO. 5

POLLYANNA, Our Patron Goddess

by JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

I

THE LATEST biographer of General Grant informs us that the hero was never, not even by his own wife, seen naked. In this respect he bears a close resemblance in the American scene to Truth. The case of the General is, I suspect, even yet a fairly common one among the class of Americans from which he sprang, at least of the older generation. Among those of a narrow mind and a narrower religious inheritance, nakedness is something to be disguised and avoided, and all sorts of mental irregularities have ensued from such a wanton attempt to disregard nature and her workings.

It is precisely the same with Truth. A very large proportion of our citizens refuse to look upon her naked, unashamed, beautiful, and normal. She must be cloaked and clothed, and from this fact have sprung, as in the case of our physical life, multifold errors, ugly abnormalities, miserable hypocrisies.

The process begins early in our public schools. Even those of us workers in the field of history who thought they had become somewhat hardened to the general attitude toward their subject were distinctly shocked, three or four years ago, when the head of that department in one of the best known institutions for training teachers came out with the public statement that it was absolutely essential in the lower grades to falsify history, particularly the history of Anglo-American relations.

The prime object of teaching history in the lower grades, he asserted, is to inculcate patriotism. Historical truth is entirely a secondary one. The truth about all the wars in which we have been engaged — the Revolution, the War of 1812, the Mexican, the Spanish, and the World War — must be deliberately sacrificed wherever necessary in order to build up a sturdy one hundred per cent Americanism in the child mind. In high school, he went on, some of the truth might be told, and in college the student might be left to find out as much of it as he chose. His own interest was in the child, in poisoning the stream at its source.

II

THE DOCTRINE thus set forth is as clear as a star on a frosty night, and as poisonous as the night air in a swamp. In plain words, it is a pedagogy based on the belief that it is advisable and justifiable to lie to the child, to destroy later his faith in intellectual integrity, in order to induce at the most impressionable age an emotion which is considered desirable in mass life. This doctrine would seem to be the result of two mental attitudes on the part of those, and they are unfortunately many, who advocate it.

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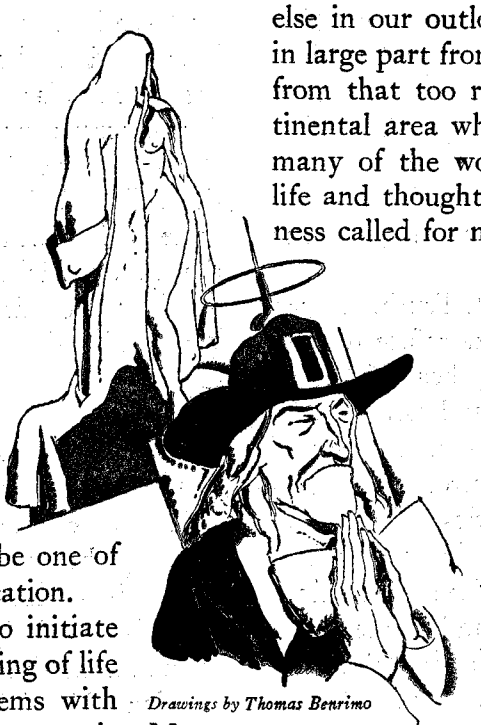
In the first place, we detect the effect of an inferiority complex. Is the truth, the real truth, of our national history such that when told to the child it will not produce a feeling of pride, a sane and manly patriotism? Critical as I have been in my writing on much of the American scene, past and present, I deny that this is so. Good and bad have been present, as in the history of every nation, but there is ample material in our history of which any American may be justly proud, and which, without perversion, may be used to beget in the child mind an ideal of what America might and should be, a pride in the efforts of so many Americans to realize that ideal in practice.

I suspect that the chief motive for the advocacy of the perversion and cloaking of truth lies in a second mental attitude on the part of the teacher, that of mere laziness or incapacity. To paint for the child a picture of the past in which there shall never be any question of every American's having been perfect and of America's having been solely right in every controversy is a crudely easy thing to do, calling for no critical effort to think on the part of either teacher or pupil. Such teaching, of course, merely produces mendacious emotions and does nothing to develop the power of thought.

On the other hand, to try to make the child see that character and circumstance are not always simplified to that extent, to show that human nature is complex, that there are often questions at issue between classes in society or between nations in which each has a certain portion of right upon its side, is to educate the child mind to begin that process of thinking clearly, of weighing evidence, of judging fairly, that should be one of the prime objects of all education.



Drawings by Thomas Benrimo

Such a process would also initiate the child into an understanding of life and the innumerable problems with which he will be confronted in maturity. Moreover, it would give a greater interest to the subject than the mere beating of the national tom-tom could ever give. Nor do I know of any controversy in which we have been engaged, and which would naturally form part of the simplified narrative of our general history as taught in the lower grades, in which such explanations of character and situation could not be given in simple and understandable terms. Such a method, however, requires as intelligent an effort on the part of the teacher as on that of the scholar.

III

I SPEAK at length of this deliberate avoidance of truth in the teaching of history because it happens to afford an illustration of a general tendency which I can pluck from the field in which I am most interested, and because the defense of cloaking and disguising the truth has here its most open advocates. But the fear of the naked truth, and the substitution of emotion for thought, are all too clear in other departments as well. The envisaging of life and circumstance in terms of emotion and imagination is one of our characteristics which appears most manifest to me when I compare the characteristics of our own nation with those of others as I constantly pass from one to another.

I think there is some historic explanation of this characteristic, and that, like so much else in our outlook and psychology, it stems in large part from the influence of the frontier, from that too rapid exploitation of the continental area which has been the cause of so many of the worst elements in our national life and thought. The conquest of the wilderness called for many qualities, some of which I have noted and discussed elsewhere. Among these, the one which bears on our present problem was the ability, which I may best describe in the vernacular, "to kid oneself."

At that time the ordinary man who could not train himself to see things, not as they were, but as he wanted them to be, would indubitably fail. Unless he had unusual intellectual and spiritual courage, this ability to see only what he wished to see was all that sustained the pioneer in the danger, hard work, ugliness, and hideous squalor of the early days on suc-

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cessive frontiers. Around the lonely cabin in the clearing, or alone on the plain like a ship at sea, he saw a town; in the first ramshackle Main Street of a town he saw the thoroughfare of a thriving and luxurious city.

There was no need for such hasty exploitation. In fact a good case can be made out for claiming that our country would be better off to-day had expansion taken a more normal course at a less furious speed, had we advanced our frontiers more slowly, had our overwhelming prosperity come with less floodlike violence, and had we relied upon our own native labor for the work of nation-building. But, having undertaken the task as we did, the only hope for the individual seemed to be in shutting his eyes to his present surroundings and in seeing others which had their existence only in hope and imagination.

When the individual saw his present plus a possible future, he was not looking at naked truth with a larger vision than the realist, but "kidding himself" with an irrational hope and emotion. In innumerable cases such an attitude led only to destruction and disappointment. The mine was never found; the neighbors never came; the village, instead of booming into a city, dwindled into a deserted hamlet of moldering shacks. On the other hand, taking the whole land and the mass of population, so many times the mine *was* found, so many times the land which cost a few dollars one year *was* worth thousands in a decade, so many *did* win to what they had hoped for, that the reliance upon emotion seemed to find a justification in the order of the universe.

Our American philosophy has always tended toward pragmatism. The "booster" seemed to fit into the ethical and intellectual order of things, whereas the realistic critic was hurled into outer darkness by economic powers. Not to claim that your own ugly town was a city beautiful, that it was bound to become a cultured metropolis in ten years, that everything was for the best, was to become a suspected social pariah. Luck, hope, emotion seemed to be better than critical thought.

Amid the multitude of widely heralded successes, the failures were ignored, forgotten. The universe seemed to set the seal of approval on a crude empiricism and mere emotion. If you only said a thing was so long enough and loudly enough, somehow, half the time, it came to *be* so, owing to illimitable natural wealth waiting to be exploited; and if you were wrong, you were forgotten or you tried somewhere else where luck might land you where you would be.

IV

Out of such a training and insistent social pressure for several generations have evolved several traits in the American mind. For one, we have unconsciously learned to be almost blind to our surroundings, as the hideousness of our countryside bears witness. Not so long ago, a man in New York wrote to the editor of a magazine in which I had spoken of crime and armored cars in that city. He deliberately asserted that although his office was at 115 Broadway, he had never seen an armored car in his life, and that I was "seeing ghosts." I do not doubt the honesty of the man, who was a trained scientist. He simply literally did not see the unpleasant or sinister factors in his environment, incredible as this may seem.

Some months ago the statement appeared in the New York papers that Broadway was "lined" with the most beautiful parks of any city in the world. A stranger, noting that statement, and walking northward for miles from the Battery, would set the description down to an innate love of lying, much as Dickens in *Martin Chuzzlewit* immortalized that "Eden" which he found to be a malarious swamp. The statement went wholly without contradiction or comment.

This blindness and lack of clear thinking, this dependence upon wish and emotion, have naturally destroyed to a great extent our power of critical appraisal. The critic, in the first place, has come to be confused with the mere "knocker," whose name is anathema. The pioneer felt that the critic was at once "highbrow," a putter-on of airs, a claimant to superiority, and that he was a danger to the morale of the struggling community.

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Such danger has long since passed, but the feeling persists. Heaven knows New York is big enough, yet if anyone suggests that to-day, in spite of its vast wealth, it is one of the dirtiest, most sordid, and most uncomfortable of the great cities of the world, he is likely to be asked to hold his tongue or move on. He may be allowed to express such opinions in private, but if he does so in public, the old sense of fear—fear lest harm may come to the community by telling the real truth about it — at once rouses antagonism and resentment. The naked truth must be clothed in theatrical costume to create an illusion — the sort of illusion that has done so much to change "bigger and better" in public claque into "bigger and worse" in many an embittered private belief.

This failure of criticism and of the critical spirit has been one of the chief factors in hardening our hearts against looking at truth in her beautiful nakedness. We have become to-day one of the nations least capable of genuine criticism. All of life hangs together, and a damage in one field is felt in another. Otherwise we might expect that at least in such intellectual matters as the distribution and appraisal of books we might salvage some of our intellectual wreckage.

I do not think we have had in my memory such a mass of uncritical book advertising and book reviewing as we had last autumn. Every advertiser's voice seemed raised in print against the others' to prove that his own list of items was composed of impossible masterpieces. To what level criticism has fallen may be noted in a recent publisher's advertisement in which a critic's praise is quoted as "a damned good book." The plain truth no longer suffices, and appeal must be made to the vulgarest and crudest of emotions.

If we linger in this same field, we may note another fact that has much struck me of late. Whereas in England, but more particularly in Germany and France, you will find an ample literature of books dealing in a genuinely critical spirit with the personalities of living statesmen, we find none here at home. Here our statesmen find only campaign biographies or, after they are dead a decade or so, the more careful "life." They are cursed or praised but rarely genuinely criticized. The papers and magazines are full of personalities about them. There are biographical details of the most intimate sort to be gleaned; but no thoughtful appraisals, with the exception of some articles by Walter Lippmann. There is apparently little market for such wares. In the past few months I have asked many otherwise highly intelligent Americans for estimates of many men now in public life, and in only one case have I been met with an effort really to appraise the man.

This refusal to face the truth, or even to search for it, has been notably seen in the pronouncements of the administrations of late years with reference to business conditions, beginning with Wilson's famous description of the slump of 1913–14 as a mere "psychological condition." With the enormous and most damaging amount of Pollyanna nonsense fed to the American people during the past three years by Coolidge, Mellon, and Hoover, I dealt in the August *Harper's*, and need not repeat here what I said there. By their refusal to think, by their refusal to face the truth instead of wallowing, according to frontier habit, in mere emotional optimism and hope, everyone is now paying a far higher price than they otherwise would have for the cost of a normal and severe trade reaction. Coolidge, with his proverbial luck, escaped the storm; but Hoover is paying with his political, and his fellow citizens with their private, fortunes.

V

This cultivation of emotion in the child instead of the power of critical thought, superimposed on our frontier heritage, is, I

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believe, a source of the greatest possible danger to us in the modern world, and it is to this that I wish to point rather than to indulge in mere carping criticism of ourselves.

In the first place, it makes us the tools of anyone who chooses to play upon our unthinking emotions and passions. Some years ago the owner of one of our great chains of daily papers, published in many cities, gave as his instructions to his aides the rule to "find out what the local prejudices of your community are and then feed them like hell." The fact that from childhood we are taught to prefer the pleasure of an emotion to the task of clear thinking makes us an easy prey to such a molder of "public opinion," and increases tremendously the danger of that herd instinct which may prove the destruction of the great modern democracies.

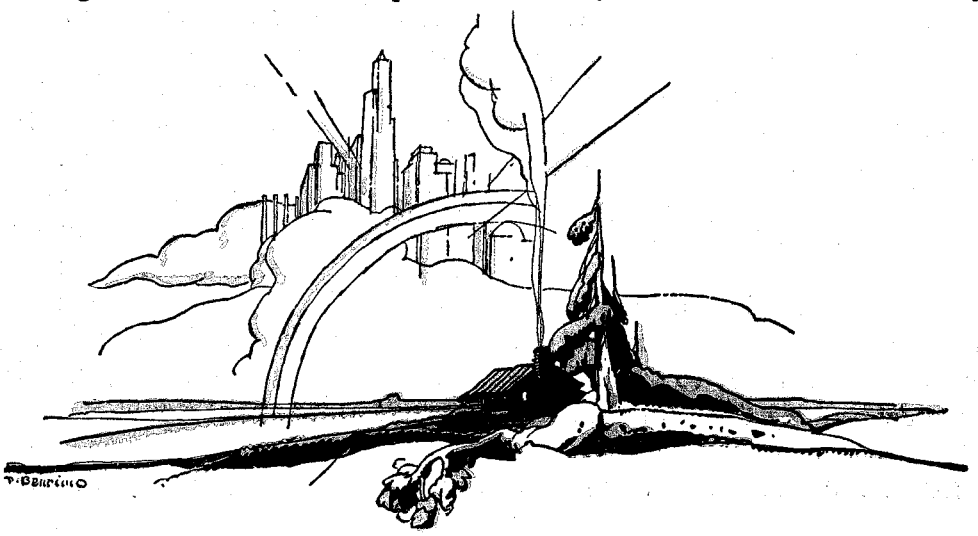
The danger extends clearly to the field of foreign relations. So far as I can discover, as far as the man in the street — Main Street or any other — is concerned, his attitude toward such relations is founded in a mere mush of false historical knowledge, emotions, and sentimentality. Take the cases of France and England, both our allies in the late war. It is almost impossible to get an unbiased hearing for the truth about either nation, so strong are our favorable or unfavorable prejudices. Every act of England is viewed with dislike and suspicion; every act of France is viewed through a haze of sentimental friendship.

The French on their side evaluate our friendship in purely realistic terms. France is friendly when it suits her to be so; the reverse when that suits her better. In the mist of what the old school texts taught us of her "friendship" in the days of the Revolution, in the brilliant light cast by the romance of Lafayette, we forget that she helped us only when and because it suited her general European policy against England; that she tried her best to minimize our fruits of victory; and that in the century and a half that has followed — during the Napoleonic Wars, the Civil War, in the long-drawn out negotiations over the previous war debt (the Spoliation Claims) — we both stood insult from her and threatened war against her.

All these things are overlooked while we splash in a trough of slushy sentimentalism derived from the uncritical accounts in our old school texts of happenings of a hundred and fifty years ago. I have a great admiration for France, and wish to maintain a policy of friendship with her, but I believe the relations we bear to *all* nations should be guided by the light of reason and truth and not mere emotionalism.

Such relations are obviously of prime importance in a world so interlaced in all respects as ours is now. Yet we are willing as a people to do nothing to see the real truth or to make an effort to understand. Trusting solely to emotion and the falsified history of our lower grades, we are the mere victims of such newspaper owners as the one to whom I have alluded, and of that herd instinct which can be counteracted only by clear thought and a doughty individualism.

In England recently, the Simon Report on conditions in India, a serious government document making a volume of about five hundred pages, has sold over forty thousand copies. Imagine any Senate or House report in this country, even on a most serious subject for us



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all, becoming a best-seller! On the contrary, it is only with difficulty that a popular article dealing in simple, predigested fashion with a foreign country can work its way into a magazine.

VI

In our refusal to take the trouble to think seriously, to face the truth, to think critically, we are equally at the mercy of emotional appeal in our domestic politics and economic affairs. The day of the pioneer has passed. In that day, the individual pioneer might fail as a prospector, a farmer, or a cattle herder. Business was largely local and individual. The immense resources and the lack of complexity in life made recovery quick, easy, and almost inevitable.

But to-day the situation has wholly altered. The machinery of production and consumption has become colossal. We are each of us dependent upon forces over which we have not the slightest control as individuals. Our relations with the sources of raw materials and with the markets of the entire world are also of life and death import to us. The America of 1930 cannot afford to trust to a blind optimism, as could the earlier America of the agricultural era. As Sir Josiah Stamp recently pointed out, we cannot live in the golden age of economic organization and the stone age of economic thought.

We are driving a high-powered racing car instead of riding a bicycle. It may prove that the complexities of modern civilization have become too great for all the nations and that we shall ride for as inevitable a crash as would overtake a novice trying to drive his car at a hundred miles an hour. But we shall surely so suffer if we take the same attitude toward the problems of America and modern life that a frontier booster could afford to take toward the problems of his growing town two generations ago. We can no longer trust to Pollyanna as our patron goddess, and refuse to think for ourselves.

Such is the problem. What, if any, is the remedy? I can see only one possible remedy. We must cease to be mentally soft and indolent. We must deliberately train our minds to think as we would train the muscles of our body for hard physical labor. We have shown a tendency to become a nation of uncritical emotionalists. We have to have everything, as they say in Hollywood, "dumbed up" for us. We have largely ruined our minds with headlines, tabloids, and moving pictures. We have no wish to indulge in concentrated thinking. We refuse to search for truth naked.

The hope lies mainly in the next generation. At any cost I would sweep out whole wheelbarrow loads of junk from the curricula of the schools. Whatever else education might be aimed at, I would aim it first and foremost at trying to inculcate in the child the wish and the power to *think*. I would have done with the whole pedagogical philosophy of the easy and the agreeable, the smattering of the all-inclusive, the creation of the ignorantly omniscient. I would come back to the training of the mind as a mind, as an instrument of thinking instead of a scrap basket for half-forgotten facts.

Instead of developing emotion at the expense of truth and reason, making adults who merely desire to have their prejudices pandered to, I would try to develop a generation who would be willing to take the trouble to think, who would learn how to think, and who would realize that emotion and prejudice are but swamp lights in the search for truth, to be avoided at all costs instead of being fed.

The Greeks in their love of nakedness produced not only the most beautiful sculpture the world has ever seen, but in their worship of the nakedness of Truth they began an era of which we are the latest, perhaps the last, of heirs. We owe our inhibiting, warping fear of physical nakedness largely to the Puritans. We owe our dislike of truth largely to the frontier. If we are not to become a race of empty emotionalists, swayed by leaders playing upon the vague wishes and desires of our partly atrophied natures, we must regain the old Greek ideal of the sound mind in the sound body. We must come to worship again with joy and vigorous enthusiasm that one god of of all the pagan pantheon who alone can bring us salvation — the naked, the benign, the beautiful Goddess of Truth.

Next month another article by Mr. Adams, "Our Changing Characteristics"

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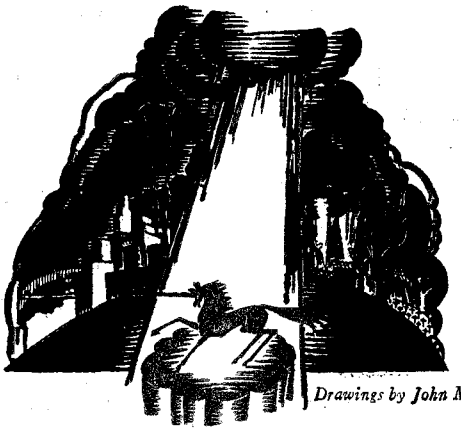
What I Believe

Living Philosophies XIV



Drawings by John Melching

by LEWIS MUMFORD

I

AT THE AGE of eight I believed in the omniscience of my teachers and the power and glory of the United States. When I learned that Brazil had a greater area than my own country, I felt that geography was an indignity, and if the facts could not be disputed, we ought to annex Brazil.

At fourteen, I believed in a very personal God who helped me usually to get good marks in my examinations, and in the offices of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America. This belief remained with me at least two years, until I discovered to my horror that the priest had a way of going through the prayers rapidly, as if he wished to get the day's job done. In an excess of piety, I left the church and fell into the arms of Spinoza. God was in me and I was in God, but the sky from that time on was empty!

When Europe went to war, I was eighteen, and I believed in the revolution. Living in a world choked with injustice and poverty and class strife, I looked forward to an uprising on the part of the downtrodden, who would overthrow the master class and bring about a régime of equality and brotherhood. In the subsequent years I learned the difference between a mass uprising and the prolonged spiritual travail and creation of a revolution; politically, I am no longer naïve enough to believe that an uprising can change the face of the world. But I have never been a Liberal, nor do I subscribe to the notion that justice and liberty are best achieved in homeopathic doses. If I cannot call myself a revolutionist now, it is not because the current programs for change seem to me to go too far: the reason is rather because they are superficial and do not go far enough.

My principal quarrel with the Russian Communists, for example, is not over their ruthlessness in achieving the new order, but over their acceptance of half the fallacies of the mechanistic system of thought which happened to be dominant when Marx formulated his revolutionary dogmas. This system subordinates all human values to a narrow utilitarian scheme, as if production had no other end than production, and the result is a caricature of both society and the human personality. The orthodox Communist has not escaped the mechanistic prison by taking possession of it and assuming the duties of jailer; nor does the jail look more inviting when it is called a Proletarian Palace.

It is a new life I would aim at, not simply a new balance of power. Such a life would leave less of the present world standing than Soviet Russia has left.

II

THESE ORIGINAL beliefs in one's country as the sole home of the saintly and the elect, in some institutional embodiment of Chris-

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tianity, and in a dramatic transformation of a sordid present into a beatific future were common, in various proportions, to most members of my generation. They constituted our system of working values through the greater part of childhood and adolescence.

Some of us have remained fixed in these puerile attitudes: manhood finds them still measuring the size of the United States Navy against that of its nearest rival, or, in more refined moments, comparing the value of our poetry or technology to that of some other country — as if there existed any rational purpose to-day which was not common to men of different regions and did not depend upon their continuous coöperation and intercourse. Some of us still talk about revolution, without altering our interests or occupations in the smallest way to accomplish it; while others of us are still seeking, in psychoanalysis or the latest reports of molecular physics, our god.

What has happened to my original belief in "my country"? What remains of it is no longer a disguise for my childish egotism. To enjoy one's own region, to feel attachment to some particular landscape and way of life does not demand that inverted form of patriotism which consists in a blind resentment against what is foreign and an intense desire to extirpate it. As a New Yorker — aware of the procession of ships up and down the Bay, seeing strange faces, hearing strange voices almost every hour — I am much closer to Europe than to Oregon. This is natural and seemly. What is unnatural is the political theory which would disregard these real loyalties and attachments in an effort to create a uniform grade of cannon fodder for the next war.

To confine human association to the political state, or to make membership in that state the highest good, is like trying to put an actual landscape that stretches many miles toward the horizon into a wooden picture frame. Cultures cannot be isolated; they grow by perpetual intercourse across the boundaries of time and space; without cross-fertilization they are sterile — sterile and sour.

As an expression of the will to power, the state is an enemy of culture: its only significant purpose is to preserve justice and liberty among its constituent cities, regions, associations, corporations. This purpose is not furthered by patriotic taboos, fortifications, tariffs, frontiers, and an everlasting parade of the instruments of war. "My country" is the common territory of all men of good will. As for the actual soil, I agree with Nathaniel Hawthorne when he said that New England was about as large a patch of earth as he could feel any natural affection for.

Well, just as my childish pride in the United States has been transformed into a more comprehensive grasp of society and culture, so my parochial religion and my sanguine social faith have, without disappearing as a nucleus, undergone a profound change. How shall I describe the results? One's deepest faith cannot be expressed. As Walt Whitman in effect put it, the best cannot be said; the best is that which must be left unsaid. Whatever I can say will be only a faint symbol of that deeper urge of life, that rationality beneath all reasons, which bottoms one's existence.

III

An adequate faith ought to harmonize one's actual scheme of living, one's conscious reflections, and the inner go of the self; while it faces the evils of existence, it should recognize and consciously multiply the goods. What are these goods? Where does one find them? What attitude must one bring toward them?

Most of the ethical philosophies of the past have sought to isolate these goods of life, making pleasure or efficiency or duty or imperturbability the chief end of the disciplined and cultivated mind. Since no one goes through the world unhurt, and since violence and injustice often have the upper hand, many of these systems have sought by a sort of supernatural bookkeeping to redress the evils of existence in another sphere. To seek pleasure, or happiness, or immortality, has been the goal of these faiths; if not now, then hereafter.

No such single goal seems to me legitimate. The fact that sunshine is good does not make the Sahara an ideal place in which to live. Instead of beginning with such factitious ends, and reproaching the universe because it does not fully serve them, let us rather begin with the nature of life itself.

One begins with life; and one knows life, not as a fact in the raw, but only as we are conscious of human society and use the tools and instruments society has developed through

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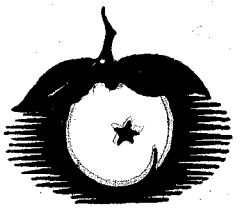
history — words, symbols, grammar, logic, science, art. Life considered apart from this milieu is merely an abstraction of thought. One begins with a world of values and only as a result of persistent inquiry and experiment does one reach such a useful concept as that of a physical universe, considered as self-existent and separate from these values.

The vague stir and strength within us, which we associate with the beat of our hearts or the expansion of our lungs, requires for sustenance a whole solar system, merely to maintain such elementary conditions as the heat of our blood. And similarly, the crudest social existence implies the effort of untold generations of men to differentiate foods from poisons, invent tools, create symbols and gestures. Individualism in the sense of isolation is merely a spatial illusion. The more self-sufficient an individual seems to be, the more sure it is that, like Thoreau at Walden Pond, he carries a whole society in his bosom. This fact applies equally to nations. Both physically and spiritually we are members one of another; and we have never been anything else, although the callosities of ignorance and egotism have sometimes made us insensitive to this condition.



Life, then, implies these manifold coöperations, and the finer life becomes, the more complicated is this network, and the more highly conscious does one become of it. Goethe once declared that the sources of his thought were so numerous that one who traced them out would find it difficult to attribute any originality to him; and since Goethe's honesty was equaled only by his pride, one may take his witness as final. The business man who fancies he has made his own fortune, or the inventor who imagines he has the sole right to his invention, is merely ignorant of his sources. The individual contribution, the work of any single generation, is infinitesimal: the power and glory belong to human society at large and are the long result of time.

This is the philosophic justification for communism, and since it coincides with the practical reason for communism — namely, that every human being requires approximately the same amount of air, water, clothing, food, shelter, with small differences to allow for climate and the type of work — the political institutions of society should be arranged to establish this minimum basis of life, differentiation and preference and special incentive being taken into account only after the security and continuity of life itself is assured. This is my elementary political faith; it corresponds roughly to Plato's.

The task of organizing a basic communism is not an easy one. Special societies, like monasteries and armies, have often achieved a rough measure of it; but the real difficulty is to apply it to the community at large and still preserve those delicate volitions and those intense individual interests which are an incentive to creative activity. One of the first moves in this direction is obviously to alter by example and education the current scheme of values. In our present society, pecuniary prestige comes first; life and the values derived from living exist on sufferance.

IV

While a basic economic communism, which would extend to the whole community the decent practices of the household, seems to me a necessary measure of justice and practical statesmanship, one need not therefore hold, with an older school of revolutionary thinkers, that the evils of life are solely the work of an ominous capitalist class, or that they are entirely economic in origin and would be abolished under a more humane régime.

On the contrary, I have no more notion of abolishing evil than I have of abolishing shadow in the world of light. Fourier's belief that the ocean itself under a harmonized social order would turn into lemonade, and Spencer's picture of the future society as a sort of polite eternal Sunday afternoon, are merely exhibitions, as it were, of an unfathomable shallowness. Evil and good are phases in the process of human growth; and who shall say which is the better teacher? Illness, error, defeat, frustration, disintegration, malicious accident, all these elements are as much in the process of life as waste, nutrition, and repair. The very forces which, if triumphant, would destroy life are needful to season experience and deepen understanding.

Observing this, the popular religions of the past have celebrated almost solely the negative aspects of existence. But, in release from their superstitions, one must not commit

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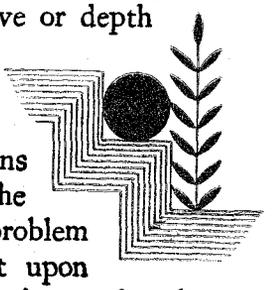
the opposite error of neglecting the rôle of evil and forgetting its value. Customs and actions we habitually call good have large capacities for mischief: who does not know the charity that poisons the giver and the purity that offends common decency?

Similarly, the evils of life have a large capacity for good; and the mature person knows that they must be faced, embraced, assimilated, and that to shun them, or innocently hope to eliminate them, is to cling to an existence without perspective or depth — a child's picture done in pretty chalks, charming perhaps, but only that. Like arsenic, evil is a tonic in grains and a poison in ounces. The real problem of evil, the problem that justifies every assault upon war and poverty and disease, is to reduce it to amounts that can be spiritually assimilated.



This doctrine is just the opposite of certain "optimistic," life-denying attitudes and habits of mind that have become popular during the last three centuries: particularly, the notion that comfort and safety and physical ease are the greatest blessings of civilization, and that every other human interest — religion, art, friendship, family, love, adventure — must be subordinated to the production of an increasing amount of "comforts" and "luxuries." Believing this, the utilitarian has turned an elementary condition of existence into an end. Avaricious of power and riches and goods, he has summoned to his aid the resources of modern science and technology. As a result, we are oriented to "things," and have every sort of possession except self-possession.

To-day it is only a fortunate minority of wealthy people, together with a handful of "the undeserving poor" (to use Doolittle's excellent epithet in *Pygmalion*) who have any notion of the true uses of leisure and who are not bored or frightened by the mere prospect of achieving it. By putting business before every other manifestation of life, our mechanical and financial civilization has forgotten the chief business of life: namely, growth, reproduction, development. It pays infinite attention to the incubator — and it forgets the egg!

Now the end of all practical activity is culture: a maturing mind, a ripening character, an increasing sense of mastery and fulfillment, a higher integration of all one's powers in a social personality; a larger capacity for intellectual interests and emotional enjoyments, for more complex and subtle states of mind. Arrested personalities look back with regret to some temporary fulfillment in youth, as Mark Twain looked back to the happy adventures of Huckleberry Finn. Developing personalities accept, without impatience or regret, the next stage in their growth; by the time they are men, they have no difficulty in putting away childish things.

Growth and culture imply activity and periods of leisure sufficient to absorb the results of this activity, using it to enrich art and manners and personality. The Athenians were quite right in believing that these things could not be achieved by anyone who was forced to spend the entire day in some spiritually deadening or physically exhausting task in the shop or the countinghouse. Jesus-ben-Sirach came to the same conclusion, and Emerson finally gave up long hours of work in the garden because the toil robbed him of ideas. Most of us who have enjoyed both manual work and contemplation would agree with Patrick Geddes when he says that two hours of physical activity are all one can profitably use in a day devoted to intellectual interests, and that the hard-working laborer who has any mental life left at the end of his day is nothing less than a prodigy.

The practical moral to be drawn from this is that servile labor — even if it produces "comforts" — should be minimized to the utmost, and that leisure must be distributed more universally in the form of a shorter working day, instead of being permitted to exist as the penalizing burden of "unemployment." Without leisure there can be neither art nor science nor fine conversation, nor any ceremonious performance of the offices of love and friendship. If our Machine Age has any promise for culture, it is not in the actual multiplication of motor cars and vacuum cleaners, but in the potential creation of leisure. But so long as "comfort" and not life is our standard, the Machine Age will be impotent.

All our higher activities are curbed by the present alternations of excessive toil and short periods of sodden release. The fact that the majority of people go to the theater, for example, at the end of a long working day explains in good part the quality of the drama

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they demand; in a state of physical fatigue, they are unable to experience the deep or subtle emotions that the great dramatists or composers call forth. Except for an occasional musical festival for the leisured, like those at Salzburg or Glastonbury or Bethlehem, there has been little opportunity in our civilization to experience art under conditions which permit sensitive enjoyment, to say nothing of complete rapture.

And if painting and poetry have so meager a rôle in the life of modern people, one might sufficiently account for it by the fact that they demand responses which few people are able to give at the end of a working day — or for that matter, a working week. There is no proof whatever that the capacity for art and thought is smaller to-day than in the thirteenth century or the fifteenth; but the conditions favorable to this capacity belong only to a handful of specialists and dilettantes.

What applies to the contemplative arts, applies equally to the arts of action: the dance, gymnastics, and above all, perhaps, to sexual intercourse. Without leisure, freshness, energy, they lose their inner impetus, and must be excited to activity by the rivalry of athletic matches, by the negative stimulus of ill health, or by preliminary bouts of strong liquor. Yet all these arts are quite as central to life as the most beneficent instrumental activity. In so far as many primitive communities have maintained the arts of action in a more consistent and whole-hearted way than our Western civilization, we need not boast too loudly about our advantages; for our "progress" has not been unmixed with lapses and regressions in matters that are far more important to our welfare than the production of cheap pig iron.

V

Instead of the one-sided practical activity fostered by the ideals of the utilitarians and the working out of modern technology, with its intense specialization, I believe in a rounded, symmetrical development of both the human personality and the community itself. Economics would play a part in that development, but it would not dominate it.

The two ages of human achievement that stand out for me are those of fifth century Athens and fifteenth century Florence; and both of them were, effectively speaking, the work of amateurs, who, by a symmetrical development, gave to each aptitude a quality which years of separate specialization would in all likelihood never have produced. That specialization leads inevitably to efficiency is a specious argument; for as there is, in Ruskin's words, no wealth but life, so there is no efficiency except that which furthers life. Moreover, this argument takes no account of the mountains of useless, arid work that are accumulated under our present habits of specialization; and it gives to this practice the sole credit for gains which are due to quite another modern technique, namely, coöperative intercourse and association.

The metaphysical case against specialization is even more overwhelming. We live in a world where no single event exists by itself, but, on the contrary, is organically conditioned by its environment. If one attempts to deal with any little segment in isolation, one is dealing with a figment; and one begins to know a little about the things which are closest to one's interest only when one traces out their interrelationships with that which may, apparently, lie far beyond. While abstract analytical thinking is one of the great practical achievements of the race, it is misleading and mischievous unless it takes place in a synthetic environment.

How are we to achieve this? By heaping together in a vast mechanical accumulation all of our specialized researches? By attempting to boil all knowledge and practice down into popular outlines? Alas! no: the result of such an arithmetical addition of specialisms would merely be another specialism. While a schematic synthesis may be a help to orderly thinking, the place to achieve synthesis primarily is in living itself, in encompassing all the activities that make a full life.

We must experience at first hand manual toil and æsthetic ecstasy, periods of routine and periods of adventure, intellectual concentration and animal relaxation. We must know what it is to be a cook, a tramp, a lover, a digger of ditches, a parent, a responsible worker. In this way we shall be exploring our environment and exploring the possibilities of ourselves in relation to the personalities around us — instead of shrinking, after a preliminary skirmish or two, into a sort of war of attrition with life,

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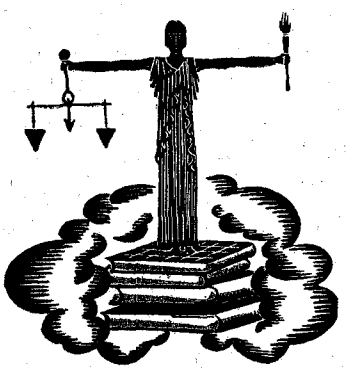
seeking to achieve a maximum of safety and comfort in the dugout of some specialized interest, and viewing the horizon with the aid of a periscope.

Such a complete mode of living must inevitably carry over into each special situation: only a vicious system of mis-education can prevent it. By ceasing to live in isolated compartments, one avoids the delusive habit of treating the world in this manner, and one approaches each event with an intuition of its wholeness — as not primarily physical or biological or economic or æsthetic, but as all of these things together in a certain unique combination. Temporarily, as a practical convenience, one will not be afraid to use the method of analysis to the utmost; but, weighing, measuring, calculating, decomposing, we shall still be aware of the organic whole in space and time with which we started, and to which, enriched by the process of analysis, we must ultimately return.

VI

My faith, for its full consummation, must be embodied in a community. But how shall I describe it? This life does not exist in the past, although every great civilization in its best moments gives more than a hint of it and plenty of guarantee against its being fantastic and beyond reach. Here and there it may be said to exist in some living person, or to be embodied symbolically in a poem or a novel, such as *Moby Dick*, *War and Peace*, or *The Magic Mountain*. If one were founding a church, instead of summing up one's intuition of life, one would include in the calendar of saints a Blake, a Goethe, a Whitman. And while among men of science this faith has cohered more slowly, partly because the pattern of research has been set by seventeenth century physics, it gets rational support from science and to-day would include scientists like A. N. Whitehead, J. S. Haldane, C. G. Jung.



For me, the confirmation of my intuitions came through acquaintance with Patrick Geddes, whose long life spans the service of many sciences, from biology to sociology, and many types of activity, from that of the speculative philosopher to the planner of cities. Geddes showed that a conception of life, unified at the center and ramifying in many interrelations and comprehensions at the periphery, could be rationally lived; that it had not been outmoded by the age of specialization but was actually a mode that might, through its superior vitality and efficiency, supplant this age; that one could practice in one's own person, in the germ, a type of thinking and feeling and acting which might ultimately be embodied, with fuller, deeper effect, in the whole community; that, even on the crude test of survival, a life that was organically grounded and pursued with a little courage and audacity had perhaps a better chance than the narrow goals and diminished possibilities of our dominant civilization. My utopia is such a life, writ large.

To be alive, to act, to embody significance and value, to be fully human, are goals that are difficult of achievement. Who has not his dead hours, his moments of apathy or disintegration — and who persists, for any long period, in being half the man he is capable of being? These goals are none the worse for being difficult. They come at least within the realm of possibility; and, pursuing them, one arises early and smells the dew of morning, or, at night, one sinks with a good conscience into one's bed, as one may hope to sink, without bitterness or a vain sense of disappointment, into one's grave.

If a religion be that which gives one a sense of the things that are worth dying for, this community with all life, this sense of a central purpose in oneself, inextricably bound up with the nature of things, even those accidents and brutal mischances that are so hard to assimilate — this faith may be called a religion. For a good lover knows when to conquer and when to renounce; and he who loves life well will not grudge the surrender or fail to recognize the appropriate moment for it. Life is measured by the capacity for experience, and not by power or riches or length of days.

The next article in this series will be the credo of George Jean Nathan.

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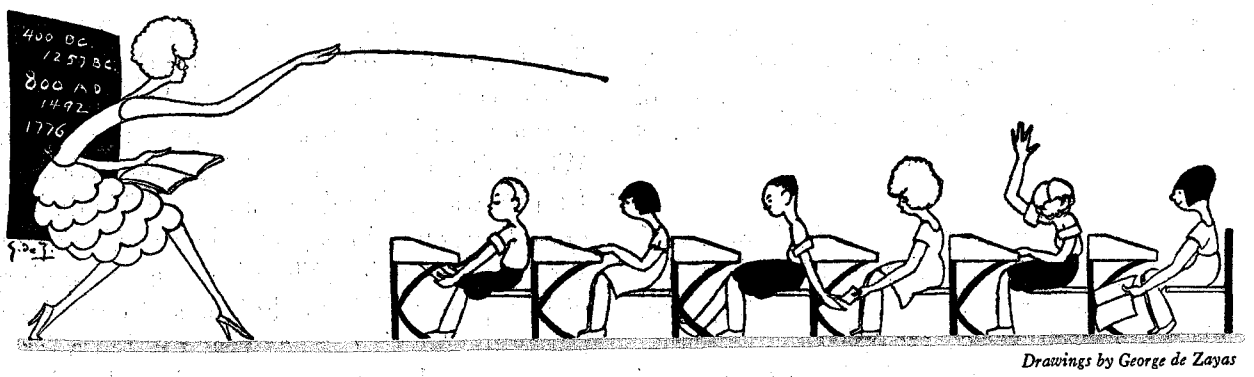

Drawings by George de Zayas

The Greatest Dates in History

by **H. G. WELLS**

THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM suggests to me that school children have too many dates to learn in their history lessons. I agree warmly. He offers me these pages for the discussion of the question. Is there a minimum list of dates that young people should certainly know? Can we cut it to a dozen? I am going to try. I doubt about the dozen, but with a very slight amount of fudging I think I can get my list to look as if it were almost down to that.

Invited to comb through all history and pick out the twelve greatest world events, Mr. Wells agreed — and discovered when he had finished that he had listed fifteen. This unexpected generosity was due, not to Mr. Wells' oft-confessed liberalism, but to necessity. "I cannot do it in less," he writes. "This is as near as I can get to the Editor's proposed dozen." Entrants in the Forum's Date Contest, however, may not exceed the prescribed number.

The Editor seems to be thinking of American schools. I at any rate am not. The History of Mankind is one; there is no "national" history, there are only national lies, and what I have to say here applies equally to school children in Peru, Anatolia, and Peking.

First of all there are certain ideas of past time that have to be imparted. They cannot be fixed by "dates." They are estimates. Quite early, children should be taught to think of history as happening in certain blocks of years — in blocks let us say of a thousand years.

Most of what is called history has happened in the last three blocks. But every child should know that man was below even the savage level — an ape-human, maker of fire and rude implements — a thousand blocks ago; that he was still a forbidding savage a hundred blocks ago; that he appears as a really kindred creature — a hunter, talking, drawing, and dancing — only thirty or fewer blocks ago; and as a cultivator ten or fifteen blocks ago. We haven't got, and probably we shall never have, a really trustworthy "date" until our human story is well into the third block back from the living present.

Any date may be years and years off which precedes 776 B.C., and most that follow are loose in the record for centuries. Sargon I was about two and three-quarters thousand years before the Christian Era, and the great days of Egypt were roundabout 1500-1300 B.C.; Knossos was destroyed before 1000 B.C. and Solomon may have been reigning at that time. Rome and Carthage were founded in the eighth century B.C. Dates are given for these enterprises, but it is absurd to bother children with them. Let the children subdivide the thousand years B.C. into century-blocks and learn in centuries.

Olympic games and Rome and Carthage all started unaware of each other in that eighth century, and the sixth century was the age when the first world religions were taught by Buddha and Confucius and Lao-tse. The fifth century was that in which Persia thrust

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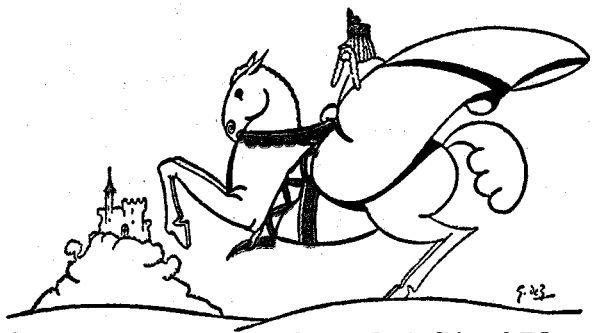
Babylonia and Nineveh off the stage; the century of Cyrus, Darius I, Xerxes. The fourth century was Greece in its splendor and then Macedonia. But thereafter the dates begin.

1. *323 B.C. — The Death of Alexander.* I feel obliged to *fix* Alexander with a date. His career is really a turning point in history, and his early death was catastrophic.

2. *146 B.C. — The Final Destruction of Carthage.* I should like to be able to afford the death of Shi-Hwang-Hi in 210 B.C., for it too is a date of definitive importance, but since I *must* have 146 B.C. I have had to leave Shi-Hwang-Hi a little loose in the third century-block.

(I will economize on a date by declaring that the Christian Era is not to be put in the list because it is there by implication. It is understood. I think our children ought to know the fact that the date of the birth of Jesus of Nazareth is, paradoxically enough, 4 B.C. It will help them to realize the indistinctness that still hangs over that phase of history. It is an illuminating date but not a cardinal one, and I shall not put it on my list.)



800 A.D. — Charlemagne About to Begin Dismal Efforts

3. *44 B.C. — The Death of Cæsar.* This date, however, we must fix. Remembering the year of Cæsar's death will put the close of the Roman Republic, the opening up of Gaul and Britain, the story of Cleopatra, and a world-wide system of historical facts into their proper time relations.

4. *337 A.D. — Constantine Is Baptized on His Deathbed.* You see, I have been forced to leave Nero, Trajan, Hadrian, Marcus Aurelius, the Gothic invasions of the Mediterranean lands, and Zenobia all loose in their blocks, the first three centuries A.D. But the baptism of Constantine I had to place definitely. It fixes Arius, Athanasius, the Council of Nicæa, the founding of Constantinople, and the re-emergence of the sounder and more vital Greek tradition from under the predominance of Rome. The Hellenic Eastern Empire has been launched on its career of ten centuries.

5. *476 — Odoacer Becomes King of Italy.* The fourth and fifth centuries are the centuries of the complete collapse of the Latin Empire into a confusion of warring European peoples. When Odoacer became King, the Western Empire was definitely at an end. This date is one of supreme importance in the history of Western civilization. There is no understanding of European political delusions and obsessions unless the fact is grasped that the Latin Empire was dead then and remained dead without any attempt to revive it until the year 800.

6. *632 — The Death of Mohammed.* Arising outside the European world and presently striking with supreme force upon the Eastern Empire, was Islam. We want a date to fix Mohammed and perhaps this one, 632, is the best. He died four years before that battle of the Yarmuk which lost Syria to the Empire and opened the road of Islam to Persia.

7. *800 — Charlemagne Is Crowned Emperor in Rome.* The year 800 is the ultimate sequence to 476, our fifth date. At his coronation Charlemagne began those dismal efforts at an incomplete resuscitation of the Western Empire (with the Rhineland as a basis) which framed the history of Europe for a thousand years and ended only at Versailles in 1918.

(Now come three century-blocks without a date. That poor galvanized corpse, the Western Empire, vanishes again, reappears staggering — a claim, a Latin idea now imperfectly translated into German. The ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries are all stories of raids, sacks, brigand conquests; Northmen everywhere and Rome isolated and neglected in shameful decay. The poor old Empire is like an everted umbrella in a riot. It is waved about; it is under foot; it is lost and it turns up again. After a long struggle with Arab Islam, Constantinople finds itself faced by a new and fiercer Islam — the Islam of the Turk — and cries out in terror.)

8. *1095 — Urban II Summons the First Crusade.* The terror of Constantinople fades away, for Islam is thwarted. Christendom (not the Empire) is discovered, aware of itself,

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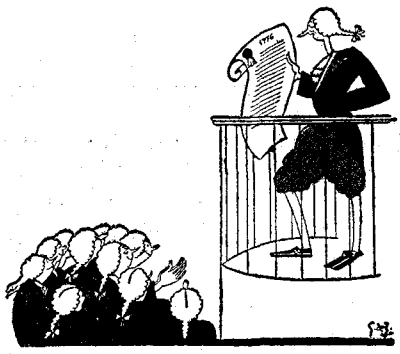
as something much greater than the Empire. It is Latinized Christendom, resolved not only to fight the infidel but to take over Church and Empire from the Greeks. But behind that conflict a greater power arises.

9. *1250 — The Death of Frederick II.* The first half of the thirteenth century is marvelously illuminated by Frederick II, and I think we had better choose his death as the significant date for the period. The entire hundred-year span was the age of Mongol energy — the age of Genghis Khan and Kublai Khan, when roads were open from Silesia to farthest China and when Marco Polo made his travels. There was a mental stir abroad in this vitalizing century. Roger Bacon lived, had a vision of science, shouted his message to a dying Pope, and died — no man heeding him.



1776 A.D. — A Notable Date

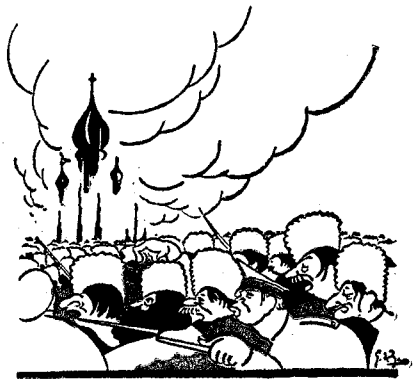
10. *1415 — John Huss Is Burned at the Council of Constance.* The fourteenth century was the age of schism in the Church and a gathering doubt and discontent among common men. The betrayal of Huss, in the early years of the following century, is symbolical. The dream of Christendom paled and faded.

11. *1492 — Columbus Discovers America.* This date we *must* have, albeit Columbus was only the most fortunate of a great constellation of overseas adventurers. His name will recall Diaz, Vasco da Gama, Magellan, and the rest. But the crossing of the Atlantic was a supreme fact. This same century also saw the coming of printing. It was likewise the great age of the Turks, who, in the middle years, took Constantinople and almost took Italy. However, I am not making the fall of Constantinople one of my dates. The siege was a sluggish affair, and I am merely putting it halfway up the century-block.

12. *1558 — The Death of Emperor Charles V.* We may use this date to mark the disruption of Latinized Europe, of Christendom, into two parts and powers. We can link Charles V to Luther, Henry VIII, and Francis I. We can group the whole story of the Reformation about him. (Incidentally, suppose we cheat a little and try to get past the pupil with two dates disguised as one: in 1558 died Charles V, *as old as the century.*)

13. *1648 — The Treaty of Westphalia.* The seventeenth century was the century of the Thirty Years War; and the end of that we can fix by this treaty, which established the independent sovereignty of all the fragments of the European patchwork and so prepared the stage for that elbowing competition of states and nationalist policies which rules and endangers our world to this day.

14. *1776 — The Declaration of Independence.* Although the eighteenth century saw the winning and losing of great overseas and continental empires by the chief of those European "powers" which Westphalia had made so distinct and definite, there is no cardinal date to the story until 1776. Then the British colonies in America broke away from the "policy" of the British monarchy, broke away indeed from every tradition of "policy." This is a notable date in world history and more important, I think, than 1792, when a modern democratic French republic struggled into a brief, insecure existence in Europe. 1776 marks the birth of a new idea in world affairs, a complete breakaway from the Treaty of Westphalia tradition. For nearly a century the United States had still to go on fighting itself free from that tradition.



1917 A.D. — Revolting Russians

(I will not make a single date for the Bonaparte adventure. It was a vulgar career, that is to say it was fundamentally insignificant. It was the last relapse but one into the Western "Empire" delusion. The last was the Hohenzollern adventure from 1848 to 1918.)

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15. *1917. — The Two Russian Revolutions.* In this year Russia followed America in rebellion against the "foreign office" interpretations of history. This is the opposite date to 1776. This is the East following the West into the new age, which will be crowned at last — never doubt it — by the organization of Cosmopolis, the Federated Republic of Mankind.

$500 for Dead Men's Bones

A Prize Contest

THE FORUM for September contained Hendrick Willem van Loon's list of the twelve most important dates in history. The following month Will Durant gave his choices, and this issue presents the selections of H. G. Wells.

The Editor now invites you to collaborate with these distinguished gentlemen by preparing your own list of the twelve greatest dates *which they omitted.* Five hundred dollars in cash prizes will be divided between the three contestants who send in the best papers. Will *you* be one of them?

If you did not see the last number of THE FORUM, you can look it up in any library, and if you prefer, you can read all three articles in the same way, for the contest is not restricted to subscribers. Mail your entry as soon as possible in order to insure its reaching us before the closing date.

Read the following rules carefully:

1. Three cash prizes will be awarded: a first prize of $250, a second prize of $150, and a third prize of $100. If there should be a tie for any of the prizes, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each contestant.

2. The prize-winning papers will be published in THE FORUM.

3. The contest is open to everyone — non-subscribers as well as subscribers — except employees of THE FORUM and their families.

4. Each contestant must list twelve dates which are *not* among those chosen by van Loon, Durant, and Wells, and state briefly why each date is important. The papers will be judged equally upon the dates chosen and the reasons given for their choice.

5. Papers must not exceed 1200 words in length.

6. The contest will close at midnight on Monday, December 1, 1930.

7. Papers should be either typewritten or penned in legible handwriting, and must bear the name and address of the contestant. Mail them to the Contest Editor.

8. THE FORUM will not return papers submitted in the contest, and will not enter into correspondence about them.

9. Anybody may enter as many papers as he pleases.

10. The Editor of THE FORUM will be the sole judge of the contest.

11. The submission of a paper in the contest will be understood to mean that the contestant accepts the rules here given and will abide by the judgment of the Editor.

We Try Trial Marriage

by **HELEN CONWAY**

Drawings by Lloyd Coe

I

"YOU HAVEN'T been married long, have you?" she asked.

I blushed and looked at Fred for help, but he was examining the lease and hadn't heard. Then, detecting only an ingratiating interest in the voice, I recovered from my confusion and felt relief in being able to answer "No" with at least literal truthfulness.

Her husband was asking for references. He seemed pleased when Fred mentioned his connection with one of New York's leading institutions of higher learning. They were obviously satisfied with our appearance: a serious, well-dressed couple, so apparently in love, would

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make ideal tenants for this top floor of their own home in one of New York's most dignified districts.

Would they have thought us such an irreproachable find, I wondered, if they had known that we never had been married, had no intention of being so for at least many months, and had decided only a few hours before to look for an apartment together?

Already, it seemed to us, we were reaping the advantages of that happy decision. The apartment looked positively luxurious in comparison with the compact little places we each could afford separately. It was so much more fun, this doing things together, and we were having all the thrill without the announcements, trousseau, relatives, parties, presents, and other usual barbarities of the wedding of even socially unpretentious individuals.

We decided to try trial marriage for the reason that most people (let us be optimistic) get married: we were in love. But we both knew that love in itself is not sufficient to survive constant association and assure a happy home. Congenial temperaments and mutual interests were, we thought, a more substantial foundation. Still, we had not known each other long and then only under propitious circumstances disassociated from the background of our lives.

We had each been out of college long enough to make some headway toward a career, and to learn the loneliness which can invade the busiest life and dim the delights of accomplishment. What we wanted were the companionship and joys that living together can give. We had also the serious purpose of determining whether or not marriage, with children and all the other responsibilities, would be wise for us. With such contemporary philosophers as Bertrand Russell, we believed that normal, healthy individuals should have the right to find this out in their own way. Attempting no world reform, not trying to set ourselves up as an example, we only wanted to live our own theories. And both our doubts and our hopes were sincere.

We took the open course of establishing a household because no casual or clandestine "affair" can give that intimacy which is involved in marriage and which is the real test of compatibility.

If New York City, thousands of miles from our respective homes, afforded the temptation, it also presented ideal conditions for the experiment. Here was happy oblivion and intimate isolation when we most needed to be alone. Supper, just for two, in a little French speak-easy where we had real champagne, was the only celebration. We drank a toast — to what, we hardly knew; just luck perhaps, for it looked as if we were going to need it.

"It will be more of a challenge than marriage," Fred had said when he "proposed." There would be only mutual desire to keep us together, so we should be careful to preserve that desire; this we thought stimulating. If our haven became a cage, we both knew the door was open. Marriage would be a goal, something to achieve, and not a state one had to accept as the only alternative to living alone. In the meantime we should have our happiness without losing the freedom we both valued so highly.

Another reason the companionate plan seemed fair was that we were to be economic equals. Since we were earning about the same salaries, we would divide the rent and the monthly bills. We would be free to work out other rules as we needed them.

Readers may recall "What It Means to Marry a Catholic," a Forum article of last year which provoked widespread comment. This paper by Helen Conway treats a different aspect of marriage, but it too is a genuine account of how one woman tested a theory by living it. As Dr. Logan Clendening observed in the October issue, much that has been written concerning modern sex experiments and companionate marriage has been hypothetical and abstract. Miss Conway's paper, a personal confession, is empirical and concrete.

II

For days we didn't tell anyone and went blithely along, shopping and moving. No bride could have entered the business of homemaking more joyfully than I did — buying little pots and pans for the kitchen, going with Fred to select furniture and pictures and spending long evenings arranging them. We might have taken an unconventional honeymoon if we could have afforded the time and the expense, but classes had to be taught and an advertising agency expected my copy on a new campaign. Since we could not take leisure even to get our household mechanics launched, we were especially grateful that peace and isolation could be ours so easily.

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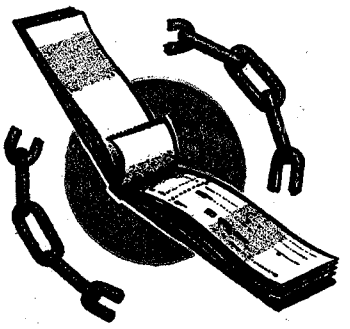
But we could not ignore the world forever, so the question of whom to tell and what to tell had to be faced. The people in the house, our maid, and the tradesmen had, from the beginning, accepted us as married. I became accustomed to answering to "Mrs. Stevens," although it was always an unpleasant effort for me to call myself that. The custom of using two names is so generally accepted in New York that this did not seem to be a problem at first. When I told our landlady that I used my own name in business and would want it above our bell, she merely evinced, I thought, a shade of envy for my freedom.



We both had relatives and friends who would have been shocked by the truth, and it was partly to spare them distress that we decided not to tell them. Neither of us wanted the tale carried to our homes, so we had to be careful about those who might be purveyors of gossip. Perhaps we were unconsciously protecting ourselves from embarrassment, should the experiment fail.

It was awkward to tell even those friends who were as liberal as we and whom we wished to know the truth. Etiquette books of the future may offer an accepted form with which couples may "announce their companionate marriage," but they do not do so now, and we had to trust to the inspiration of the occasion, which sometimes led to embarrassment and unplanned deception. We bought a wedding ring, thinking it might sometimes make explanations unnecessary — and the first time I wore it it led to trouble.

I had made an engagement with a friend and, though I expected to meet her elsewhere, she came to the apartment. Since she was our first caller, I was confused and, knowing she must have seen the two names above the bell and other revealing evidence, I slipped the ring on, intending to use it only as an opening to the truth. But she jumped at the natural conclusion and her effusive felicitations made it difficult for me to disillusion her. Having started the tangled web, it became, of course, easier to permit others also to believe that I was a legal wife.

The attitude of those who were told varied from the sentimental to the casual. Some looked upon it as a passing "affair," a little more frank than most; others called it "intelligent," and talked of "courage" with apparent admiration.

Guests presented another problem. Obviously, in joint entertaining we were limited to those who knew the truth. To our first party we invited only a few people, all of whom were in the know, but we had not counted on the typical New York habit of one guest's bringing others. Several young men — guests of another who had not been able or had not bothered to make explanations — dropped in. I was introduced as Miss Conway. When one of these men asked if I lived alone and if he might call sometime, I suddenly became a confused and incoherent hostess. I wished for some accepted reply, such as "No, I'm not married or single — I'm companionate, you see."

There were, of course, many persons whom we wished to see but to whom we did not want to tell the truth. Since each of us had lived alone for several years, we had friends who thought nothing of inviting themselves. A girl at the office would say, "If you're not busy to-night, Helen, let's plan that art work; we'll have dinner and then go to your apartment." A committee from my club would suggest meeting with me. Someone from out of town would phone: "I'd much rather come down and talk than go to a show."

It was not always possible, even if one desired, to deflect such suggestions without arousing suspicion. And we were determined to give each other the same freedom we had had before we were "trial married." Fred taught two evenings a week and we tried to plan so that either of us could have the use of the apartment alone when it seemed best. When I expected uninformed guests, I would slip a new card, with only my name, over the old one above the bell, conceal Fred's occupancy, and then hope that no one would come in and call me Mrs. Stevens. If the guests were unexpected, or if I had no way to warn Fred and he arrived or telephoned, it required still more ingenuity to carry off the situation.

At other times I have concealed my things, gone for a walk, and returned as a guest to meet his friends or relatives in "his apartment." I have worked quietly in one room while

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he talked with a student in another, or made an engagement so I would not be at home when he wished to entertain certain acquaintances.

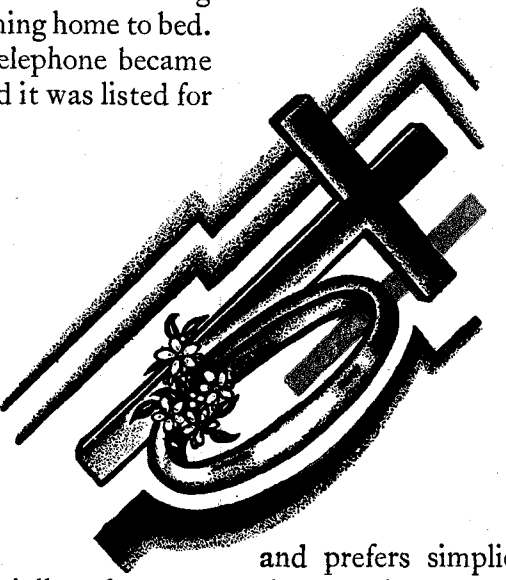
III

EACH OF US wanted the other to feel free to accept any engagements; we were together only because we wished to be, and we tried to apply this rule to days as well as weeks and months. When Fred's friends continued to call on him as a bachelor, I wanted him to accept such engagements, but I began to feel an unanalyzed resentment of the fact that these people were either unaware of my existence or of his relationship to me. I have helped him into his dinner clothes and seen him safely off, then settled down to a quiet evening when I felt like dancing.

I know that his plans have been upset when I phoned that I was not coming home or left a note telling of some invitation I had accepted. I think he felt the same resentment of the fact that I continued a social life as Miss Conway with no acknowledgment of my changed state.

It was inevitable that our separate plans should conflict. I would have friends whom I wanted to bring home when he had planned to work there; he would meet someone and I would make an engagement to avoid being there, when I felt more like coming home to bed.

Such trivial things as the telephone became complex. We had only one, and it was listed for each of us. Whenever it rang we looked at each other questiongly or asked, "Expecting a call?" It might be my office, the University, a student, my aunt, or Fred's cousin. Almost invariably, it seemed, the wrong person answered, particularly at odd hours.



Some, who approved the companionate idea, thought we should be introduced as Mr. and Mrs. Stevens, especially when our position was apparent. Others thought, as we did, that I should continue to use my own name. To some, then, I was Mrs. Stevens, properly married; to others Mrs. Stevens, companionate wife; still others thought of me as Helen Conway, living with Fred Stevens; and to the uninformed I was, as always, simply Miss Conway. I felt like a juggler walking a tight rope.

In our effort to assure each other that we were free, we leaned over backward and arrived at a state where we did not explain our own or inquire into the other's activities for fear it might be taken as an endeavor to curb this freedom. Interest might be interpreted as curiosity, curiosity as suspicion. This indifference became a double-edge tool. We found ourselves going very much our separate ways. If we had been able to appear always on an honest basis, to cultivate the same friends and see them naturally together, we would not have made so many separate engagements.

Many of the engagements and the refusal to ask about them were, I think, but gestures proclaiming our freedom. Fred would make an engagement; I, partly to show him that I didn't care, might accept some invitation I had intended to reject. If I planned it for an evening on which he taught, something was sure to change it and he was quick to insist that I go anyway. Often, learning that I was not to be at home, he would go out when he had not planned to.

We would not ask questions, but the green-eyed monster winked. Since we were together only when we wanted to be, this could be reversed to mean that we were apart because we found other company or interests more appealing. The thought was not a pleasant one. Might the trial become an attempt to find if there were other persons or interests for us, not simply if we were suited to each other? The barrier we had built against the world was becoming one between us, too; we could not talk of the real, the troubling things.

If one values honesty and prefers simplicity, evasions and pretensions are bound to be irritating. And it must be an extremely wise soul who can trace irritation to its true source and not connect it, unconsciously, with an individual. Usually of rather buoyant disposition, I found myself feeling depressed without understanding the cause. And a depressed person is not the most delightful companion.

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Living lost some of its glamour as we slipped into the daily routine of domesticity — bills and breakfasts, table d'hôte dinners, subways instead of taxis. Past was the thrill of having Fred phone, get theater tickets in advance, and meet me after I had had time to rest, bathe, and dress. We expected to lose the high romance, but we were getting the petty irritations of daily living without the compensation of social freedom and peace which marriage should bring.

Each of us felt a dissatisfaction in our position, and this was easy to interpret as disappointment in the other person. Neither wanted the other to think marriage a necessary outcome. I hesitated, I know, to criticize our state for fear it might appear an effort to urge the more stable one of marriage. I had no desire for marriage in itself, but in my position as neither maid, wife, nor widow I seemed to have added to my job the work of making a home, to have lost romance and the freedom I enjoyed, and to have gained only a growing worry and wonder about our relationship that amounted to definite unhappiness. I was surprised to discover that Fred, too, thought himself not so free as before. He felt, I think, that he had burdened himself with the woes and ways of a woman without being able to use his home freely or to know that she was more interested in him than in anything else.

IV

Our financial arrangement went along smoothly as long as we were both working. But the stock market depression affected advertising and suddenly eliminated my job. I had an offer out of town. When I told Fred, he urged me to decide without thinking of him. I was not sure whether he thought it best for me to go or whether he only wanted me to know he did not intend to interfere with my plans. We felt a constraint in talking about the matter. Fred did not want me to feel that I was sacrificing for him; I did not want him to feel responsible for me or my support. We had taken an expensive apartment on the assumption that we would contribute equally. I felt an obligation as well as a desire to give this adventure an adequate trial.

I stayed, and tried to do free-lance work. But the apartment had been arranged as a workshop for only one person; the closer daily association made us feel irritation and restraint. We found that each was, in some way, interfering with the other's work. We felt obligated to explain more, and less desire to do so. Neither was sure whether the other was keeping on from desire or a sense of duty.

Opportunity for separation came with the end of Fred's teaching year. His parents were expecting him home for vacation. They, of course, had never heard of me. No job had materialized and I was eager to get away from the city. I had heard that a younger sister, whose morals I would not influence by example, was coming to New York in the fall and expected to live with me. Because easy discussion had become impossible, Fred and I simply took the attitude that each was free to make separate plans. We did not talk of the future. Neither wanted to think of marriage; neither needed to be told that the experiment was over.

Our separate ways took us a thousand miles and more apart (we had been some such distance in understanding for a long time). Where marriage might have forced us to meet a situation and work it out together, trial marriage made it so much easier to separate.

Perhaps the result would have been the same had we been married, and we should be grateful that there are no legal bonds to undo. But it seems to me that most of the things responsible for our deep misunderstanding and wrong attitude grew out of some element peculiar to our without-benefit-of-clergy arrangement. Adjustment between two strongly individualistic natures is always severe. We had made it impossible by strewing the way with baffling complexities which barred the approach to understanding and built up resentment instead. We lost the freedom of the single without achieving the freedom of the married. In trying to make things easy for ourselves we had prepared so well for failure that perhaps it was inevitable. Each had pointed to the open door until we felt that it was the only way out.

We had learned that the way to liberty is not always by non-conformity to the accepted order. I may still believe that an alliance such as ours should become the accepted order. But until it is, I do not think individual happiness can be achieved by an arrangement which attempts to defy the existing order with impunity. It now seems to me that there would be so much more freedom in marriage.

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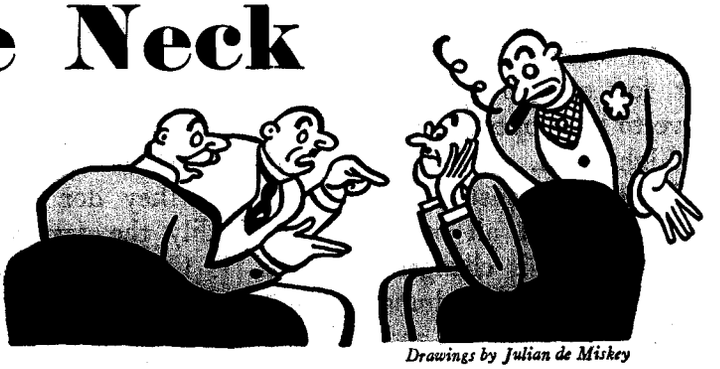
The Wets Give me a Pain in the Neck



Drawings by Julian de Miskey

by ARTHUR BRIGGS

THE WETS give me a pain in the neck. Not personally — for some of my best friends are wets — but politically, economically, and socially. They give me the aforesaid pain because it seems to my narrow, intolerant, bigoted, and hypocritical dry mind that as soon as a wet begins to talk about prohibition — and usually he won't talk about anything else — his brain goes soggy.

My club is an example. Its roster is made up of names famous in professions that require the highest quality of direct, effective, and clear thinking. But fully half, perhaps even two-thirds, are wet.

"Aha!" comes the wringing comment, "this brilliant assemblage is made up of wets. Whaddyuh mean a wet's brain doesn't function?"

I mean it doesn't function. I mean that if these men used the warped logic, the stale sentiments, the distorted memory in their professions that they use in discussing prohibition, they would be in the poorhouse. When prohibition comes up, they go ga-ga.

In my club I have heard discussions of nearly everything human and divine, and because the controversialists were using the same brains with which they achieved their success, these arguments have been such as to dazzle, delight, and educate.

Then somebody mentions prohibition! And things go haywire.

Up to now the wets have had rather the better of the argument in the pages of The Forum — not through any design of the Editors, but because the drys seemed unable to produce a convincing champion. We now believe that we have discovered a David for the dry cause in the person of Arthur Briggs; in this article he slings enough gibes, arguments, and embarrassing questions to put the wet army on the defensive. Moreover, in doing so he demolishes that favorite conceit of the wets: that if a dry had any sense of humor, he wouldn't be a dry.

I don't want anybody to tell *me* about the narrowness, intolerance, and bigotry of the drys. Any time the wets get going in my club I can spot you a Carrie Nation, two Dr. Clarence True Wilsons, and any number of arid Methodist bishops, and still win the game of intolerance in two moves. I know because, being known as a dry in the club, I have no rest from persecution. Time was when I essayed reasonable argument, until I found that I was not arguing with reason but only the same stale statements.

Then I tried avoidance. I would not argue. I would listen. I would even nod. But it isn't enough that I admit that some dry propaganda is foolish, that there are too many speakeasies, that it's too bad a gentleman can't get a drink, that I'd like to have some good liquor myself. None of this suffices, not with these broad-minded Saharaphobes.

They won't be content until I recant Volstead and all his works, and lift my voice to cry: "There is no King but Barleycorn!"

"FOUL! FOUL!"

LET'S JUST TRY for a few minutes to apply simple high school logic to some of these wet arguments that are gravely put forward time and again. See if, by this test, you don't get an ache in the cervical vertebræ yourself.

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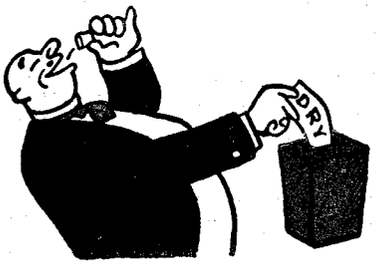
1. "*The Eighteenth Amendment never came to a popular vote: therefore it is all wrong.*"

Let's assume that it would be desirable to amend the Constitution by a process of popular election, and I believe it would. The very amendment providing for a plebiscite on amendments would have to be adopted in the same manner as the Eighteenth. And until the regular method of altering the Constitution — by which the Eighteenth and all other amendments have been added — is changed, all talk of referendums and all referendums themselves are futile and ridiculous in law and in fact.

There hasn't been an argument offered against the manner of passing the Eighteenth Amendment which wouldn't invalidate all the others. And I'm willing to wager that Mr.



Darrow and any other of the distinguished lawyers who inveigh against prohibition would, if pinned down to the pure, cold logic of law, admit this perfectly obvious fact. Their attitude toward the Eighteenth Amendment is decidedly legalistic special pleading. This they realize, and that they don't approach it as they would any other legal question is one of the reasons why the wets give me a pain in the neck.

2. "*It was 'put over' during the Great War and while our boys were in the trenches.*"

"Put over" my eye! It was a pushover. The pushing had been done steadily for twenty-five years by the Anti-Saloon League, and if the wets were good sports, they would admit that they'd been beaten by hard, fair fighters. But the wets yell "Foul!" and claim they weren't looking. What did they have to do to defeat the passing of the amendment in Congress? Control half the state legislatures? No — only thirteen. How many did they control? Three!

Pushover is correct.

And since the Eighteenth Amendment, like all the others, is not subject to plebiscite, the boys in the trenches would have had little effect either way. There is, too, the thought that *possibly* those four million soldiers, sixty per cent of them from dry districts, would not have voted unanimously wet.

The Public Be Pleased!

Congressmen are elected to represent their constituents. If they don't represent the general sentiment of their districts more or less habitually, they don't remain in Congress. And steadily the dry vote in Congress has grown. If Congress, personally wet or dry, is politically dry, it is the best indication in the world that the country is dry. Indeed, a Congressman who is personally wet but who votes dry is a surer barometer of the power of public opinion than the man whose own opinions happen to coincide with the sentiment of his district.

The "tyranny" of the Anti-Saloon League over Congress is due to the political fact that Congressmen *know* that the League can defeat them if they vote wet. It is not the tyranny of a fanatic minority, but the tyranny of majorities in election booths. Add that up and you have your plebiscite — the only kind that means anything in this political arena of the United States.

3. "*But the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act constitute sumptuary legislation, and you can't regulate people's habits by law.*"

Of all the statements delivered from the wet camp, this has always caused the most poignant ache in the vicinity of my Adam's apple. Of course the Volstead Act is sumptuary legislation! So is the drug act, the pure food act, housing laws, the Federal meat inspection law, anti-spitting ordinances, quarantine for infectious disease, traffic regulations, dog licenses, and just about every other statute that has been found necessary to regulate the habits and restrict the personal liberty of individuals for the sake of the rest of us.

Drinking isn't a crime in the sense that burglary or murder are crimes. But neither is driving the wrong way through a one-way street, keeping chickens in an apartment, dumping garbage in the street, swimming in a reservoir, building a frame house in Manhattan, or keeping cold storage food in a New York grocery without a sign proclaiming the fact. None of these things is a real crime, as are theft and arson. But you can and will be arrested for doing them, and if it weren't for

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this sort of sumptuary regulation of personal and business habits, life would be utterly impossible in communities of more than four persons. If prohibition is to be swept aside because it's sumptuary, then all this body of protective legislation is due for the dump heap.

4. "*Prohibition isn't enforced.*"

No, not very well. Neither is the law against murder. Since less than eight per cent of murderers are convicted, let's abolish the law against murder. Think of the money we'd save. Or let's license it — think of the revenue!

Just as logical as the wets' talk of the unenforceability of prohibition.

Mayor Walker's Speakeasies

Most of my wet friends at the club are always talking to me about New York's 32,000 speakeasies.

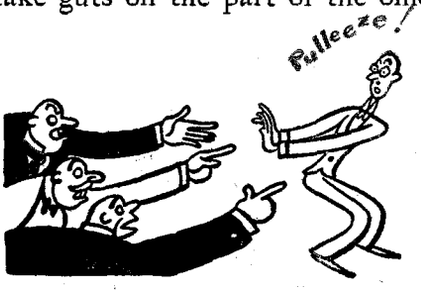
This chatter adds to the pain around my collar. Perhaps there are 32,000 places in New York where liquor can occasionally be obtained. But if the wets mean that there are 32,000 places where the main business is selling booze, and which are even remotely comparable to the 12,000 saloons that dispensed it before prohibition, they are babbling bunk.

There were not less than twenty-five saloons within a radius of three city squares from my home in Manhattan in 1919. There may be twenty-five speakeasies within that same radius now. I haven't been able to locate more than twelve that distantly resemble saloons in the amount that passes over the tables, but they may be there. I do know, however, that in this district in wet New York I don't see one drunk where I used to see five. I don't see — and I'm up late of nights often — one truck that could possibly be a liquor truck where I once saw ten. And if it's delivered in passenger cars or by hand, it would take *some* procession to come within a rivulet of the mighty flood that used to flow in these parts.

It's easy to say that people drink more since prohibition, but they don't. They can't, even in New York, because it isn't nearly so easy to get.

As to the wet's contention that it's a hard law to enforce, it's not a tenth as hard as the narcotics law — and very few wets want that abolished. You can pack enough heroin or morphine in your pockets to make a fortune, but to make any "important" money out of bootlegging or a speakeasy you have to have two things — customers and a source of supply. Now you know, and I know, and our wet friends know that if a speakeasy has enough customers to make business profitable, the cop on the beat is aware of it. He doesn't have to be very bright — he merely has to make his rounds and listen. The same goes for cooking alcohol or running a still big enough to count.

I cheerfully assert that any police commissioner in the United States, or any mayor, could dry up his town in a week if he wanted to badly enough. He would need only to tell his force they were to close every known speakeasy in their districts, and keep them closed, or lose their jobs. It wouldn't mean spectacular raids; it wouldn't take a special force. It *would* take guts on the part of the officer at



the head of the force. But if he stood fast until the first wet storm blew over, he'd be in line for the Presidency.

If there are 32,000 speakeasies in Jimmy Walker's city, it is Mr. Walker's fault — not that of the prohibition law.

5. "*Prohibition brings lawlessness.*"

Ho hum, what a long gray beard *that* one has!

Now *I'll* tell one. When those twenty-five saloons that I mentioned earlier were flourishing, they were allowed to keep open sixteen hours a day, even though they were supposed to be closed on Sundays.

Such liberality ought to satisfy almost anybody. But not those dear, law-abiding old saloon keepers whom my wet friends are always lamenting. Of those twenty-five saloons at least fifteen were open (the side door, of course) — defying the law — on Sunday. And if I had two dollars for every time I've met a cop in those back rooms, I could afford to give this article away instead of selling it.

Lawlessness? Oh, Yeah?

Eheu! Fugaces — how a wet's memory does forget! How he forgets that it was the inherent and incorrigible lawlessness of the

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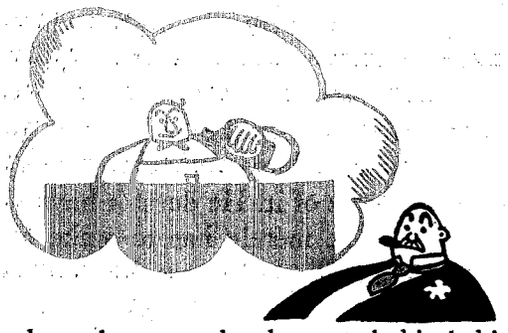

saloon keeper, the brewer behind him, the distiller too, that made people decide to knock out the whole business. No intelligent dry expected that these lawless lads who observed no limitation, however reasonable, and who corrupted the police as a matter of ordinary business overhead, would suddenly become law-abiding and respectable. We've had, and will have for some time to come, a lawless time with prohibition. But the lawlessness began long before the Eighteenth Amendment — was, in fact, the reason for it.

6. "*Well, of course we don't want the saloon back, but — now, for instance, light wine and beer. . . .*"

Talk about dry hypocrisy!

They *do* want the saloon back, ladies and gents. Hearken to the reminiscences of nights at Old Tim's place, where they wouldn't sell to a drunk and always obeyed the law. A rosy haze of sweetness and light they paint around the old swinging door. But not for argument or publication.

I could embrace a frank wet who would blurt forth a hope that the saloon *should* come back. Being by some particular chemistry of my interior one of those birds who really can take it or let it alone, the saloon never did me any personal harm. I have had some very delightful jingles in saloons. I have heard a lot of good talk — or maybe it just seemed good talk — in saloons. I saw them pass with personal regret, just as I'd watch the passing to the gallows of a boon companion who had chopped his wife into small bits. In each instance I feel that I've lost a pleasant acquaintance, but that I must acquiesce in the public policy which removed them.

Hence I can regard sympathetically the honesty of the wet who wants the saloon back because he and his friends enjoyed it, and to the devil with the other issues involved. I don't agree, but I respect him. The rest want it, but they're too hypocritical to say so.

As to light wines and beers, by personal observation I have found that:

81⅓% of those who advocate them never drank wine when they could get it.

46% never drank beer at all.

92% drank champagne when somebody else paid for it, but bought cocktails or highballs when paying for their own.

8% drank light wines and beer in preference to hard liquor.

86% admitted that while abroad they specialized in cocktails.

100% were drinking gin while they talked of light wines.

In other words, my brethren, what the wets want is hooch, and don't let 'em kid you.

Anyhow I'm curious to know how allowing beer and light wine is going to make it easier to prevent bootlegged hooch than now, when all alcoholic liquor is tabooed by law.

7. "*But see what prohibition is doing to youth and to women!*"

Well, well, what *is* it doing? Wild youth isn't as wild as it's painted; statistics show that juvenile delinquency is decreasing. A great many women of the upper classes who didn't drink before prohibition drink now, but the Salvation Army can tell you that the women of the masses aren't drinking as they did in the days of the Family Entrance. And there are more of the masses than of the classes.

Besides, this drinking among youth and women is not solely a prohibition phenomenon. The problem exists also in England and France. They're fretting about it in Canada, too, where the noble experiment of putting the government in the saloon business hasn't abolished either the bootlegger or the speakeasy.

When Drinkers Were Drinkers

And here again the wet's memory goes conveniently hazy. Youth drank in my youth, even if the wets forget theirs. These student statistics on drinking in college have to be taken with a salt pretzel or two. Students who take a shot once a month when they can get it count themselves as drinkers. When I went to college you didn't rank as a drinker unless you made a habit of sopping up a few daily and got edged once a month or oftener.

I might go on and tell you how, in my home town, at least ten of the young men of the best families went to moral wreckage or physical

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degeneration and death from habitual alcoholism within ten years of their matriculation; but though it's true, it might be doubted.

However, we'll leave this subject with the query as to how, to-day, you are to reduce the drinking among young people by making hooch cheaper and easier to get.

8. "*We have made ourselves the laughingstock of other nations.*"

Yeah? Who's leffink?

A few visitors who think that, because they've been regaled with drinks at smart houseparties and dinners among the rich, everybody drinks as much as ever under prohibition.

If you read the foreign papers, you won't discover much laughter. What you will discover is an enormous amount of worrying about the Americanization of Europe: a fear of what the high-speed efficiency of America — which has accompanied, even if we assume that it hasn't been caused by, the Noble Experiment — will do to European industrialism and trade.

As far as I'm concerned, Europe may laugh its head off at our "fool sumptuary law." If countries that regulate most of the details of your daily life in a way that Americans wouldn't tolerate for five minutes choose to laugh at our method of dealing with booze, that's their privilege. They can laugh at my law while I laugh at theirs.

And while we're both laughing I can chuckle over the fact that France, for example — the model that the beer-and-light wine advocates point to so gleefully — drinks more hard liquor than England does, or than we did in the days before prohibition. I can get a giggle — or could if it seemed funny to me, which it doesn't — out of the intolerance of a country whose wine growers and distillers have just succeeded in barring from the schools any instruction whatsoever concerning the effects of alcohol on the human system. Well, er — unless that instruction has to do with wine as a tonic and health beverage for children. Maybe it is — I dunno — but those scrawny, pale-faced French kids are no ad for the vintner's stuff.

Well, What Have You?

The greatest ache in my jugular region that I get from wet talk is the lack of any suggestion of a sensible substitute for prohibition. True, government control and dispensaries are working, after a fashion, in other countries. But they didn't work here — in South Carolina — and they're not working to exactly universal satisfaction in Norway, Sweden, or Canada.

These noble experiments in other countries are, granting every wet claim, not so brilliantly successful as to warrant substituting them for our own system. If after ten years the machinery of prohibition enforcement is still missing on three cylinders, how long might we expect it to be before government control would be even fifty per cent efficient? Why substitute the complexities of regulation, which failed for more than a hundred years, for the comparative simplicity of a policy that has had only ten years trial and is by no means — again granting every wet claim — a total flop?

The most naïve confession of wet futility that I have run across appeared in the editorial columns of a New York wet paper of the highest respectability. I haven't the actual clipping before me, but this is the outline. A reader wrote as follows:

"I note that your paper smites the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act hip and thigh at every opportunity. But what have you to suggest as a workable substitute?"

To which the editor appended this reply:

"It is, perhaps, a weakness in the anti-prohibition movement that it has no reasonably satisfactory policy to substitute."

Probably the editor was fired for that confession, but for once a wet had inadvertently admitted the truth.

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Tropic Seas

by

TEN KLOOSTER

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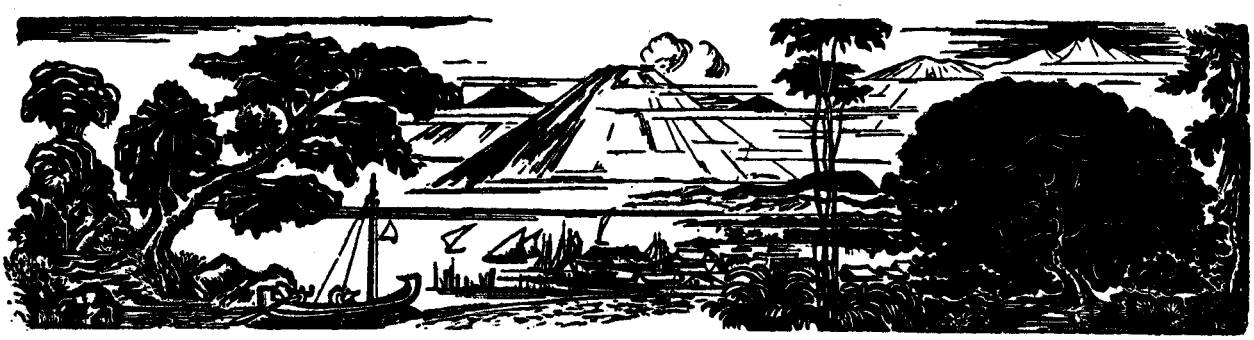

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Tom Hardy

Etchings by George Biddle

by LOWRY CHARLES WIMBERLY

I

I USUALLY ride the blinds. But that night I had my pick of two empty seats in the chair car. On the one next to the window I found a book. It was apple green in color and full of poems. As a rule, I don't give a cuss for poetry. A good story — a detective or mystery yarn — suits me better. But after the conductor had punched my ticket I opened the book and started in on one of the poems. I read this poem through and liked it. The high spot in it, though, is where Jesus holds out His hands and straightens the crooked limbs and opens the eyes of the blind. The poem was called something about General Booth.

But after all, I wish I hadn't run across that poem. There's one line that comes rolling in about half a dozen times. "Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?" That's the line. It got me to thinking of Tom Hardy. And I don't like to think of Tom, especially at night and on a train. That old-time tune, "The Blood of the Lamb," was one of his favorites, as Sister Rosane used to say. Back there in my home town over in eastern Iowa, Sister Rosane was the main pillar and prop of the Saints of Bethlehem Church. She could outsing and outpray anybody in the county. In most ways she had a considerable edge on the other Saints. For one thing, the general run of them were only saved. But she had got the jump on them somehow or other, got an early start maybe. Anyhow, besides being saved she was sanctified and holy.

She was a big, fine-looking woman with a snow-white skin and always dressed in black. On Sundays, and week days too, she fussed around from one end of that little burg to the other and made a sort of darkness in it. But she meant well, and in the Lamb's Book of Life she is no doubt credited with many a kindly act. Her chief trouble was setting herself up in town as what you might call a professional do-gooder, her principal job being to bring sinners under conviction and then worry them through into the Kingdom.

It didn't matter who the sinner was, either. She would tackle any of them — the banker, just as soon as not. Or a saloon bum or a strumpet or a kid, maybe, that might be playing keeps with marbles. One Sunday night she shoved young Mrs. Botz up to the altar, knelt with her, and nagged her along with prayers and hymns until Mrs. Botz finally got up and made a clean breast of what ailed her. The Sunday before, she had gone for a walk. That was all. Just went for a stroll on Sunday. But even a little thing like that would put Sister Rosane on your trail.

At camp meetings she was a power and then some, particularly when it came to pulling sinners through. Now and then, though, she would tie into some tough old customer and have to put in her best licks. But she could rise to almost any occasion the Old Harry could conjure up. You felt that the Devil was always on one end of a sinner and Sister Rosane on the

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other. It didn't make any difference which end it was, either. She would generally win out.

At times she and the Devil got to tugging the whole town back and forth. This was mainly when the town was pretty well liquored up. But she enjoyed it. She wasn't one of these woebegone church sisters. With her big, snapping black eyes, she wasn't bad to look at, and when she got busy, you could feel tremors through the town and catch sight of sinners jumping for cover.

BUT IT WAS mainly Tom that that line in the poem set me to thinking of. Of course you couldn't think of him without bringing in Sister Rosane. And old Wadsworth Hix, too. Old Hix was the town drunkard and infidel. If Sister Rosane was the Lord's handmaiden, Old Hix was the Devil's henchman. Anyhow, she had never been able to work her spells on him. They said he had gypsy blood in him and had fought through the Civil War. He was a swarthy, wicked-eyed, little old wart, with a goat's beard, and was always quoting Bob Ingersoll and Tom Paine, particularly when he was drunk. And that was most of the time. The old cuss said right where the preacher could hear him that when he kicked the bucket he wanted a bottle of Budweiser buried at his feet and a bottle of Scotch at his head.

But to get back to Tom. Tom's parents had died when he was nothing but a kid, and Hix had taken him into his shack down by the river and brought him up after a fashion. I don't know that he did Tom any particular harm, but he did teach him to smoke and chew and drink. Nobody ever saw Tom as drunk as Hix though.

So Tom was no angel. But he wasn't an infidel, either, as far as you could see. Anyhow, he finally fell pretty hard for Sister Rosane's spiritual palaver. And if he was saved for glory, he certainly owed his salvation to her. On the other hand, if he was lost, then I suppose you might say he owed his damnation to Old Hix.

I sometimes think they both meant well. In a way they didn't have very promising material to work on. Tom had the name of being a half-wit. But maybe he was a grade better than that. In pretty near every small town there is at least one person like him. You'll generally find this person hanging around the river, if there is a river, or you'll see him fooling around out in the woods, if there is a woods. His eyes, as a rule, are a foggy blue, and his face is hangdogish and a little sullen. And if he should happen to smile or grin, it's nearly always at the wrong thing. At least that's what you think, although you can't ever tell just how much these half-wits do know. I've caught them grinning at me many a time when I couldn't see a cussed thing to grin at.

That hits Tom off pretty well. Still, he was somewhat different from most of his type. He had coarse, red hair and, when I knew him, a red brush of mustache. And he carried himself better—straighter and not so slumping. You had the notion that maybe, way down out of sight, there was something in him. Cy Pratt, the town barber, argued that Tom must have some brains. "I ain't never yet," Cy said, "knowed a redhead that was a total loss." But Cy himself had sandy hair, so his idea didn't mean an awful lot. Anyway, you felt this much. You felt that Tom had never had a square deal.

Old Hix claimed at first that there was only one thing on God's green earth that stood any chance of making a nut like Tom talk and possibly amount to something. That thing was whisky. Hix had a world of faith in whisky, as much as Sister Rosane had in the gospel. Whisky certainly did make Hix talk and kept him talking. And it made some of the rest of us talk, too.

But if Hix believed what he said about it making Tom talk, and wasn't joking when he said it, then he was a fool. And if he was joking, why then he was an ornery, low-down skunk. You shouldn't let out ideas like that around a half-wit, because you can't ever tell just how a

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half-wit will take them. If it had stopped with Hix and his booze, it would have been bad enough, but the hell of it was that Tom seemed to get the same idea from Sister Rosane and her religion.

Tom was a mute. Not a deaf-mute, just a mute. He could hear well enough. I sometimes think he heard too well. It would have been better if he had been deaf, too, and so hadn't got taken in by Old Hix's jabbering on the one hand and Sister Rosane's palaver on the other. Maybe if there had been another mute in town he would have been better off. But there wasn't. There was only a blind nigger. So about all that poor chucklehead could do was to keep on getting drunk and following Hix around like a dog and maybe go fishing with him.

They would go fooling along the river, stopping every now and then to take a pull on the bottle, until Hix would come to a good place for channel cat. But Hix said Tom wasn't worth a tinker's damn at fishing, or anything else for that matter. That's odd, too, because some of the best fishermen I ever saw were half-wits. The fish just naturally seem to hanker for the kind of bait they use.

But Tom would just sit there on an old log and rubber across the river, or cock his head, maybe, at different sounds, such as the bank caving in or a cowbell or a bird singing. Every now and then when Tom would lose a fish, Old Hix would lay into him with his whole stock of cuss words; or again, instead of cussing, he would twist his dinky beard and laugh at him like the devil. You couldn't say which was worse, the cussing or the laughing. But I would have taken the cussing. Hix claimed he'd made a stab at teaching Tom to fish and even to talk on his hands, but that anyone could teach him till hell froze over and not get anywhere.

So that's the way it went. But finally Hix seemed to give him up. You wondered that the old cuss ever stood for him at all, unless it was that he liked to do all the jabbering himself. Anyhow, I heard him say down at Pierce's store one night that he'd made up his mind that Tom wouldn't ever amount to hell-room, and that anybody that liquor couldn't loosen up any more than it did him was just plumb damned. You understand that Hix was crazy drunk most of the time. This time, though, he was only about medium drunk. "By Goddy," he said, "that poor fool won't ever learn anything. You could do more with a jackass. Talk about talking. Why, liquor don't faze him. No, by Goddy, it don't faze him."

That made Pierce sore. Pierce was a sawed-off but stout, red-faced man with a lot of sense. Not a churchgoer, but a good man anyway. "Damn your soul," he said, "you don't mean you've been chucking any such ideas into Tom's head? You know well enough that liquor or God Almighty Himself couldn't fetch any talk out of that poor devil. And what's more, I want you to quit drinking in here."

But Hix took another swig and came back. "Ideas, hell!" he said. "Why, that muttonhead wouldn't know an idea from a horse's collar. That's just what I've been tellin' you. You couldn't drive a spike through that cussed skull of his. The best he can do is jump in the river or get religion. Yes, by Goddy, get religion."

The way the old sinner cackled made me think he'd been bedeviling Tom all along with the notion that whisky could make him talk. Of course, as I've already said, Hix had a world of faith in whisky, and maybe at first he did actually get the fool idea that it could do something for Tom. Whichever way it was, I concluded after that night that maybe Sister Rosane was about right and that the old soak was the Devil himself. From any angle you look at it, it was a hellish prank to play on a poor sap like Tom. I can't think of anything more hellish, unless it was what Sister Rosane did herself.

I guess Tom got wind some way of what Hix had said and of how the old devil had been spoofing him. We found Hix one day just about strangled to death down there in his shack. But he came to and made for his bottle. So we knew he was all right, or would be in a minute. Maybe the town should have done something about it, but we thought Hix had got what was coming to him.

Down at the post office in Pierce's store I heard Sister Rosane say that the hand of God was in it, and that this would be the turning point in Tom's life. She strung out what she was saying with about fourteen verses from the Scriptures, and every now and then old Brother Barkins, who was standing there, helped her along with a good-sized Amen. They were going strong and it was almost like a revival meeting, but Hix came in and broke it up.

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III

IT DID LOOK like Tom was going to turn over a new leaf. He let up some on the drinking, although he smoked his corncob and chewed more than ever. The Saints gave him the janitoring of the church and threw odd jobs in his way, such as mowing lawns and so on. During the summer he worked in the cemetery. After he took hold of it the old graveyard began to blossom and spruce up. You almost wanted to buy a lot out there. Sister Rosane said that being around the blessed dead, some of which were saints in heaven, would be good for him. Maybe it was, but it's hard to tell.

You could see him out there almost any time of the day, and even at night when the moon was good. One time, along about dusk, I came on him. He had a trowel in his hand and was kneeling by a tombstone. He must have been praying. His eyes were shut and the tears were sliding down into his mustache. It made you want to cuss or cry, you couldn't say which, or you wanted to go over and put your arm around him. But anyway he was through with Hix for a while.

It looked like Sister Rosane was making considerable headway with him. The next Sunday I saw them sitting together in church. When the prayer started, she went down on her knees and Tom went with her. But he didn't get up until quite a while after she did. It was when we began singing that he got up.

That picture will always stay in my head. There off to one side, and in front of me, was Sister Rosane, broad and black, with a little of her white neck showing above the blackness and disappearing again in her black hair. And towering beside her was Tom, his old checkered, gray coat miles too small, and his ropish, red hair looking like he'd gone over it with a currycomb. Sister Rosane's full, rich voice could be heard above everybody's, and you felt somehow that you ought to be hearing him, too. That is, once we had swung into those old tunes you couldn't imagine how anybody could help busting out for all there was in him.

We got to that old song, "Power in the Blood." It goes about like this: "Oh, there's power, power, wonder-working power — Oh, there's wonderful power in the Blood." These words are in the chorus. And it's in the chorus that the booming bass comes in. That song is a knock-out. I've heard it many a time at revival meetings, and seen it give people the jerks until they would fall to the ground and lie there writhing and groaning and yelling for God to have mercy on their souls.

When we hit the chorus, Tom began shivering up and down his spine and crosswise, with the muscles of his neck and back jumping around as if he was going into a fit. But all the time he was waving his book over his head or pounding it on the seat and stamping the floor with his foot. Then before you knew it he would stop pounding, look up at the ceiling, and work his lips. It was terrible, and yet it was funny. Some of the kids got to laughing, especially when Sister Rosane threw her fat arm around Tom and shouted "Glory! Glory!" and the preacher kept bellowing out "Sing it! Sing it! Glory to God! Sing it!" But Tom couldn't sing it. That was the terrible part of it. He simply couldn't. Finally I wanted to cry instead of laugh.

But Sister Rosane didn't give up. Not by a long shot. She had tussled with worse sinners than Tom and pulled them through. The next day, though, Tom hunted up Old Hix and got good and drunk. They went on a spree down by the river. Then along toward night they came uptown, hugging each other and slobbering around until the marshal had to jail them. Sister Rosane and the preacher went down and got Tom out. As for Hix, they kept him there for a week, and it was a good thing. The town seemed to sober up just about right when he was in jail. It was old soaks like him that brought on prohibition, though you couldn't have kept him from getting tanked, prohibition or no prohibition.

IV

THIS WAS along toward the middle of the summer, back there in 1910 or 1911 — I can't remember exactly. For several weeks it was Old Hix and Sister Rosane and Tom between them. Hix would have him off and on during the week, getting him soused, maybe, right out in the graveyard, but on Sunday she would have him back in church. Once or twice she roped him in for prayer meeting.

About that time the big revival came along. It was the greatest jamboree the little burg had ever seen. They put up a big, brown tent just at the edge of town and not far from the railroad. People came from miles around, even

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from over in Illinois, prepared to stay through the meeting. The evangelist was one of those old-time Southern preachers — the Georgia Cyclone. He brought two singers with him, Professor and Mrs. Gene Wilkins. They were a powerful trio. The Professor, as they called him, had a whale of a baritone, melodious and far-carrying, and his wife, who played the organ, would ring in now and then on the choruses with a decent enough soprano for anybody. But neither of them was better than Sister Rosane, if as good. I've always thought Sister Rosane was a fool not to hook up with an outfit like that. She could have made a fortune. Her talents were too big for that dinky little town.

Not meaning to flatter him any when I say it, that preacher was a stem-winder, or better, a rip-snorter and a hell-raiser. That is, he raised hell for sin and Satan and then shoved them into it where they belonged. His name just suited. He rip-roared into things like a tornado, and even by the end of the first week you could see that he'd blown that wart of a town inside out and back again. He gave it one of the best gospel airings it ever had, so the old settlers said. Every cussed sinner and tough was on the run, but he was not the sort to drive them away from the Kingdom. He was out to lead, drive, or boot them into it. Any way to get them there; he wasn't particular. And he knew every trick in the game.

They don't make them like the Cyclone any more. He had long, slim legs, wide shoulders, and a big shock of coal-black hair. When he got to spinning around up there, all lit up with glory, his hair flying, his coat tails popping, and his voice roaring, he made you think of one of those twisters that come funneling at you, tearing up trees and buildings. By the time the jamboree had been going full blast for two weeks, he had swept scores of the ungodly into the fold. I sneaked forward myself the third night and I guess I got through, but somehow it didn't stick. Still, it was all right for the time being. You felt that the whole town was on its knees at last.

Except Old Hix. That old cuss didn't miss a one of the meetings either, afternoon or night and three times on Sunday. But of course you couldn't have dragged the old devil inside, not with a team of mules. He would stand outside the tent, or sit on a wagon box, chewing tobacco and maybe taking a pull at his flask and cackling with laughter. Sister Rosane wouldn't try her hand at him. She knew better. But the Cyclone and the singers wasted one whole evening trying to nail him. The Cyclone yanked off his collar, ruffled up his hair, and roared one of the best sermons he had in stock. And the singers sailed into some of those good old-time tunes in a way that made you want to shout and climb the tent pole.

But they couldn't faze Hix. He had a brand of philosophy or liquor that was proof against the whole outfit. Sister Rosane and some of the others wanted to jail him, but the preacher advised against it. The Clycone was a pretty big man, with all his windiness. He admitted that he himself had once been a sot like Old Hix, but that God had struck glory into him with a bolt from heaven.

You almost felt sorry for Hix, the way he had to go around by himself, with no friends but the saloon keepers, you might say. Of course, the saloon keepers weren't such a bad lot when you came to think of it. Their business, so the old-timers said, would have gone on the rocks if the Cyclone had kept ripping around for a month longer. Some of us weren't sorry, I guess, that it was only a three-weeks meeting.

The thing that interested us mostly, though, was not Hix. It was Tom. For a couple of nights he stuck around outside with the old man, and on one of these nights he came pretty well soused. He pulled Smithy Barton, the butcher, off his seat and then stood up on it and began throwing his arms around, imitating the Cyclone. Hix had put him up to it. I could see that by the way the old buzzard was looking on and laughing. The marshal started toward Tom, but the Cyclone stopped him. And everybody dropped to their knees right there and began praying a blue streak for the poor cuss. In a minute or two he got cold feet and backed out.

The next night Sister Rosane had him inside, and from then on she made him her special job. She always started in by mentioning him in her testimony and in her prayer. And she always wound up the same way. By the end of the second week she hustled up front and announced that Tom, "Glory to God," had given

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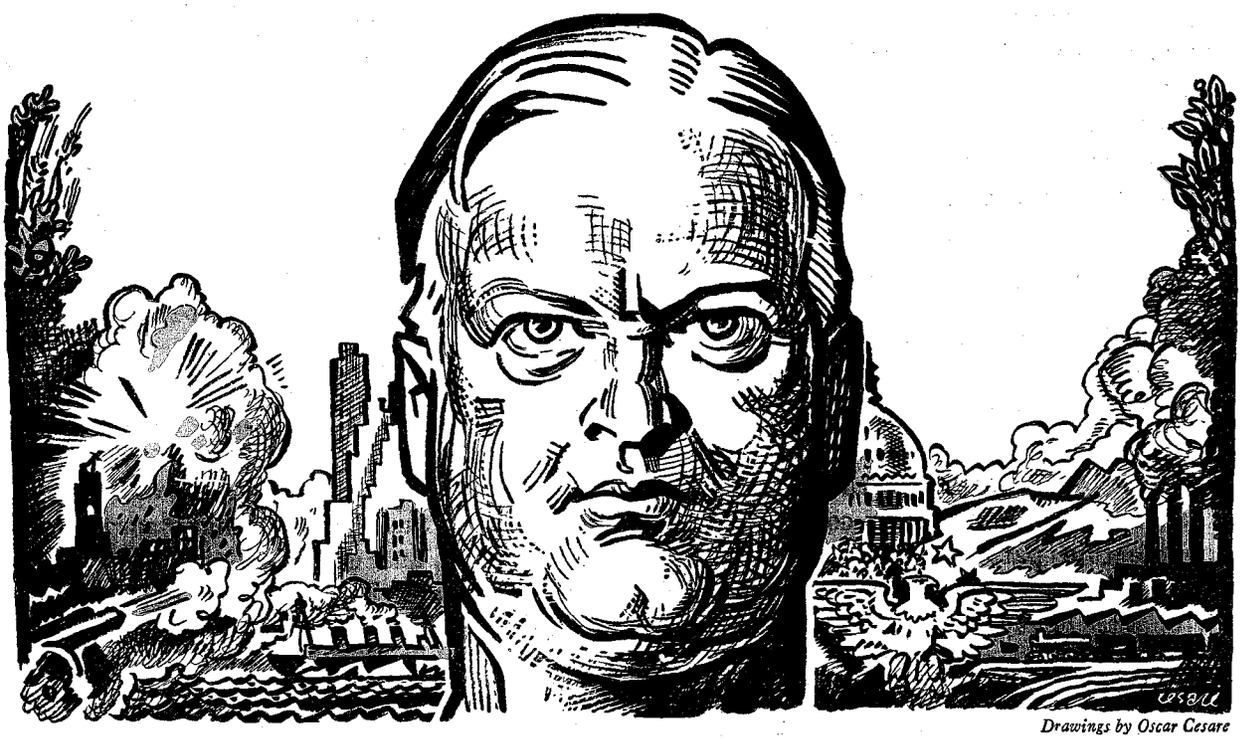

Drawings by Oscar Cesare

The Real Hoover

by ASHMUN BROWN

Last month in these pages Elmer Davis attacked the record of President Hoover, comparing his campaign promises with his subsequent achievements, hardly to the President's advantage. In its function as the Magazine of Controversy, The Forum sought to give the supporters of the present administration a fair opportunity to reply. The Editors induced Ashmun Brown, a newspaper correspondent close to Mr. Hoover and familiar with his activities, to write this defense of the President's record. Recognizing that the President has been widely censored lately, Mr. Brown has not contented himself with answering Mr. Davis' charges, but has gone on to offer a detailed survey of the successes of the present administration and a personal interpretation of the man now occupying the White House.

THE HURRICANE of criticism of the President that has been blowing across the country has been composed of exactly the same substance as all hurricanes — heated air revolving violently around a vacuum and moving swiftly over the landscape toward oblivion. The figure of Hoover remains just where it has always stood, firmly rooted in the affection and confidence of the people. True, the tornado has shaken off a lot of opportunistic supporters and has sent his fair-weather friends to the cyclone cellar, but this is hardly a disadvantage. Gone are the mists of myth which caused his sentimental admirers to see him in an aureate glow. Steadfast followers and realistic opponents have at last been compelled to make a genuine appraisal of the President. And the figure that emerges from eighteen months of struggle is unlike both the friendly and the hostile preconceptions.

We may at once dismiss the belated effort of Elmer Davis, in last month's FORUM ("Hoover the Medicine Man"), to add a further touch of legend to the already obsolete imaginary figure. The picture Mr. Davis draws of a prophet who failed to warn (when even office boys in Keokuk knew that the Great Gamble was coming to its close) and of a master of financial legerdemain who failed to produce the golden eggs of prosperity out of his hat when a world depression finally reached America, is naïve and incredible — so incredible that Mr. Davis must have been hard put to keep a straight face as he wielded his brush. Interest-

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ing as that cartoon is, let us turn aside and face the facts — as Mr. Hoover has done and is doing.

Those facts in the mass tell a remarkable story of real accomplishment, of things done not merely for immediate benefit but for the sake of the distant future. The chief characteristic of the Hoover program in both foreign relations and domestic affairs is that it takes the long view. If the present administration should end to-morrow, historians in decades yet to come would bear witness that more progress and reorientation in the conduct of public affairs has been compressed in the past year and a half than in many earlier complete terms. Consistent in pattern, Hoover's policies are building for the future. There is nothing opportunistic about them; they are erected on the solid realization that we are living in a new age, in a time when tremendous social and economic changes are in progress, and when new problems thrust themselves forward for solution.

The Hoover program demands that these problems be dealt with only in the light of ascertained and demonstrated facts, not by the blind acceptance of theory and unproved formulas. A striking evidence of the President's leadership is the considerable extent in which he has succeeded in turning the mind of America to this method.

Hoover the Individualist

The basis of Herbert Hoover's political philosophy is found in his pronounced individualism and in his belief that the cure for the social and economic ills of organized society lies not in increased governmental paternalism but in self-help. He is an individualist in the American sense of team play rather than in the narrow Greek definition. Furthermore, he has an unbeatable combination of qualities: honest purpose, decision, determination, persistence, high mentality, judgment, resourcefulness, tireless industry, and patience.

Hoover came to the White House with more detailed knowledge of the government in all its ramifications than has been the possession of most Presidents. He had been a part of that government for eight busy years and he knew, as few know, its imperfections and its strengths. He also knew the American people with a singularly sympathetic understanding. He came with an appreciation of foreign peoples and foreign governments that none before him had been able to acquire.

With this equipment and perspective he began his presidency even before his inauguration. He made a South American tour which admittedly has been productive of immense advantage to this country in that it sowed seeds of good will and cleared the way for international accord. This structure of confidence and amity was later buttressed by his attitude toward Tacna-Arica, Mexico, Haiti, Nicaragua, and other Latin-American republics. The visit of Ramsay MacDonald, the log-sitting conversations at the Rapidan camp, the London naval conference that resulted, and its development into a treaty which takes its historical place among the few great instruments for the promotion of peace — all testify to Hoover's quiet, unostentatious leadership in world affairs.

Since the President assumed office our foreign service has been immeasurably strengthened. At his request, Congress has provided more liberally for the maintenance of this service, while he himself has pursued a fixed policy in appointments. Under his careful superintendence, business men are sent to selected posts and career men to others, and only diplomats who can speak the language and have a sympathetic understanding of the people are accredited to the punctilious Latin countries.

This care in exercising the appointing power extends through all branches of the government. Particularly in the judiciary has the President set new standards. The day has passed when party Senators could dictate the nomination of Federal judges and United

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States District Attorneys — which may account for some of the trouble Hoover has had with the Senate. Moreover, he has adopted the revolutionary policy of making public the names of all those who have endorsed candidates for political office.

This improvement in the quality of the Federal bench and its officers is evident throughout the public service. Beginning with assistant secretaries and bureau chiefs in the executive departments, first-class men have been installed in the "second line" of administrators and their influence has been felt farther down the ranks.

The President's Batting Average

But it is in Hoover's dealings with Congress that public interest is most active, and it is here that the greatest misrepresentation exists. The recommendations the President has made to Congress since he took office have been in the majority of cases enacted into law, a fact which — his critics to the contrary notwithstanding — demonstrates his leadership in that body. Here are the high points of recent legislative accomplishments.

Farm Relief. A ten-year controversy culminated in the enactment of the Agricultural Marketing Act, which encourages, through a Federal Farm Board, farmers to organize (voluntarily and coöperatively) their business on a sounder basis, as successful industry has organized its business. The Administration succeeded in preventing adoption of the uneconomic debenture plan as a part of this measure, and likewise prevented the insertion of the debenture plan into the tariff bill.

Tariff Revision. "Some limited changes in the schedules and in the administrative clauses of the law as written in 1922" were requested by the President, who, on signing the completed bill, pronounced it on the whole satisfactory. Senate amendments to the flexible provision were successfully opposed by the Administration.

Tax Reduction. The Administration's proposal for a one-year reduction in personal and corporation taxes was adopted.

Public Works. The President's requests for increased authorizations for the construction of highways, forest highways, public buildings, and river and harbor works were granted.

Prison Reform. Suggestions made by government authorities over a period of twenty years, and heretofore disregarded, were embodied in Mr. Hoover's recommendation for a Federal Prison reform program and were enacted into law.

Departmental Reorganization. Broad authority to the President to undertake a general departmental reorganization was withheld, but Congress approved a series of special reorganization measures which transferred prohibition enforcement from the Treasury to the Department of Justice, consolidated the three separate agencies which deal with Veterans' Relief and which spend one dollar out of every five in the national budget, and united public health agencies. Likewise the President's recommendations for the reorganization of the Federal Power Commission and the Federal Radio Commission were enacted. The postal air mail subsidy law was also revised in accordance with his proposals.

Congressional Reapportionment. The Constitution requires that Congressional representation be reapportioned after each decennial census. For nine years Congress avoided compliance with this measure until finally, at the recommendation of the President, it enacted the delayed law.

This review does not tell the whole story. It merely relates what was done with the major items of the President's program. In all, he submitted sixty-five recommendations to Congress, large and small, and in thirty-eight cases the law he asked for was enacted; in twenty-seven cases — and for the most part they were of minor character — Congress did not act.

Put that in baseball terms and it is a batting average of .585, or, as disclosed by the record, considerably above normal. Coolidge, a lusty political batsman, had an average of .543 in his most successful season, which was contemporaneous with the Sixty-eighth Congress. The Hoover average does not, necessarily, include instances in which legislation opposed by the President was defeated. Count those in and the score against the Congressional batteries would be huge.

Conferences and Commissions

The President's capacity to lead and to organize bodies of humanity, official and unofficial, for effective service has been demon-

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strated in other notable instances. It was conspicuous after the financial crash of October, 1929, when the country entered upon a period of commercial depression.

Instead of attempting to prescribe political nostrums, Hoover called to Washington for a series of conferences leaders in industry, finance, agriculture, transportation, and state governments — representatives of all elements of organized society. His own keen analysis of the situation, and his suggestions for action, brought about mutual agreements between employers and employees and coöperative movements among all the groups that were in attendance. This coöperation has had such an effect in ameliorating the evils of the depression that the United States has risen far above the other countries which were swept by the same economic whirlwind.

Even his critics admit the brilliance and success of the President's leadership in this instance and seek to condemn him only because he did not prevent the panic. They argue that he should have told the people, in advance of the crash, that they were paying too high prices for stocks — this complaint being based on the juvenile assumption that such warning would have staved off a panic. In view of what is now known about the disaster — that the stock market deflation was preceded by other world movements which led to a sharp fall in commodity prices — such arguments are unworthy of serious consideration.

The essential point is that the United States, under Hoover's leadership, is weathering the storm better than any of its sister nations. Statistics of the Department of Commerce demonstrate that the buying power of the American people has been reduced less than the buying power of any other people in this period of depression. The fact is worth pondering.

This reliance on experts had a precedent in Mr. Hoover's own administration. Coincident with the assumption of the presidency, he entered upon an enterprise of even greater importance than his immediate program for improving the machinery of government. He began the creation of the Hoover commissions, in which he has enlisted the ungrudging efforts of some two thousand of the ablest technical minds in the country and the employment of some two million dollars of private capital, cheerfully advanced by his friends, who have an understanding of his political philosophy and an abiding faith in his ability to translate that philosophy into practical action.

These commissions are ascertaining for the first time in a scientific fashion the elements of social and economic problems which as yet have not been clearly defined by any nation, much less solved. No one can yet say, for example, what is to be the effect on humanity of the Machine Age in which we live. No really serious effort heretofore has been made to determine the fundamental facts. Now sociology is not an exact science, but when the trained minds which President Hoover has enlisted in these gigantic tasks have completed their labors, there will be a solid basis of information which will supply open-minded students with invaluable material.

There is nothing spectacular about this sort of spade work. It does not attract popular attention. Yet some developments of the Hoover commissions are vastly important. And one thing is certain. Their activity is evidence of organized, voluntary effort on the part of citizens to solve their own problems.

The Silent Fighter

If, in his leadership of Congress and of unofficial groups of citizens, as demonstrated in the record of legislative accomplishments; in the measures taken to ameliorate the effects of the financial depression; and in assembling the studious minds of the country to labor for a better life in America, President Hoover has not been preceded by heralds and followed by cheering multitudes, the omission is of his own design.

Here is a man long experienced in leading masses of humanity in public and private enterprise, familiar with all the world — not merely with his own section of it — and skilled in the art of getting other men to do as he wants them to do. That art is the art of leadership, whether it be political leadership or business leadership. Hoover's major interest lies in getting things done rather than in posing as a victor over some person, some group, some principle of government to which he is opposed. The objective rather than the glory of the battle fills his mind. He takes no joy merely in beating somebody and emerging from the fight with banners flying. Like Bobby Jones, he plays not against his opponent but against par.

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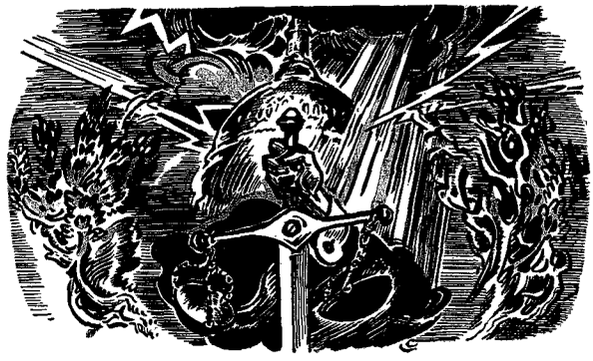
Studying politics with a scientific mind, he long ago concluded that much of it is waste motion, noise and fury, signifying nothing. Methods of leadership in finance and commerce have changed; why cling to outworn methods in politics? Why accept the dicta of the cognoscenti that a President must dramatize himself and devote a large part of his time to putting on a good show with himself cast in the star rôle? Rightly or wrongly, Mr. Hoover believes that present-day Americans are weary of the old ways of politics — those old methods to which the word "hokum" so aptly applies and which, to him, are constitutionally distasteful. He attributes to the people the ability to form their judgment on facts, on accomplishments, rather than on partisan emotionalism or theatrical display. He is convinced that the old order changeth.



In the two sessions of Congress since March 4, 1929, the President has been begged, implored, beseeched to smash a recalcitrant Senate on the nose. He has been told that the American people have always dearly loved a fighter in the White House and has been urged to take a few pokes at the coalition-ridden chamber, if not for the good of its own soul, then at least to show the public that he was not taking the Senate's contumely lying down.

Being quite human, and possessing a full measure of pugnacity, it is possible that Mr. Hoover was tempted. But he refrained, not through any timidity, but because of the utter uselessness of a vindictive procedure. On the few occasions when he did find it essential to speak sharply to the legislative arm of the government — during the tariff debates, for example — the immediate result was to throw the Senate into a period of screaming denunciation and mock frenzy and thus waste time.

The record of the sessions show that he was forever losing battles at the Capitol in advance of their actual determination, and then winning them without noise when the air was filled with clamor over some new spectacular contest. But when he won, as he did in the great majority of cases, no rousing cheers came from the White House, no gloating over the defeated antagonists. Hoover was content with the results.

The Twentieth-Century President

If in disregarding the advice of politicians to adopt the rough-and-tumble, always exciting, if often futile tactics of the past, the President has proved a disappointment to some of his own followers, he has proved even more of a disappointment to the intelligentsia. The witch burners among them grieve. Hoover does not conform to their ideal of a banner-bearing Crusader. They yearn for the sound of trumpets, and mourn when they fail to hear the blare of brass.

These self-constituted apostles of modernity, the prophets of a new and model world, cannot realize that Hoover is the really modern President of the age, the first twentieth-century President we have had in the twentieth century. This is a day of science, of an economic and social order based upon scientific discovery, technology, and invention — and Hoover is the first President to believe devoutly in science. He is the first President to realize that civilization is committed, for better or worse, to what science and its application are destined to make of our economic life and consequently our social life. He is the first President of our time to think of politics in terms of the life that exists about him.

The physician of to-day employs methods unknown a generation ago; the financier, the industrialist, or the merchant fails when he loses step with progress. Hoover has stripped away the outworn appendages of statecraft and brought to it a new and clearer definition. His methods, not his statesmanship, are the subjects of the criticism that has been directed against him, for there are yet among us those who measure statesmanship by noise and display rather than by solid accomplishment. Of such accomplishment the President's record to date is full, with more to come.

David Starr Jordan once said that the world gets out of the way for a man who knows where he is going. Hoover knows his goal.

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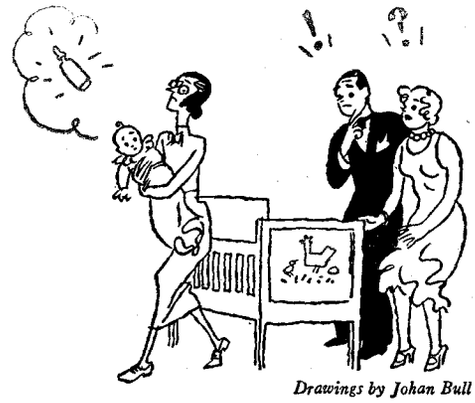
Whose Children Are They?



Drawings by Johan Bull

by **HERBERT CARLETON MAYER**

MY WIFE and I have had a certain natural pride in our children. Their arrival had given us moments of anxiety, to say nothing of the inconvenience and expense, but we cheerfully assumed that these were our responsibilities. Naturally we spent considerable time and money attending to their needs, for we thought the children belonged to us. We were not alone in our mistake; relatives and friends were making the same error. But finally, slow as we were to understand, we have been made to realize that we are only parents.

Just now I am not certain of all the many ramifications of this fact. You see, I have not understood it clearly before. However, this much of the truth is apparent: the children really belong to the school system as the representatives of the state. By means of an enviable organization they are classified and allotted to a series of teachers who control their complete lives for stated periods. As mere parents we have only to coöperate with the ruling directress in adjusting our way of living to her dictates.

It is all amazingly simple, once we grasp the idea. The particular privilege designed for parents is that of paying the living expenses of the children as well as the taxes to operate this ingenious system. Occasionally we are allowed to amuse the children harmlessly while the teacher recuperates from the strain and responsibility of this arrangement. Parents who are thoroughly indoctrinated with the plan usually try to send their youngsters to summer camps so as to avoid any possible danger of influencing them; an added advantage is that they are not removed from the supervision of teachers.

Teaching is a very ancient practice, but schools as we know them are exceedingly young. Profound changes in the nature of school programs have come to pass in the last generation. Aided by recent legal powers, the ideal of the school has become that of complete training in citizenship. The universal military draft is another example of the same political theory.

The school looks upon itself as the institution responsible for all children. Parents are secondary. Of course it is necessary for parents to report to school officials when children are absent. For the same reason the teacher feels no obligation to keep a strict schedule of hours, even though parents may be inconvenienced. The teacher is the agent of the school; why should she be concerned if a mother worrys over a child's late arrival at home? You see, a mother is nothing more than a parent.

ARE PARENTS PEOPLE?

EVIDENTLY MOTHERS and fathers are a particularly trustful lot, or perhaps the experience of parenthood inspires them with a sublime patience to endure abuse with a hope that some good may come of it. And then it may be that school authorities have been a peculiarly skillful group of propagandists. How else will you explain the steady appropriation of the prerogatives of the home? Year by year it has continued without the rebellion

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of parents, because each new inroad has been disguised with the garments of concern for this or that detail of the child's life.

Schools have been able to "put over" their program without revealing its ultimate goal. Like the suave salesman with a new labor-saving device for the home, the school has prefaced each new demand with a high-sounding declaration of its efforts to help children and make life easier for mothers. Educators make loud affirmations of the power and sanctity of the home when they speak in parent-teacher conventions, but in the security of their own conferences they voice scathing denunciations of modern parents and devise new plans to expand the school's program. Unless parents had been charitable and long-suffering how could this situation have arisen? But then, the school men may have been right all the time in their assumption that we fathers and mothers are only necessary biological antecedents and nothing more.

With increasing interest in the child's heredity and early environment the schools have turned their attention to developing elaborate individual records. In theory these details are as necessary as a doctor's case record in treating his patient; in practice they are little more than first aid to curiosity and gossip.

Not long ago a youngster arrived at school to enter the first grade. Since his mother did not bring him, much information needed for his individual record was lacking. Bobby gave very little data. He knew that his father did not live at home, but he had no idea whether that parent was living or dead. He knew that his mother worked every day and came home to get his lunch. There were brothers and sisters beyond school age. Yet with the best information obtained from Bobby after several attempts, the record was much too fragmentary to satisfy requirements.

Now it happened that this family was new to the neighborhood. Busy as they were, they made few acquaintances, thus arousing the curiosity of the town gossips. How natural, then, was it for the teacher's landlady to sympathize with her and hope that she would have no trouble with the boy. There could be only one result. The teacher, as curious as any human being, simply had to get the facts so that she could understand and help poor Bobby. So the inquisition began. Questions were sent home. The youngster was quizzed upon every pretext. Family habits, amusements, income, meals, clothing, occupations, friends, relatives, and previous residence were painfully discussed in the presence of the whole class. The children sensed the teacher's attitude and joined gleefully in the Roman holiday.

The inevitable result of all this was not better understanding, because the boy became the butt of ridicule. In his childish way he resented the teacher's prying, but with the inexplicable philosophy of infancy he endured tribulation stoically. Mere parents might declare that such family history is none of the teacher's business, but that is because we forget that this is all a part of the plan to free children from the handicaps of home and meddlesome parents.

Robbing the Cradle

Now it may seem that the school has no chance to control or change the heredity and early background of children. True enough, heredity once established cannot be altered — but let no parent think that educators are without plans to dominate the infant years. A generation ago agitation for the kindergarten swept through the country. By this advance the public schools were able to lower the age at which the teacher could start to mold the thoughts and habits of future citizens. The youngster now begins his education at the age of four instead of six, thus saving him from two years more of harmful parental blundering and adding to the benign influence of the teacher.

But this triumph has not satisfied the school leaders. A short time ago there started a movement for pre-school education. Sometimes it is called the nursery school or toddlers' school. Just now it is being introduced throughout the country by private organizations, just as the kindergarten was. Its active promotion indicates that it will be the next step in public education. When that time comes, the teacher

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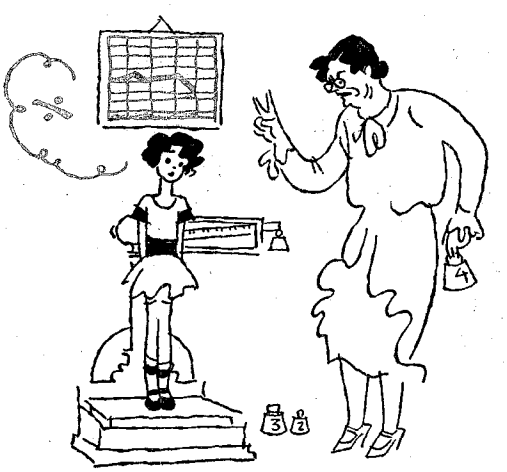
will be able to extend her influence into the years from two to four. Since psychologists agree that a very large part of the life of a person is determined in the first years, this means that the school will be able to save itself much of the present difficulty of uprooting what erring parents have done before the kindergarten period.

With the present momentum of the pre-school movement there is not the slightest reason to believe that it will not fix itself in the public school system in the next decade. When that is done there will be only two remaining steps to be taken by the educators. The first will be the establishment of school nurseries into which children can be taken at birth so that there will be no possibility of parental interference. The final step will be that of controlling heredity by some system of scientific mating under the supervision of the unmarried child-life experts. By such a final accomplishment — the production of proper educational types for future citizenship — the school will, no doubt, bring in the millennium. Whatever happens, the world must at least be made safe for educators.



Behind the Ears Is Home Territory

Of course parents ought not to worry too much about these future developments. We may well turn our attention to the present scope of the school program. Probably the most effective feature is the expanding health program. Harmless-looking weight charts become the means of glorifying or stigmatizing a child.

Let me illustrate from my own family. My daughter is thin and wiry, yet splendidly healthy and active. She has never been able to attain the required health zone. Her brother is tall, large-boned, and heavy. He is always in the desired class. Just what value there is in such groupings I do not know, but the poor girl has followed orders in eating, drinking, exercising, and sleeping until she is beginning to doubt the wisdom of such rules. In the annual health parade her brother marches at the head of the line with his white badge while she trails along in the middle with a blue badge, getting scant consolation from her superiority to the low-caste children with red badges.

It is almost too childish to be taken seriously. Yet these fetishes are only symbolic of the school's effort to take over the home's responsibility for the general health of the child. The inconvenience to mothers in requiring or forbidding certain foods is not great, though it may be a hardship to some. The fundamental weakness of this whole effort is that it takes another responsibility from parents and leaves them less concerned with their children's welfare. If these charts and tables were not built upon the unerring statistical procedure of educational method, we might dare to suggest that someone had made a mistake.

The way in which the program grows is astounding. A few weeks ago there appeared another set of cards, to be signed by the family dentist, certifying that all necessary dental work had been done. We all have succumbed to inoculations, vaccinations, tests, which we accept on the grounds of protection. At the present rate of increase in this feature, I fully expect to receive a tonsil and adenoid certificate. In fact we might suggest to the schools this popular fad as a basis of granting a new set of badges making the survivors of such operations feel their superiority to the unfortunates who are normally healthy.

To complete the picture we must not overlook toothbrush drills, roll calls on bathing, retiring, and many regulatory requirements. An endless procession of posters, cut-outs, sketches to be colored, contests, and advertising devices have become the means of continual dictation to the home. At first sight it may seem that these things indicate nothing more than commendable interest in the child's welfare, but when we see how social pressure is used to enforce conformity, it is easy to understand that the home must constantly readjust itself.

The success of the school in accomplishing

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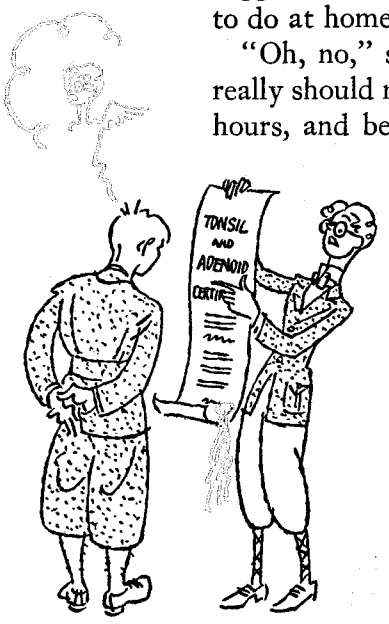
these changes is due to the parents' natural willingness to coöperate in anything that seems to further the welfare of their children, and their desire to relieve the children of humiliation resulting from non-adjustment. Many a child's pleadings have silenced a parent's rebellion because both of them have learned that children of parents who take issue with the school officials have troublesome times. A teacher finds no difficulty in making life hard for the child in perfectly legitimate ways.

Beyond the physical phases of the child's life, the school has set up its program to control leisure time activity. Clubs, athletics, social life have become vital parts of the educational program in all secondary schools. What boy can withstand the force of school atmosphere in the matter of participation in athletics? How many girls can resist the glamorous round of school parties? The elaborate development of extra-curricular life in the modern school is a part of the program of progressive education. The participant is glorified while the boy or girl who does not or cannot take part is stigmatized. Even parents can admire the deftness with which the home has been deprived of its most effective means of influencing child life.



Teacher Knows Best

The intellectual life of the child has been so completely dominated by the school that we have become accustomed to it. The teacher embellishes the standard textbooks with his or her own interpretation. It is natural for the child to get the idea that the teacher is the source of all wisdom. This very fact is the origin of endless misunderstanding resulting from bigoted, narrow-minded, or inexperienced teaching. The amount of misinformation which children bring home is amazing. The limits of human intelligence make this problem almost insurmountable without mutual cooperation between teacher and parent. It is just possible that some mature fathers and mothers may be able to contribute something which the inexperienced teacher may lack.

We have heard much talk of coöperation between the home and the school. Parent-teacher associations are particularly active advocates of this theme. Yet for all the discussion, some people have been inclined to doubt the sincerity of the school in this matter. A friend's recent experience illustrates this exactly. The man visited his son's class seeking to discover how he could help improve the boy's work. The teacher agreed that the lad could do better, but she refused the father's suggestion that she give his son extra lessons to do at home.

"Oh, no," she quickly objected, "your son really should not do any work outside of school hours, and besides we are using very modern methods of teaching. I am afraid your help would only confuse him. You see, we know just what must be done and parents can help most by avoiding anything that interferes."

Fortunately, my friend is a gentleman and he retreated diplomatically, harboring an opinion of modern teachers and school systems which is not flattering. This experience is not rare; I can multiply it many times.

The natural consequence of this intellectual domination has been an inevitable shaping — or misshaping — of youthful attitudes and ideals. A teacher's philosophy of life, her scale of values, her way of living are unconscious and deliberate influences. It may be impertinent for parents to inquire what these ideals and attitudes are, but some of us are just back numbers enough to be concerned.

Fifteen years ago I knew an eager, enthusiastic young woman starting out in her work with high school girls. She was normal and healthy, a good athlete, and a welcome addition to school life. Recently I came in contact with her work again. I admit I was shocked to see how warped and twisted her ideas and motives have become. Once a jolly comrade, she is now mentally deformed and abnormal. The woman has gone through no tragedy: she has simply suffered the punishment which nature inflicts upon many of those who do not follow the normal routine of mating and family responsibility.

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Nor is this cruelty of life limited to women. I can match this case exactly with that of a once ambitious young man who is now quibbling and arguing out his bachelor days as a teacher of ethics. Unfortunately these instances are not as rare as we might hope. Every one of us has known just such teachers.

I wonder whether people who have endured as much abuse as have mothers and fathers may not be somewhat justified in questioning this influence. Such strangely abnormal ideas keep cropping up in the thinking of our young people that some of us may wonder if there is a connection between youth's weird notions and the warped attitudes of teachers. There is just a possibility that the school may be exerting the influence it claims for itself. Perhaps children are not so badly handicapped "by ignorant, careless, neurotic, stubborn, narrow-minded parents," as we have been told.

Blaming It on the Home

Yet we must not be too severe with school authorities. They only followed in other footsteps in declaring that the state is responsible for the complete life of children. In the beginning the school did not see itself as the sole institution to accomplish this aim, but it did recognize its duty as the chief factor in the program. It is a human failing to see one's work as the important and finally as the exclusive task. The logical result of the school's early position was the establishment of a program which would guarantee certain minimums in health, intelligence, habits, and attitudes. In their zeal to perform this work it was inevitable that teachers and officials should forget the existence of other units.

This was especially true since there was a universal lament about the decline of the home. Now there is no doubt that the externals of home life *have* been revolutionized, and they have brought forth loud condemnation from pulpit, press, and lecture platform. But deep beneath the surface of things lies the same foundation on which the home has always rested, namely, the love of parents and their devotion to the welfare of their children. The school experts did not see this spiritual foundation of the family, but neither did the preachers, the editors, or the reformers.

Just for the sake of argument let us admit that the critics of the home are right, that it *is* to blame for all the ills of modern society. What a compliment to the power of this reputedly impotent institution! After taking every possible responsibility from the family, the teachers still admit that it is powerful enough to defeat their foolproof programs.

Right here is the unpardonable sin of the educator. When he saw the decline of the home and enlarged the school's empire to meet the situation, why did he not use his educational principles in dealing with the problem? Neither people nor homes can be strengthened by taking responsibility from them. There could be no retrieving of former influence by undermining the position of parents. The educator knows that the foundation of development is activity, initiative, responsibility, yet he directed his energy toward building a program in which he could ignore parents.

There can be no excuse for such action. Other critics may not have understood what they were doing, but school men could not have been ignorant. The development of human personality is their profession. If the home needed first aid during the past two decades, why was it not given according to proved methods? The combined treatment prescribed by the consulting doctors up to this time looks very much like blood-letting as a cure for anæmia.

Apparently we have reached a curious dilemma. Society seems to be unable to get along with the modern home, nor yet without it. Time was when school leaders felt that they were handicapped by an established family life; now, although they have weakened the home by attempting to supply all the needs of the child outside of it, they still feel a handicap.

When parents have been cut off from real responsibility for the welfare of their children there has been a definite weakening of the whole social structure. The rugged virility of the early Roman Empire was the direct result of a remarkably close-knit family life, and its later decay was the inevitable consequence of the introduction of Greek slaves to relieve the father and mother of parental responsibility.

Early American life in pioneer days revealed the strength of the family thrown upon its own resources. That era could not provide a variety of educational advantages, but it did demand ingenuity and initiative which developed outstanding men and women. Modern methods, so heavily tainted with paternalism, have yet to

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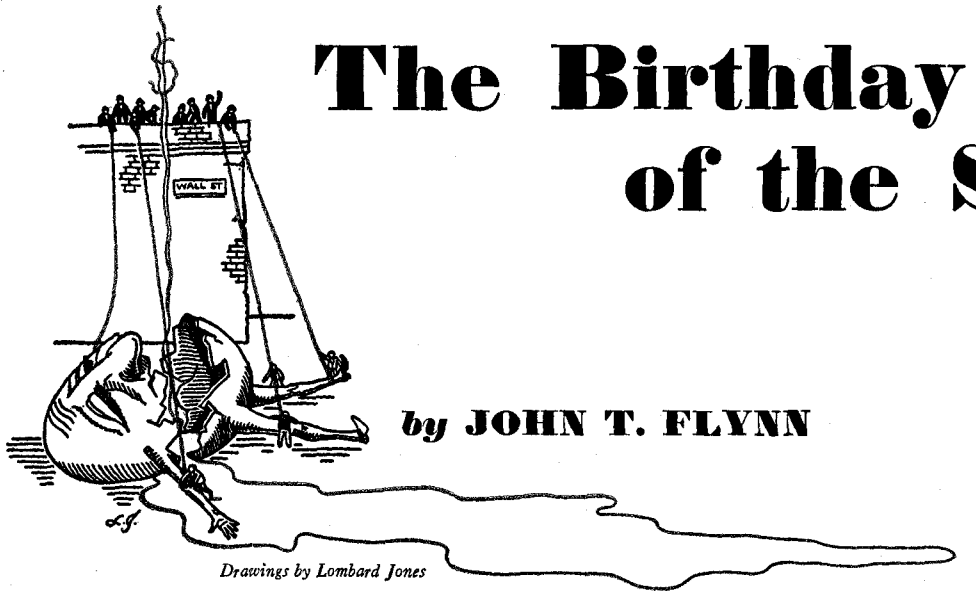
prove their ability to produce individuals of ability and self-reliance.

Of course, this is written by an irrepressible parent who refuses to admit defeat. Perhaps I shall become accustomed to thinking of the school as the agency responsible for the total life of my children, and of their mother and myself as mere biological predecessors. My resistance may falter. But I doubt it. You see, I was brought up in a real home and I went to a little country school where we were just a teacher and some children. No doubt this made me incurably individualistic.

Then there is another reason. For thirteen years I have been engaged in educational work, much of that time being spent in teaching. The charm of pedagogical theories is fascinating, but there is always this catch: in spite of all that the school may do, the home is still an overwhelming power for good or bad.

Now if the home holds the key to effective training, why not let's be honest about the matter?

I may even be so bold as to suggest that parents have an important contribution to make which no teacher or school system will ever be able to provide. Perhaps coöperation might work where competition has failed, for most of us still labor under the delusion that the children are ours after all.



The Birthday of the Slump

by **JOHN T. FLYNN**

Drawings by Lombard Jones

It is just a year since Mr. Coolidge's Humpty Dumpty, who sat on the wall in Wall Street, had his great fall. And, by the same token, it is also a year since all the king's horses and all the king's men, headed by Julius H. Barnes, set about the thankless business of setting Humpty Dumpty up again. In the confusion and shock of that catastrophe our business slump was supposed to have been born. By that count this is its first and, we hope, its last birthday — October 23, just about the time this magazine is coming into the hands of its readers.

As a matter of fact, the slump was not born on October 23, 1929. That was merely the day Wall Street found it on the doorstep. Through some mysterious process, the Street is supposed to be aware of the exact moment at which a depression is conceived in the womb of time. The moment it becomes conscious of the infant's first prenatal kick, a market decline is registered. But somehow this time the prophet fell down. The child was conceived and born and was already by way of being a lusty infant before the market heard about it. Then it went into sinking fits.

The moment the presence of the unwelcome stranger became publicly known, President Hoover assembled about himself all the great men of the kingdom to kill off the new arrival as rapidly as possible. Scientific business was to be its executioner. Now at the end of twelve months, scientific destruction having failed, the slump is finally dying of old age.

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Perhaps we cannot observe this odious birthday party better than by looking back over the year to see if we have learned anything about it and about ourselves.

Prophets of Prosperity

There is an old saying that the prophet is usually without honor in his own country. Men always lament this as if it were a weakness in human nature. Apparently no one has yet paused to observe that this is as it should be. It is certainly as it should be with our prophets.

Professor Irving Fisher is one of our big league prophets. He speaks, or used to speak, with something of the horse power of an oracle. Opening his mouth one day, he announced that the market was not inflated, stock prices were not too high, that "in my opinion current predictions of heavy reactions affecting the general level of securities find little, if any, foundation in fact." The *New York Times* headed the report "Fisher Says Prices of Stocks Are Too Low."

Now by a curious irony which was working against the distinguished prognosticator, this statement was made October 22, 1929. It appeared in certain evening papers of October 23 — the next day. And those same papers, by a deadly chance, carried in eight-column headlines the account of the tremendous break of October 23 which wiped five billion dollars of value out of listed securities and set in motion the historic collapse which has continued for so long. The slight premonitory shiver in the market a month before, Professor Fisher had dismissed as "a shaking out of the lunatic fringe." And even the tremendous shock of October 23, he once again dismissed as temporary two days later, about the same time Charles E. Mitchell, of the National City Bank, was calling it a "healthy reaction."

However, Dr. Fisher was not the only prophet whose crystal ball played him false. On September 7 the *Magazine of Wall Street* thought that "with the customary stimulus to Autumn trade, business ought to continue its remarkable rate for some time to come." Babson's prediction of a crash, it waved aside as "absurd." *Forbes* announced that "there seems no reason why business cannot go on, for the remainder of this year at least, without drastic declines from the recently highly favorable levels." R. G. Dun & Co. told the world: "Not unnaturally, general business disclosed some contrasting trends and certain unsatisfactory phases, but the majority have been of a constructive character. The solidity of the situation has been demonstrated in numerous ways and the normal impetus of Autumn demands gives promise of adding to the gains already achieved."

There were many others. And there were many economists of banks and large industrial corporations, particularly the latter, who advised their clients that all was well in a rose-colored world. Almost every big business concern, on the strength of the promises of these professional prophets, made preparations in the fall of last year for expanding operations. Within a moment the market fell and then the oracles saw what had been going on for some time — that business was already in its decline even while they issued bulletins about the approaching rise.

"Key Men" and a Locked Door

From the prophets we pass to the magicians. On November 21, 1929, there met in the White House a large group of representative business men. The publicity agents of these moguls soon found a name for them. They were "the key men of industry." President Hoover had in mind the application of a curative which he had long before endorsed. He proposed to divert the capital energies of the country into building construction. Also he felt the importance of the psychological effect of such a conference on business.

I thought then, and still think, that this was an excellent move of the President. But somehow his key men turned out to be the wrong keys. On the matter of construction they did practically nothing. They were even worse psychologists. They degenerated rapidly into a boosters' committee. Mr. Barnes and those about him began ladling out large doses of optimism to the people. But the people refused to swallow this treacle.

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Mr. Barnes and the key men went to work on business in the first week of December, 1929. Early in January, Secretary Lamont was in most excellent spirits. He saw "some unemployment in the winter, but no more than last year, and a revival in the spring" tra-la! And Dr. Julius Klein foresaw a "slight lull for from one to two months, followed by a return to normal economic trends."

By the middle of February they had the depression lashed to the mast. On February 19, the *New York Times* headlined Mr. Barnes' announcement "Reports Business is at End of Slump." "The shock of the deflation in security prices has largely been absorbed in three months. . . . There is every evidence of early renewal." This amazing phenomenon was even accounted for by Mr. Barnes. It was due to "the collective common sense, the courage, and the enterprise of all kinds of Americans in business and out." Which took in just about everybody.

By April, Messrs. Lamont and Barnes seemed so certain that all was over that they began to restrict the credit a little. In February the rescue was due "to all kinds of Americans . . . within and without business." But by April 30 it was "Hoover's Move Which Ended the Trade Slump," according to the *New York Times* headline reporting their statements. However, three weeks later they seemed not so sure about the end of the trade slump, for they then put off the return of normal conditions two or three months. The latest bulletin was the President's own forecast that all would be well in the fall.

Now as to the success of the proposal to get building started and thus get people back to work. Beyond all doubt that was a sensible move, if it could be carried out. But it fared not so very well. Building construction in the first half of 1930 was almost $400,000,000 less than it was in the first half of 1929. There was, however, an increase in public works. According to the reports of the *Engineering News-Record*, the increase in public construction of all sorts was only $77,000,000. And this was largely in waterworks, bridges, streets, and roads, all of which are handled by states and cities.

The Federal government, after all the ballyhoo about increasing public works, in the first six months of 1930 contracted for only $52,383,000 of new construction. In the same period last year it let $51,038,000 of contracts. Thus it has done almost nothing toward aiding construction. So far as industrial building is concerned, contracts let out this year were $11,000,000 less than last year.

Such increase in public building as did come was from projects already arranged for. The *Engineering News-Record* says: "Events of the past six months showed that only a little industrial slack can be taken up this way, since powerful appeals after the business depression did not increase the volume of public construction markedly over what had been previously projected."

How Hard Are Hard Times?

From all this it may be seen, first, that the experts denied that a slump was coming; second, that a slump came; and third, that all first-aid methods were unavailing. After twelve months of depressing talk concerning the depression we may well pause now and ask just how hard the so-called hard times were. I have a growing conviction that they were not nearly so bad as they were painted. For one thing, the depression has had an amazing amount of advertising. In 1928 business spent over a billion dollars advertising in newspapers and magazines just to put people in a frame of mind to buy. If it had to pay for the newspaper space used in advertising the depression, it would have had a bill for ten billion on its hands.

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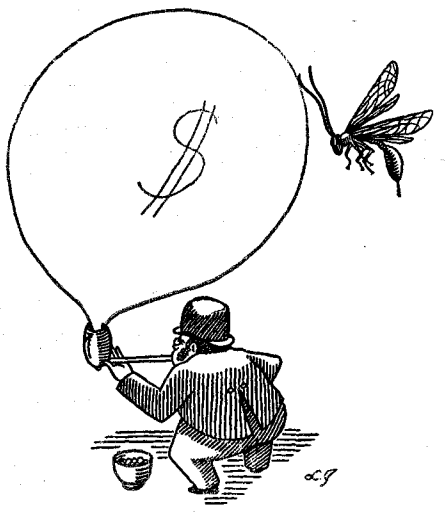
There has been, beyond a doubt, a decline in the amount of business done this year compared with last. But there has not been so great a decline, I am sure, in the amount of business done this year compared with the normal volume. Last year we witnessed the spectacle of a boom. It is possible to have good business without a boom. We have had no boom this year. We have had, of course, something less than normal. But we have not had the widespread sweep of hard times so pathetically painted for us in pictures of sad-eyed men haunting employment offices and midnight bread lines.



Unemployment we have had — a good deal more unemployment than we had last year. But the rosy exaggerations of Secretaries Lamont and Davis are not nearly so preposterous as the gloomy exaggerations of Mr. William Green, who talks of six million out of work, or of Senator Pat Harrison, who speaks of nine millions. A trifle of a million men out of work may be waved aside as utterly insufficient for the dark pictures of these gloomy critics.

Of course we need not underestimate it. It is an immense number and constitutes an immense problem. We probably have 1,500,000 people out of work in this country all the time. We have perhaps another 1,000,000 or 1,500,000 out of work now. It is not altogether a depression problem. It is the result of forces which are always at work and which are merely somewhat intensified now. I would not for any purpose minimize it. Unemployment is usually a tragedy for those who suffer from it. I am not now dealing with that phase. I limit myself merely to an appraisal of unemployment as an economic factor now at work in the country as a whole.

These three million people out of work represent a loss of purchasing power. But we need consider only half of them, for the other half are *always* out of work. If we take the entire income of this first group for the year and measure against it their savings, we will find that the whole loss from extra depression unemployment is not over a billion dollars. This certainly would not make the difference between a depression and a boom. That difference must be found in other quarters. This slump has made it plain that the great difference is in the expansion and contraction of our savings accounts.

The purchasing power of the country last year, according to Dr. W. I. King's new survey, is $89,000,000,000. I suspect that when Dr. King comes to make up the income of 1930 he will find it not anything less than that. We had depressions in 1924 and 1927. Yet in 1924 our national income was three billion dollars greater than in 1923, and in 1927 it was two and a half billion greater than in 1926.

This national income represents our purchasing power. But we do not exhaust our purchasing power every year. In 1928 we hoarded some $15,590,000,000 in savings banks, life insurance, building and loan associations, postal savings, new capital issues, and surplus increases. But we did not do that last year. In 1928 we increased our savings bank accounts by $2,500,000,000. Last year we decreased them by over $200,000,000.

This year we increased our insurance savings largely. We actually increased our new capital issues (those representing actual new investments) well beyond last year's total. It would be easy to account for not less than three to four billions of dollars in increased savings this year over last. And it is that, beyond a doubt, which accounts for the measure of depression we have. The depression comes, then, not from a drop in our purchasing power, but from a decline in the will to buy.

The Depression and Installment Buying

One or two other phenomena are worth observing — some of them corollaries of the last.

We have had a test, and a severe one, of the installment account. It was said freely before the decline that the first extended drop in business would leave us buried under a mountain of returned automobiles, radios, phonographs, vacuum cleaners, overstuffed chairs,

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and electrical ice boxes. Well, the deluge of unpaid-for luxuries failed to materialize. Installment payments have held up not only well but practically as well as normally, which might have been expected from the fact that while we had from two to three million people out of work, we still had forty-six million working.

The depression has been hard for small businesses. Mercantile failures accounted for 13,775 merchants in the first six months of the year, all under the $100,000 mark. If we could know the number which just quietly folded their tents and stole away, that amount would perhaps be doubled. Those bought up by larger rivals would swell the number further. It is an all-time record. Meanwhile the larger stores, and particularly the chains, have grown. All of which proves again that every three years or four years big business gets another boost through the mortalities of little businesses which cannot stand the strain. Every recurring depression advances us further toward the day of universal large-scale business.

Related to this is the fact that in spite of the lamentations of many, many others have fared not so badly. The summer was the greatest year in our history in the sports industry and in amusement, outside of legitimate theatres. Moreover, innumerable great corporations had greater net earnings this year than last. This would not be surprising were it not for the fact that these corporations are found in almost every branch of industry. Unfortunately I have not the space to name them, but I have just compiled a list from current reports of over sixty large corporations whose net income for the first half of 1930 exceeded the figure for the first half of 1929. They represent stores, factories, transportation, amusement, and service and utility companies in all lines.

Finally, the depression has had an extraordinary and immediate effect upon the distribution of common stock. In the third quarter of last year General Motors sent dividend checks to 140,000 stockholders. In the final quarter they went to 200,000. New shareholders were being recorded at the rate of 1500 a day. During the progress of the market crash, Standard Oil of New Jersey increased its stockholders from 78,000 to 159,000. During the market panic, Woolworth stockholders went from 10,000 to 20,000. Cities Service stockholders increased 37,770 in one month, and International Telephone and Telegraph 51,000 in a quarter. The reports could be multiplied indefinitely.

All these statistics do not mean that we did not suffer a certain amount of depression. We did. Furthermore, it looks as if the slump was on its way out without so much as a "thank you" for the lessons it taught or at least tried to teach us.

The Lessons of Adversity

In the first place, it turned the spotlight on world-wide overproduction as the chief cause of our troubles. It illuminated, too, the causes which lay behind overproduction — the ever popular attempt of men to make economic laws work for them by means of trade agreements. And of course almost all trade agreements relate to price. Copper producers thought they could put the price of copper up and hold it there. The low-cost copper producers can make copper profitably at fourteen cents a pound and even less. But they put it up to eighteen cents and tried to stabilize it there. That would make some profit for the small fellows and plenty of profit for the large low-cost producers. But in no time every copper mountain in the world was erupting. The price collapsed and actually fell to eleven cents.

British rubber producers tried to limit exports. Brazil coffee producers tried to limit exports with their valorization scheme. It worked a little, but it also encouraged other countries to raise coffee. Now there is more coffee-producing acreage than ever and the problem is so much the worse for the cure. The same thing happened to rubber producers. Producers have found they can fix prices, but they do not seem to have yet learned how to fix production. So in the end the price-fixing scheme collapses and the last state of that industry is worse than the first.

Of course these trade agreements are not limited to basic commodities. They extend to all sorts of industrial groups in this country and abroad. The building business in America is honeycombed with them — countless territory, price, and other agreements, artfully hidden from the Department of Justice and playing a part in strangling the construction business in all its branches.

Another cause of the depression was stock market speculation — not the market crash as

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many erroneously suppose. Stock market speculation produced a powerful effect on credit. Some economists object to the theory that the market took credit away from productive business, insisting that money thus used is still available for industry if wanted. What they overlook is that excessive stock market use of credit affects the rate of money and finally boosts it so high that it is no longer available to certain industries. Thus the market orgy crippled building in this country.

This in turn was made possible by the system of brokers' loans which came into vogue lately. Wall Street ceased to depend wholly on the banks for funds. Several billions of dollars were borrowed directly from large corporations and large individual lenders under conditions which removed any control of the banks over those funds. This was well enough, but it also resulted in creating an immense banking interest entirely outside the control either of the Federal Reserve System or any responsible banking authority.

Now these phenomena raise up a group of problems which I hoped, when the Wall Street crash advertised them so thoroughly, would be dealt with by the responsible industrial and banking leaders of the country. Apparently no one has given them a second thought. We see on every hand movements for reviving and extending price-fixing agreements and devices, our own government attempting it in the form of a gigantic and futile experiment. Yet the brokers' loans problem and the bringing of that banking interest under some sort of control has not been looked into by a single state or private agency. I had hoped Mr. Hoover would provide some means of examining these and other related problems, but he has not chirped on the subject.

The Business Cycle

And so we go forward in the old round of sequences. We will get business under way, get people back to work, increase corporation profits, work up another speculative mania, produce more than we can use, use up our credit resources on speculation, cripple the building industry again, overstock ourselves with everything, get business into a decline, bring on a stock market collapse, slide into a depression, call it a "healthy reaction" if the Republicans are in office and blame it on the Democrats if the miracle of a Democratic administration should ever happen.

All of which brings us to that mysterious phenomenon which a wise Frenchman first observed some two hundred years ago — the business cycle. This business cycle, we had been told, had been pretty much flattened out. But somehow the cycle manifests itself to the great discomfiture of its destroyers. It visited us in 1920, in 1924, in 1927, and now in 1930.

Much can be done to mitigate the severity of the cyclical dips. The Federal Reserve Board, modern merchandising methods — including hand-to-mouth buying — Mr. Hoover's plan, for instance, to spread out the curve of building over the winter months; all these things and more have helped to reduce the curves in the cycle. But there is no prospect of eliminating them altogether until some radical change in our whole social system takes place.

This is a vast country. Its 120,000,000 people are so many undisciplined, untamed economic units, by no means moving in fixed orbits. It is not possible to produce just precisely the amount of everything they want and no more. It is not possible always to have the same number of men and jobs. Industries rise and wane and pass out. Styles, appetites, tastes change, and science continually introduces new wants into society. There will always be some industries that are not prosperous, some men out of jobs. And minor depressions and incipient employment have a kind of progressive force in this flux. Every so often the wheel of business will progress too far, get out of hand.

The work of the country can be done in ten months instead of twelve — perhaps less. Yet all the time we try to keep people working twelve months. We shall have to learn that a two months lay-off, perhaps more, is not a calamity. We shall have to pay people more accordingly. We should study to smooth out as far as possible the bumps in the business cycle. In the meantime we should recognize the cycle and not try to ignore it. We should make every possible endeavor to adjust our industrial habits to it.

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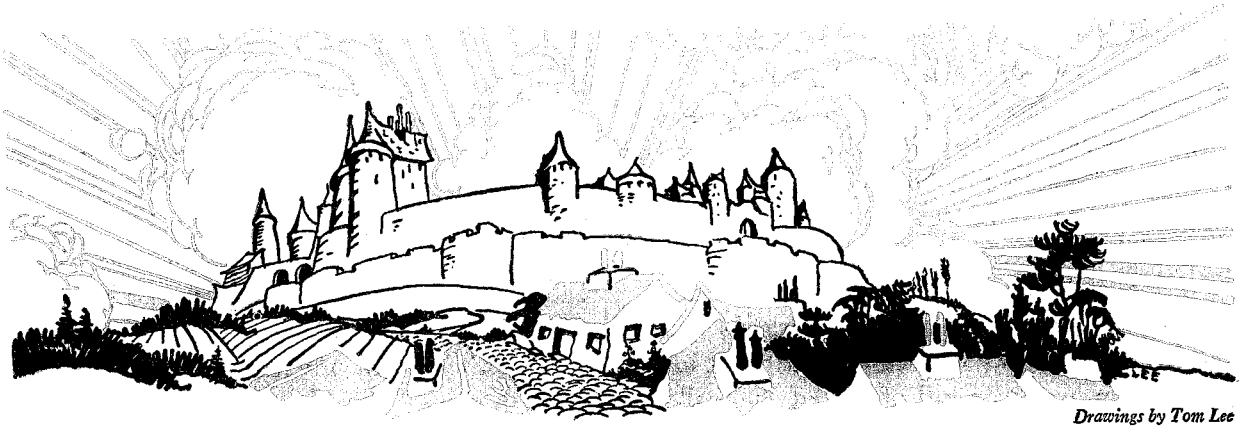

Drawings by Tom Lee

Dying in Carcassonne

by **NATHAN ASCH**

I

It was Bill's theory that if one has no money, and doesn't know when one is going to get any, one should choose a good hotel rather than a bad hotel. If the money arrives, one is well fixed in either case; and if it doesn't, the jail one goes to is very uncomfortable anyway. Especially a French jail, especially in a small French town, especially if one is American.

So at the station we picked the most luxurious hotel bus, with a big sign, "Hotel de la Cité," with a little sign, "English Spoken;" with balloon tires, and blue upholstery, and a uniformed driver who looked at us superciliously and did not open the door. We decided we did not speak French and that our bags were coming later. We had not shaved because we had not cared to, and did not wear hats because that was an American custom. We spoke only English, and the little sign was a lie, and finally the guard opened the door and we climbed in.

We did want a cigarette, but credit had to be conserved until we reached the hotel. I was doubtful of the whole proceeding, but the situation was my fault, and Bill had said he'd get us out if only I kept my nerve, and my mouth shut. I had no business gambling with the Catalans, no right to play poker anyway if I didn't know how; if it weren't for me, we'd be on our way to Paris and money and decency. As it was we were in Carcassonne, with fifteen centimes in our combined pockets, sitting in the bus of the only hotel de luxe in town . . . and I was nervous. I was very, very nervous.

Bill didn't seem to be. He looked to the right, to the left, apparently not a care in his head, smiled at two American maiden ladies sitting in the rear of the bus, holding tight to hand bags that probably contained their passports and letters of credit. The ladies smiled back, both of them, and I began to take courage. An American couple came in also: a gentleman with his daughter — she very pretty, although I was not in the mood for prettiness. Bill smiled at her, too, but she did not notice him, and the gentleman grumbled, and in a loud voice, very Middle Western, said:

"This is a good bus, made in Detroit, and I hope the hotel is comfortable, but you, Gussie, must realize this is not America, and you cannot know who is riffraff and who is not."

This made me feel very bad again. Gussie looked around to see the riffraff, and saw us. She looked away immediately again, and things had come to a pretty pass. And in the meantime the bus started and the driver — in English that he had learned by heart — said this was not the real Carcassonne, but only the lower town, and the Hotel de la Cité was the only hotel within the walls, and a former bishop's palace, and it was beautiful, and Carcassonne was beautiful, and "See Carcassonne and die" — he said that. I felt like dying. Then Bill whispered to me: "I feel like dying."

I looked at the scenery. You've got to have courage, I said to myself, or you're lost. Day

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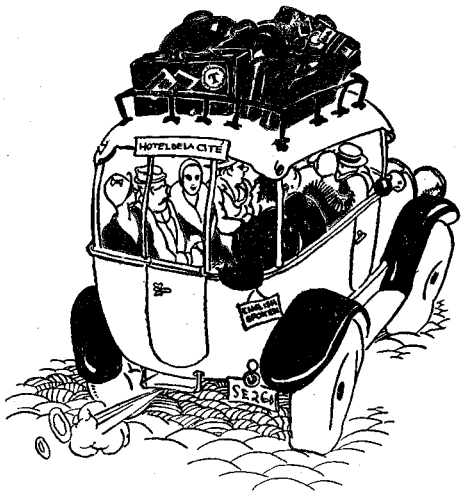
by day, in every way . . . I began, but couldn't go on. Do or die, I said. It was of no use. Bill sat next to me, looking miserable. Gussie's father said in a loud voice: "Even this bus won't last long on cobblestones."

Bill said: "I think it will."

Gussie's father said: "Young man, I manufacture auto busses, and I know my business."

Gussie looked at her father admiringly. The doomed bus got off cobblestones and went into mud. From around a hill appeared the walled city of Carcassonne. The sun was setting. Gussie said: "Ah!"

One of the maiden ladies said to the other: "All of my life I've waited for this moment."



Bill whispered to me: "I can't help it. This is the way I feel," and said in a loud voice: "I consider the Château of the Ducs of Brittany, in Nantes, much better."

The other maiden lady said: "I saw it, and it isn't."

Bill's ear became pink. Gussie's father said something about people staying home when they couldn't appreciate sights that others had waited all their lives to see. Gussie looked very angry.

The bus rolled on. The driver rhapsodized about Carcassonne. I pictured the scene that would be held when we were in the hotel registering. The glib things Bill was to say somehow became not credible, or believable. The clerk would be impudent, would call in the manager. This one would not even look at us. "Out with them," he would murmur, and there we would be, stranded on the cold and ancient ramparts of Carcassonne.

"You've got to buck up, Bill," I said.

"Yeh?" Bill asked. "And where's the drink?"

We had the fifteen centimes; not even enough for a *vin blanc-vichy*, certainly not enough for the two or three cognacs that were necessary. Darkness descended, death came upon the world, chaos reigned.

The bus rolled over the drawbridge, turned two dark lanes, went toward an ancient church, and stopped before the ivy-colored door of the Hotel de la Cité.

II

Bill sat on the edge of one of the two swell beds in the room and looked disconsolate.

"I can't go down," he said.

"All right," I said, "but I'm going to eat."

Bill said: "You have no feelings; you have really no refinement. You are really a boor."

"What's wrong now?" I asked.

"I can't go down without a shave," Bill said.

"And you call yourself a man." I was scornful. "I have even heard you call yourself a superior man. And look at you. Gone to pieces completely. I, a weak, spineless, creature — that's what you called me — who can't control himself when he sees a pack of cards, I had to save the day, insult the manager downstairs, browbeat him until he gave us a room. Bill, if I didn't know you, I'd think you were just a windbag. What's the matter, Bill? Are the surroundings too magnificent?"

"No, Harry."

"Does the American gentleman make you feel insignificant?"

"No."

"Has the maiden lady's knowledge of French architecture disconcerted you?"

"Not that."

"Is it Gussie?"

A sigh went up and pervaded the room.

I said: "She's a cute kid."

Bill said: "If you say one word about her, I will beat you to a pulp."

"Harry," Bill said, "It takes a real man to go to pieces at the right time. Harry, it's the real thing this time. It's wonderful, Harry. It's beautiful."

"Yes," I said, with enthusiasm, "I'm very hungry; and not being in love, I can't feed on it. I'm going down."

Bill said: "I'm going with you."

"What, without a shave?"

"I must see her. I can't wait."

The dining room was large, paneled, and empty. Not a sign of Gussie.

"I'm not hungry," Bill said.

"Neither am I." Then I said to the head

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waiter, "One wants two dozen Maraines, and a bottle of champagne nature; and later two *Châteaubriands* — thick, do not forget — a little water cress, and *Clos-Vougeot*. And if the *Clos-Vougeot* isn't chambered, one will send it back."

"Yes, Monsieur," said the head waiter. "And a sweet?"

"One will tell you later."

The head waiter was very respectful.

"Harry," Bill said, "you know we haven't any money."

I became indignant. "Whose idea was this anyway? Didn't I say for us to stay in Perpignan and write to Paris for money, and didn't you say there was a good hotel in Carcassonne, and you didn't like Perpignan anyway? We had enough money to get to Carcassonne and you'd find a way out. And haven't you now become weak-minded and timorous?"

"Shut up," said Bill. "There she is."

Gussie was very pretty, and the way she held her head would have turned any weak-minded man's head. Not to say that Bill was weak-minded, although I was getting suspicious. Gussie entered the dining room as if a thousand people were there all anxious for a chance to see her. She entered it like a queen, and the sight was wasted on a forlorn-looking waiter, on me, who had other troubles to consider, but it was not wasted on Bill. He became green, then purple, and then very, very pale. The bus-manufacturing father came behind, and bowed to us. They sat down near us and ordered the table d'hôte dinner and sparkling Burgundy.

I said to Bill: "You can't love her if she drinks sparkling Burgundy."

Bill said to me: "I'd love her if she drank lemon phosphates."

"Then you *do* love her," I said. He kicked me.

Bill didn't eat. I did. I was going to fill up for a long time ahead because I had the feeling something serious would happen. Gussie played with the hors d'œuvres, with the fish, with the chicken wing. She didn't drink much of the sparkling Burgundy. She had a far-away look in her eyes. The father and I were the only two who were enjoying ourselves. I began to like him, even if he didn't know wine.

The two maiden ladies came in. A French family came in. One of the maiden ladies came to our table and asked if we played bridge. Bill had the presence of mind to say that I didn't. Gussie's father said they did. We all announced our names. His was Tilley. The two ladies were sisters and their name was Wendell. We all had coffee in the lounge.

Bill sat at one end and Gussie at the other, oblivious of each other's presence. We spoke of English hotels and how cold they were, of French hotels and how small they were, of Swiss hotels and how expensive they were. Bull fights were mentioned, prohibition was touched, and then bridge was suggested, and Gussie and Bill had disappeared, and "I didn't play bridge," and Mr. Tilley lost his temper, and he and the Misses Wendel played cut-throat bridge at one centime a point, and I smoked hotel cigarettes till I thought my heart would break, and my throat became dry and dusty.

About one-thirty the next morning I awoke, just as Bill was coming into the room.

"Of course," I said, "the sense of responsibility doesn't mean a thing to you, does it?"

Bill didn't answer.

I continued: "By the way, have you thought of the fact that you are falling for a girl while stopping at a hotel under false pretenses, fraudulently?"

Bill was undressing.

"And," I said, "admitting that this is a very good hotel, and the meals are excellent — although I don't much like their brand of cigarettes — how do you suppose we are going to get out of here?"

Under his breath Bill was humming the song, "Marchéta."

III

THE NEXT MORNING we had breakfast on the terrace overlooking the walls. There were a million little lizards crawling everywhere, and the coffee was putrid. Bill did not speak, did not seem to worry, but sang "Marchéta." There was a mist over the lower town. I had lost all feeling. I had given up. I did not care. I would never play poker again so long as I lived, and never again would I spend my vacation with self-sufficient young men who were susceptible to pretty young girls; but it was too late.

Mr. Tilley came out.

"Good morning," he said. "Are you going to see the walls?"

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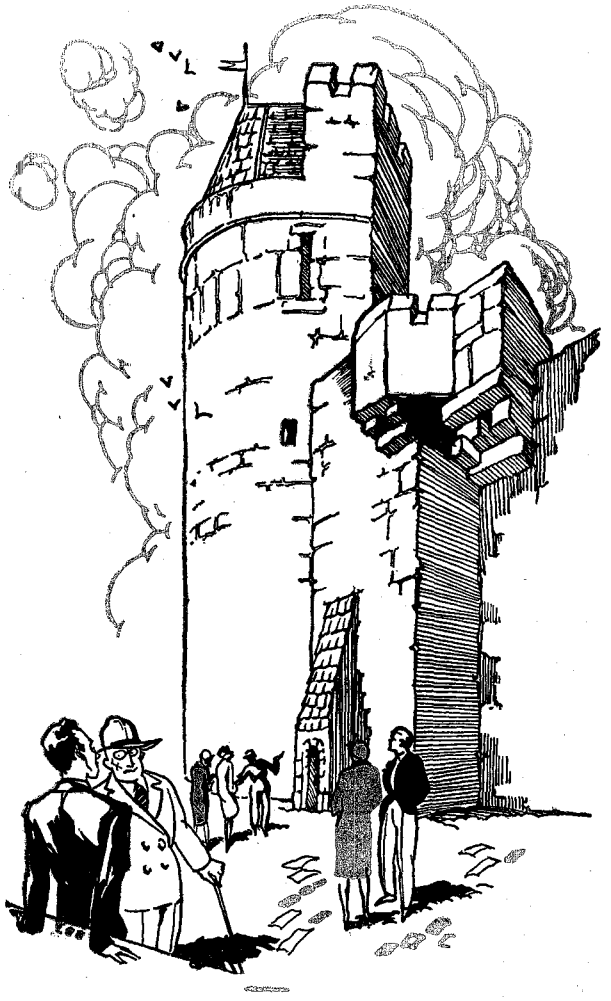

We hadn't thought of it.

"Well," said Mr. Tilley, "considering that this hotel is as expensive as any at home, and there's nothing else to see, I should think it would be advisable at least to see the reason for Carcassonne."

"Yes," I said, "we'll probably see the walls."

"I've hired a guide," Mr. Tilley said, "and if you want to join us, you're welcome. The Misses Wendell are coming along, too."

Gussie came out, and the two sisters. Bill stopped humming and began biting his nails.

"Good morning," said the one who had waited all her life for this moment. "The hot chocolate is very bad here. I'd try the coffee."

The guide appeared. He knew it all. He spoke the most offensive English I had ever heard.

As we went through the narrow gates that led to the walls, I had the feeling I was dancing at my own funeral. The view was wonderful, and the walls impressive, and every now and then I would forget and enjoy what I was looking at, and then I would catch myself and remember facts. At times nothing seemed to matter, and then the precipice that yawned before me would look inviting, the high smooth walls, the jagged ends of rocks hundreds of feet below would beckon, call. Just jump below, they would say, and all your troubles will end.

The guide spoke his rigmarole, the two sisters pored over their guidebooks, and Bill and Gussie looked at nothing, not even at each other. Mr. Tilley seemed to take an interest in me.

"Young man," he said, "of course this is very educational and broadening, and young men ought to see the world a bit before settling down to business. . . ."

"Yes," I said, not knowing what he was getting at.

"And," said Mr. Tilley, "I have nothing against foreign countries in their place, as a relaxation, to show us how right we are in the way we live, but. . . ."

"Oh," I said, "you want to know what we do. Well, my friend writes novels, bad ones, while I'm a newspaper man."

"Oh," he said.

"We'd gone to Spain to see the bull fights, and. . . ." At first I thought I'd tell him our troubles, but I stopped. I didn't know what stories Bill was telling Gussie.

Bill is terribly bashful about being a writer. He never got over his first novel having been a best-seller, and thinks everyone suspects him of an unmentionable crime. When asked, he says he sells insurance, or real estate. Bill works at night behind closed doors. In Paris he poses as a loafer, in America he stays in his hotel room and is afraid to go out of doors.

"What's your friend's last name?" asked Mr. Tilley.

I told him. "Oh," said Mr. Tilley, "so that's he, is it? That explains it."

I could not discover what it explained, because Mr. Tilley left me and joined the Misses Wendell. We came to the torture chamber, then we came to the chamber from which they poured boiling oil on their enemies, then we came to the amphitheater, where the Comédie Française plays *Hamlet* in the summer, with the Ghost descending from real walls. It was very interesting.

"If I were a writer," said Mr. Tilley, "I would describe this for the folks at home."

One of the Wendell sisters asked Bill: "Oh, are you a writer?"

Bill gave me a dirty look.

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"No," he said. "My friend is. I'm just his secretary."

"I don't like writers," said Gussie. "They wear their hearts on their sleeves."

"That's what I think," said Bill. "That's why I'm a secretary."

The Wendell sisters wanted to know the names of my books. I picked out good ones. Then they asked if I used real people for my characters or did I just imagine them. I said: "I just copy my dreams."

"Oh, they're dream characters," they said.

"Yes," I said.

"It's not he who's the writer," said Mr. Tilley. "It's the other. That one is bashful."

IV

We came back to the hotel, had lunch, and everyone retired for a rest. Bill and I were in our room, not saying anything, when the manager came in. I began to feel cold all over.

The manager was apologetic: "Forgive me," he said. "One did not know one had a celebrated writer under one's roof. Is the Monsieur satisfied of his room? One could change him."

"Throw him out," Bill said. "He bores me."

The manager said: "The cook is aware of Monsieur's presence and prepares a special dinner. A dinner of gala."

I said: "One is here to rest oneself, not for gala dinners. One does not wish to be recognized."

"Certainly, Monsieur," said the manager. "Could one then mount a bottle of champagne for the pleasure of the Messieurs?"

"Oh, but certainly, Monsieur," said Bill, becoming interested. "Make it mount at all costs."

The bottle was mounted, and we asked the manager to stay. We began drinking. The champagne was dry, cold, and good. There was a lot of it in the cellar, and the manager was quite generous. It began to look like a party.

"Could one not make mount the American gentleman?" asked the manager.

"And the ladies, too?" said Bill.

"No ladies," I said. Things were messy enough.

Mr. Tilley was made to mount, and appreciated it. It wasn't his fault he had ordered sparkling Burgundy. It was his education. But for one of his age, he was quite willing to learn more. The manager and I gave a little lecture on French wines. Bill was looking very solemn.

The manager and I said: "Champagne tastes better from a magnum." Mr. Tilley ordered one to find out. It did taste better, and then there was more of it. I began to like Carcassonne, the manager, Mr. Tilley, and I did not even mind the situation I was in. There really was no situation. What was being broke compared to a magnum of champagne? I even thought of ordering one myself.

Bill's brows were darkening. Suddenly he rose and said: "I am going down," and went out.

Mr. Tilley said: "Artists are queer, aren't they? They're restless."

"Yes," I said, "they're awfully hard to get along with. My friend is full of moods."

The manager said something about poker. "The Americans are good players of poker."

"Did I hear right?" said Mr. Tilley. "Did this frog say something about poker?"

I said: "Yes. Did you ever play poker with a Frenchman? You'd be surprised."

"Well, I might be," said Mr. Tilley, "but I'm not afraid."

I must have been quite drunk. I said: "It's a pity I can't join you two. My friend has all the money."

"Well, we can't play two-handed," said Mr. Tilley. "I'll advance you some until your friend comes back."

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The manager rang for the waiter. "Will you mount chips and cards?" he said.

"And another magnum of the same," I added.

VI

THE NEXT MORNING I had quite a hangover. I woke up feeling very low in body and even lower than that in mind. Much champagne produces a depression on the morning after, a feeling of unworthiness, of moral degradation. The conscience hurts, the brain turns over every little action done the day before and judges it harshly. A champagne hangover is very unpleasant, even without the feeling of guilt; but with it, it is ghastly.

Bill was lying on his bed, eyes staring into space.

"I told her, Harry," he said.

"Told what to whom?" I asked. "Don't talk to me in riddles this morning."

"I told Gussie the truth."

"That's wonderful," I said. "I suppose you feel better now."

"No," he said.

"I didn't think you would. Well, what did she say?"

"She said it was a dirty trick to play on a hotel, and she never wanted to see me again."

"I'm sorry, Bill. Did you tell her you had money in Paris?"

"No, what was the use? What good is it to me here?"

"I suppose it's the end."

"It isn't the end."

We lay there for a while. Then I said: "Bill, they know you here. Why don't you tell someone else the truth and see if they won't help you out for a few days? One of the Wendell sisters."

"I did last night."

"What did she say?"

"She said she'd let me have two thousand francs this morning."

"Well, what's biting you then?"

There was a knock on the door, and Mr. Tilley came in.

"Good morning," he said. "That was some session last night."

I didn't remember anything about last night, but I said: "Yes, it certainly was."

"We're leaving on the afternoon train," Mr. Tilley said.

"I guess we are, too," Bill said.

Mr. Tilley was going to leave, when there was another knock on the door, and the manager came in. He looked worried.

"Forgive me," he said. "One is in a terrible embarrassment. One has found the cash box empty."

"What?" cried Bill and I.

"What did he say?" asked Mr. Tilley.

"He says he's been robbed."

"The deuce he has!" said Mr. Tilley.

"What is droll," said the manager, "is that the box has not been moved or forced."

"An inside job," I said.

"And I was the only one with a key," said the manager.

"What did he say?" asked Mr. Tilley.

We told him. "How much did he have there?" asked Mr. Tilley.

We found out and told him. Mr. Tilley smiled. "I thought you guys knew how to drink." Then, turning to me: "Don't you and the frog remember what happened last night?"

I didn't. The manager was too worried to remember. It wasn't the money, he said. It was the mystery.

"I'll tell you," said Mr. Tilley to me. "You look in your pants pocket."

I did. There was a flock of thousand-franc notes and smaller ones, and a couple of traveler's cheques.

"The traveler's cheques were mine," said Mr. Tilley. "And the manager was losing, too, so he made several trips downstairs to get more money. I may not know these foreign wines, young man, but I certainly know what's happening when I have them in me. Which is more than you do. See you on the train." He left.

The manager was explained to, and apologized, and apologized, and left.

"Well, that's that," I said. But it wasn't. There was still Gussie, and Bill was looking like a funeral.

Then the maid brought up an envelope for him. In it there was a thousand-franc note and some writing. He gave a whoop and showed it to me. It said:

Dear Bill,
I can never forgive you. I'll be at the Claridge Hotel in Paris. I hope the enclosed helps you out.
Gussie

P. S. Don't forget — the Claridge Hotel. Ask for Miss Tilley.

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The End of an Empire

Memoirs of a Diplomat

Illustrations by Lowell Balcom

IN HIS THREE preceding articles, Mr. Sands told how, at twenty-two, he first came to Korea in 1898 as secretary to the American legation and, two years later, was invited by the Emperor to become the royal adviser. This invitation Sands accepted, though John Hay, then Secretary of State, warned him that the venture would of necessity be a private one and that the United States would not intervene in his behalf, no matter what situation might arise. The Emperor, a storm-tossed weakling, needed advice badly. His backward country was internally corrupt and was being squabbled over by Japan and Russia, jealous rivals heading more surely for war each day. Sands thought he might find the answer to the civil unrest by getting to know the people and their wants, and to this end he made himself familiar not only with the court but with life in the remote provinces. The threatening war between Japan and Russia was an even more serious matter, for if it was fought, the victor would seize Korea. Surrounded by Oriental intrigue and checkmated by Russian stolidity, Sands, a youngster trying to advise a puppet Emperor, found his efforts to save Korea meeting with little success. Already Cossacks were raiding over the northern border, and Japanese interference was making itself felt in all branches of the government. Then, as if the Far Eastern situation needed more complications, the Boxer Rebellion broke out.

by WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS

I

THE BOXER outbreak was in full blast. The Allies were slowly fighting their way up from Tientsin and no one knew whether the beleaguered legations and missionaries in Peking were alive or dead. To impress the Koreans as well as Europe with the friendly attitude of the Emperor toward the Western nations, I had made the gesture of sending a steamer with the only things we had to offer — rice and cigarettes — to the Allied troops. I was not at all sure, however, that some anti-foreign spark might not fan Korean feelings to a blaze, and I watched everything that happened.

And something did happen. Returning from an expedition into the country, I learned that a formidable rebellion had arisen on the island of Quelpaert, a Korean possession south of the mainland. Many people had been killed and there was a rumor of a massacre of Christians. This in itself was disturbing enough, but what complicated matters was that two small French gunboats which had happened into Korea's chief port, Chumulpo, too late to take part in the China operations had set off immediately for the island. I had a sinking feeling that they might want to make up on our people for lost opportunity to bombard the Chinese Boxers, especially if it proved that French missionaries had been hurt.

Quelpaert was a place of mystery, with a coast not easily accessible. Few Europeans had ever been there, and even they had been promptly expelled. What little trade there was — dried fish, mother-of-pearl shell, bitter shattuck fruit — was carried to market mainly by the stout little craft of Japanese smugglers, half junk and half schooner, or in frail native fishing boats. The island was used as a penal colony for political prisoners from Korea, and these exiles along with the fishermen and the smugglers (who buttressed their trade by fostering anti-European feeling on the one hand and grooming the old local desire for independence from Korea on the other) formed the male population. The rest were women, and their domination was complete and ancient.

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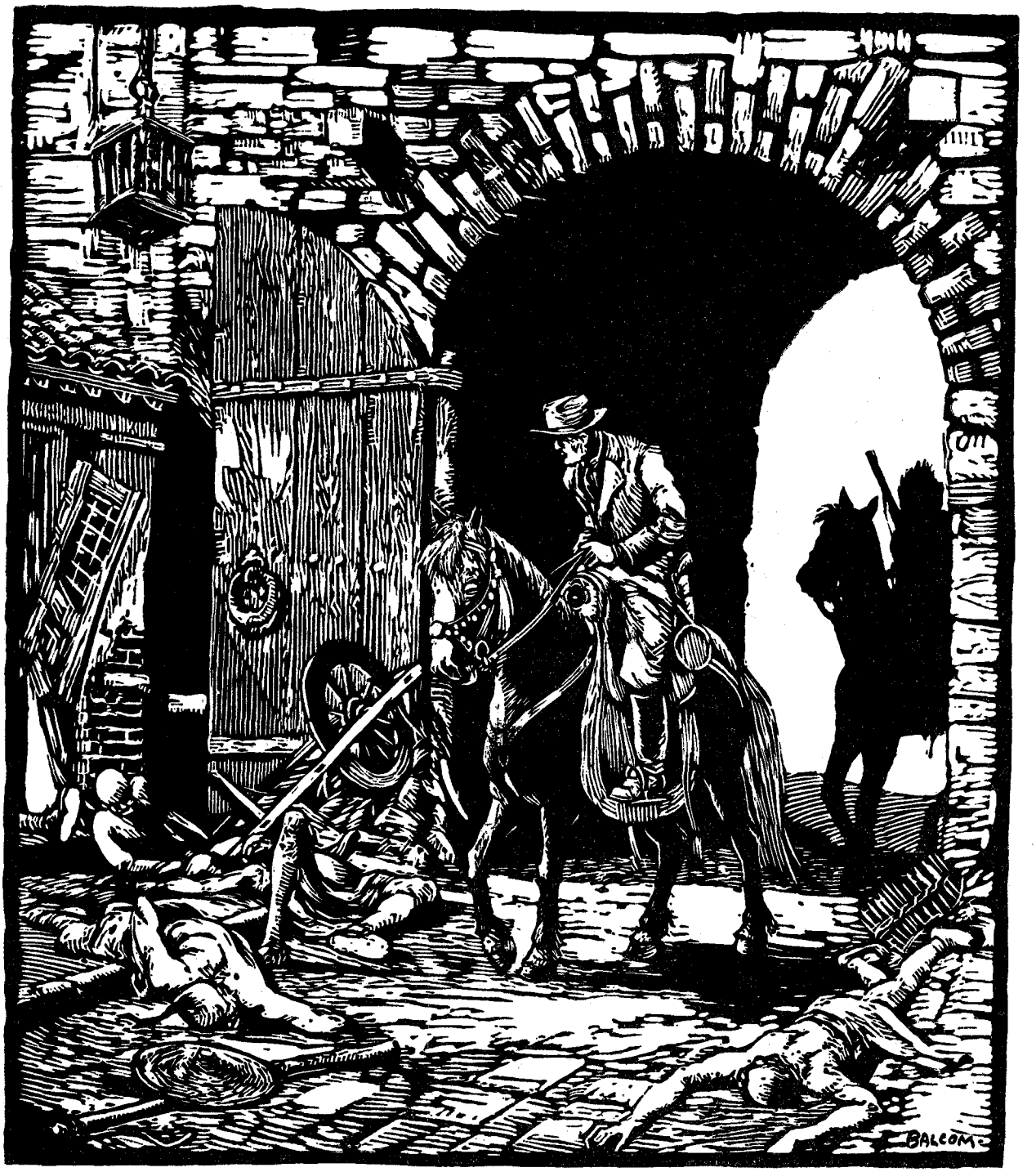

The gates hung open. Not a shot or a sign of life.

Women owned all the property. They never took permanent husbands and the children bore the family name of the mother. Men were allowed to come over from the mainland once a year, but they were not encouraged to remain, and when they returned, they took with them all boys who had reached the age of thirteen. It was more than a matriarchy: it was a real amazon community.

One could see these viragos, fine swimmers and divers, in the sea. Young and old would swim out through the breakers, leave a basket buoyed by gourds floating on the surface, and dive fathoms down for an abalone shell or a bunch of edible seaweed. They could float about for hours, dive as simply as a duck, and move from place to place under the water as easily as so many sea fowl. While resting on the surface they would keep up a monotonous whistling in different keys to warn chance men in the fishing boats to keep their distance.

But amazons or not, there were enough

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rebels to make the situation dangerous. Somehow I gathered a hundred men and some officers and in a tiny coasting steamer raced the French gunboats from Chemulpo to Quelpaert. I knew that they had not docked for a long time and hoped that they had even fouler bottoms than my own disreputable little tramp. They did reach the island first, but by a margin too narrow for them to take control or to do anything more than communicate with the missionaries and take aboard some Christians. I informed the French senior officer of my authority and proceeded to land my men on the narrow water front, under the walls of a dead city.

III

I ENTERED a city of dreadful night. The gates hung open, not a shot or a sign of life came from the walls, and the streets were cumbered with corpses. Ninety bodies, old and young of both sexes and all horribly mutilated, had been lying in sun and rain for ten days.

Later we learned that the town had been besieged by rebels and that the women within the walls, fearing starvation, had opened the gates at night to the eager watchers and had led a complete massacre of the defenders. Everyone who had a grievance, public or private, had seized his opportunity and killed and looted. When the destruction was ended, the victorious rebels withdrew to the foothills to see what would happen next. Except for a few Christians, among them two priests, they had not left a live man behind them.

There was no one to bury the dead and I did not want to risk mutiny by asking my men to do it. It was another week before I could capture enough coolies and pay them to perform the work. Until then I had to live in the Governor's palace, where the bodies were thickest. I found a room as far away from them as possible, but even there a wretched bird flew over my table and dropped a long mesh of hair with a bit of skull attached into my food.

All day the rebels, gathered in masses on the hills outside the town, kept firing their medieval bronze cannon at us. Whenever I showed myself, a rifle shot warned me not to stand too long in one place. These bullets, from Murata rifles of the latest make, were always directed at me and not wasted on Korean soldiers; fortunately the average Japanese boatman was no better at shooting foreign weapons than the Koreans. All night flames from some burning house or village made us realize that another siege might begin if the rebel leaders found out how few we were.

As soon as I had got into the town, the captain of the French vessels had sent an officer to say that he yielded "to Korean Government authority" and was leaving the situation in my hands. Having given his official message, the young man then asked if he might give me a private one as man to man. He said that the French were much alarmed at the appearance and lack of discipline of my men; they would withdraw their ships if I required, but they would prefer to stand by in case of need, for they did not quite like "to leave a white man in such a mess." He gave me rockets with which I might signal for aid and inquired if I was well supplied with decent food and whether I was armed "even against my own men." The ships stayed on, hovering off the coast, and although I did not have to use the rest of the offer, I was grateful for it and much more comfortable concerning the future.

The first thing to do was to impress the watchers outside with the size and alertness of our military force. I had my whole hundred men move about singly, as sentries, on the walls. Soon a lieutenant came to me and reported the beginnings of a mutiny. The soldiers were discussing the possibility of sailing away in our only ship and leaving their officers behind. I forestalled that easily enough by ordering the ship away myself and telling them (the truth) that it had gone to Korea to bring reenforcements. What I did not tell them was that until those two hundred and fifty trained men came, the battle had to be fought with guile, with wit, with anything but bullets.

The two French priests told me that the reasons they were now alive was that one of the rebel leaders, a Korean political exile, had intervened on their behalf. He, then, was the man whom I wanted to reach. I got a message through to him saying that I was grateful to him for having saved the two missionaries and that I would remember his kindness when I began to wipe out the insurgents.

I also let him know that heavy reënforcements were on the way but that I did not propose to wait for them; the general impression

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given was that I was an ambitious young person and wanted the credit for suppressing this revolt to be mine alone. My messenger's gossip included the information that I was asking the Japanese Government to send over a force to arrest all Japanese who might be on the island.

Then I began to organize drills outside the walls, for the besiegers were gaining in courage and coming too close. The commanding officer was not at all inclined to show his ignorance by drilling the men, but I had it pointed out to him that it was dangerous *not* to drill them, for if they remained idle they might mutiny and kill us all. In his innocence he turned the drill over to one of my abler lieutenants. This young man, realizing that our ruffians would be spurred to fighting only if they were hurt, took them for walks outside the walls, hoping for the worst. But although we drilled them up and down the countryside with fixed bayonets on the double, none of the rebels even waited for us to come up.

III

IT WAS comic opera perhaps, but when I thought of that I also thought of those shambles through which we had passed on the day we landed. Presently the poison I had sent out in my messages began to work. The exiled leader saw visions of amnesty because of his intervention on behalf of the priests. Then more messages went out, addressed to no one in particular — just memoranda — in which I debated with myself whether to execute certain leaders or to guarantee them a trial if they surrendered. That also had its effect, and requests for private interviews began to trickle in. Once negotiations were started, I felt that they could be kept alive until the arrival of fresh forces.

As soon as I believed these to be not far away, I got out a proclamation warning the people that I was about to begin a drive and that all honest men should stay indoors. The Emperor, I said, would listen to grievances, and a committee might come to present them, but my special object was to catch the leaders of the revolt, whose names were all in my possession. And even to the latter I would guarantee a fair trial by the Supreme Court at Seoul, the Korean capital. If they surrendered voluntarily, it would be in their favor; if they were brought in as prisoners by loyal subjects, then those subjects would be remembered. In any case, I declared, the revolt was now over and I intended to clean up the guilty immediately, before the new troops landed, in order to avoid unnecessary bloodshed.

It was not such a long chance as it might seem, for the two French gunboats still drifted around the coast and the islanders all knew what they were, even if they did not know that they were neither Korean nor part of my force.

Negotiations were well on when a pompous and much uniformed colonel turned up with the regiment I had requested. A number of leaders gave themselves up, some were arrested, and the rest fled in fishing boats. We arranged for a surrender of the whole rebel army. They were to come in and deliver their weapons, listen to an address by our gallant and imposing colonel, and then go home. The two gunboats left; the priests settled down and reopened their mission; and I put thirteen principal captives on board my steamer all ready to sail for Seoul.

That final tableau of my little comic opera was really impressive. Thousands of rebels — I could estimate them only in huddled masses — came in, armed with every sort of prehistoric weapon. My hundred tatterdemalions with their smarter city reënforcements looked like real soldiers beside those island scarecrows. After the surrender I left the natives in the hands of the colonel and the new Governor who had come down with him.

The cause of the whole rebellion had meanwhile been discovered to be a hatred on the part of the people (encouraged greatly by the Japanese, who were always glad of an opportunity to stir up internal dissension in Korea) toward unjust and heavy taxation. I left those in charge with the understanding that there was to be no revenge and that no taxes were to be levied until a new law had been passed and someone sent down from Seoul to explain it.

Later, in Seoul, came the trial of the rebel leaders. It was a rather turbulent session, although I had wished it to be exemplary and a specimen of the new order of justice in Korea. I intended to have no part in it at all except to tell what had happened and to see that the prisoners had a proper defense. However, Japanese reporters forced the door to the judges' room while we were in private session and I had to throw them out personally and vigorously

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— which was the beginning of a rabid campaign against me on the part of the Japanese press.

My desire for a trial on purely Western lines was further thwarted by the fact that all the witnesses at first lied brazenly and the Chief Justice had to take recourse to native methods, which meant paddles. The effect was instantaneous: spankings brought the truth. The witnesses all clamored to be readmitted to examination — it seemed that each had forgotten something.

I have always been sorry that those weeks on Quelpaert were so full of other things that I had no chance to explore the place. My visit there was probably the last of the amazon tradition, for a garrison remained until the Japanese occupation of Korea. After that, it is said, the island was fortified by the Japanese Government, and where its fortresses exist there is no exploring. Unless the missionaries gain something of its history, Quelpaert will remain as mysterious as before.

IV

THE END was drawing near now and the tense atmosphere made everyone realize it. Late one night, shortly before the debacle, I was sent for by Ye, the jovial Governor of the city of Seoul. I found him fearfully swollen and hardly able to speak, but still gay and laughing. I offered to call a foreign doctor at once.

"Why," he said, "you people don't understand these things. I am dying. Besides, my old mother has no confidence in foreigners. I summoned you here to ask you two things: you must promise to save my son and what property you can for him, and I want you to send at once to find out how the other men are who dined with me to-night."

He would not tell me who his host had been. "You can find that out for yourself if you want. But you can't do anything about it."

The messenger came back with the news that only one of the guests had survived; the others were dead, and their symptoms had been the same as those of the Governor.

Ye chuckled. "Yes. I ought to have known better — an old bird like me. . . . But it doesn't matter. We can't save the country. . . . But you can save my son for friendship's sake . . . for I have really been your friend." And he smiled up at me and died. A few years ago his son, mature and prosperous, wrote to me reminding me of that old friendship.

"We can't save the country. . . ." The old gentleman knew what he was talking about. Soon afterward the whole situation came to the crisis toward which it had long been heading.

The cause of Korea's disappearance as an independent nation was land rivalry between Japan and Russia. Japan had a definite policy and meant to let nothing stand in the way of it. If it was a concession (and the concession system as practiced in Korea was as pernicious a form of diplomacy as any yet invented) or a company or any other business entity, it must be acquired or controlled by Japanese capital. If that could not be done immediately, any business to which Japanese employees were essential must be so disturbed and delayed that sooner or later the owners would be glad to sell. If it was an individual who stood in the way, he must be removed.

But it took two nations to make the war that was now about to begin, and the other one was Russia. Her policy was as vague as that of the Japanese was definite, but it was no less menacing. Russian diplomacy seemed as inchoate as that of the United States and even less tangible, for our Secretary of State was determined that in no circumstances should we get into trouble in the Far East.

Russia was an enigma — big, mysterious, aloof. Later I came to the conclusion that "Russia" does not mean anything at all, and never did. "Russia" means whatever man or handful of men holds the reins and the knout at the same time. It does not matter in the least whether it is a Tsar or a Commissar. Even those Westerners who did not like or trust Japan thrilled in admiration when that country determined to see what the Russian ogre was made of.

At the time of which I speak I had been adviser to the Emperor of Korea for four years, but as far as administrative reforms were concerned there was not much to which I could point with pride. Nevertheless, during that period some of my activities, and certainly my aspirations as to keeping Korea independent, had irked both the Russian and Japanese administrations. My Japanese friends began to warn me that an accident to me was being talked about quite openly, and that I should be careful.

One day a particular friend, the Japanese

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military attaché, called on me and bluntly declared that he had no patience with civilian tactics and that if ever the occasion arose when I might need refuge from irresponsible ruffians, "Japanese or any other kind," I could find it at his house. Meanwhile he warned me to be armed always, and especially to sleep armed. I understood that although he did not object to the elimination of an opponent, he still believed in leaving behind some mark of identification, as a gentleman should. To me his intimation was perfectly natural and a part of the diplomacy of those degenerate days.

War, then, was accepted as the only solution to the rivalry of the Russian and Japanese empires, and there was no thought for Korea. But I had not quite given up yet. Realizing that matters had come to a head, I wished to attach myself to a special mission I was sending to London for Queen Victoria's Jubilee. There I proposed to discuss the subject which had long been in my head: a plan for the neutralization of Korea in case of Far Eastern conflict by means of what are now called multilateral peace treaties. This, along with those internal reforms which I had wanted to install, had been one of my chief objectives as adviser to the Emperor.

But the idea was sunk without a trace when the British minister politely but firmly requested me to substitute the British consul at Chemulpo in my place. This arrangement, he said, would be more acceptable to Her Majesty's government. I could not very well force the issue; and since I did not dare entrust the discussion of the plan to the inexperienced Korean prince who headed the mission, this last resort had to be dropped.

Of course I had urged my simple proposal upon the Emperor frequently and at length. He always listened courteously and trustingly, but the poor man never had a glimmering of what it was all about. The sum of his philosophy was that he was master of his people and what was theirs was his. Matters of state bored him, although he was frankly ashamed when he was forced to stifle a tiny yawn behind a delicate, ivory hand, and apologized eagerly by saying he had not slept well. Four long intervals of a hundred days each (one could not be admitted to the Emperor for a hundred days after one had seen death — and I had seen it frequently) gave court flatterers and those who did not want me there ample opportunity to break down any impression I was able to make.

Matters of state bored him.

After the last interval of enforced exile from the palace I came back to find that, in spite of the definite terms of my contract, a Belgian adviser had been appointed in my place by Ye Yong Ik, Keeper of the Privy Purse, with the support of the Russians and the French. There was no reason for Ye Yong Ik to be hostile to me, for he had been a

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frequent visitor to my quarters and I had always treated him well. Hostility showed very quickly nevertheless, for he cut off my salary and requisitioned my house. Since these measures were accomplished facts and everyone understood that the American legation would not intervene, the Belgian minister was not in the least interested in what my own contract specified. I could have resigned, but the climax seemed too near to leave then. Anyway, I wasn't sure that the Emperor knew anything about it.

The Japanese were becoming agitated over the rumored appearance of Cossacks on the Yalu boundary, between Korea and Manchuria. A mysterious group of Grand Dukes of Russia had obtained a timber concession on the upper Yalu which might prove very valuable. A member of a great Jewish family, famous international financiers, offered me my own price to find out what the Japanese meant to do about it. I wanted badly to know what they both meant to do about it, and what the Russians were planning, but my hands were tied. I could not go again to the border to look for Cossacks or for Grand Dukes.

The executive officer of the "Variag"

Any one could know that the Japanese were alarmed and angry. Anyone could know that they would not tolerate a Russian advance into Korea, but nobody in our part of the world knew whether Russia was dominated by irresponsible people (we know now that she was) or by a clear and considered determination to annex Korea and try conclusions with Japan. Every move anybody made began to wear the meaning of a maneuver on the chessboard of war.

V

IN THE FIRST days of February, 1904, the officers of the Russian cruiser, *Variag*, asked several of us to luncheon. I was late starting for Chemulpo, the port where the boat was stationed, and presently I had a telephone call from one of the party who had gone on ahead. The executive officer of the *Variag*, he reported, had come ashore to call off the luncheon, pay up the ship's bills, and say good-by. Men crowded around him at the club, all keyed for any event, to ask him what was happening. "Look out and see!" he laughed.

Beyond the island which divided the two inlets of Chemulpo harbor lay a half circle of slender Japanese destroyers. Beyond them again was a formation of light cruisers bending out of sight; and on the horizon were the heavy smoke columns of the Japanese Grand Fleet.

"What is it all about?" they asked.

"We don't know. The Japanese have not declared war so far as anyone knows, but an hour ago they sent us a message demanding that we surrender."

"What are you going to do?"

"We can't be the first Europeans to surrender to an Asiatic fleet. We are going to try to break through. We haven't a chance. Good-by!"

The next train down from Seoul took everybody who could move, for what was happening was in Chemulpo harbor itself, almost in the very town. Sure enough, across the only channel that would clear the *Variag* at that tide lay a Japanese cruiser about the same weight in gunfire. Several light vessels hovered a little beyond and the rest had drawn still farther out to sea. It was to be a duel, and the Japanese meant to give the *Variag* a fighting chance. Within the harbor lay an American cruiser, an English cruiser, and a Frenchman.

Slowly the *Variag* got under way, followed by the police gunboat, *Koreetz*, and a Russian mail steamer. She passed out of the harbor in a long sweep; and hardly through the channel, certainly within three miles of the shore line, engaged the Japanese cruiser. Both disappeared around the corner, followed by the light fleet. In the distance, the great battleships and heavy cruisers kept the lists, contemptuous of what was going on inside.

After an interval of heavy gunfire, back they all came into the harbor. The *Variag* came very slowly, heeled over in a heavy list, and took up her anchorage again, a shattered wreck. Once more a Japanese cruiser barred the entrance channel, like a sentry. The *Koreetz* did not show any damage at that distance, but

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The Japanese were becoming agitated over the rumored appearance of Cossacks.

just at noon she blew up in a tall column of heavy smoke, raining burned photographs, charred playing cards, and steel all over the town. A little later the *Variag* sank. Our friend the executive officer had been on the bridge when she went out. The place where he was standing was struck by the first heavy shell.

After that there was a turmoil of boats and lighters coming and going into the harbor and plying between the cruisers. In streamed ship after ship, all Japanese. They were the convoy of troops. Lighters and coolies appeared as if by magic and in a surprisingly short time Japanese soldiers were being landed with clock-like precision and marched off toward the north. They were magnificent troops. I had seen the Kaiser lead his grand maneuvers and I have seen the armies of the World War, but there was never anything finer than that landing.

Everyone was struck during the next few days with the courtesy displayed by the victorious Japanese toward the Koreans and even toward their enemies. The Russian minister and the entire Russian colony was placed aboard a French cruiser, a special train carrying them to port and high Japanese officers escorting them with all honors. The British cruiser bore away its part of the survivors of the *Variag* and *Koreetz* for internment in some British colony. My turn should come next and I awaited it with considerable anxiety.

Since everybody knew that Ye Yong Ik had excluded me by the simple process of stopping my pay and negotiating for a Belgian to take my place, and that the American legation had acquiesced in the breach of contract, the Japanese might simply have ignored me. But they were conducting their first war with Europe in knightly fashion. Eki Hioki, later Japanese minister to China, bore the message, which was simple. "I am instructed," he said, "to invite you to join Prince Ito (who was to become Resident General and practical ruler of Korea after the military occupation) in the temporary administration which is to be established here."

There was no one with whom I would rather have been associated in high politics than

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Prince Ito. I had had dealings with him before and had found him friendly and coöperative. I was enormously flattered and appreciated what was a real compliment. This I told Hioki — and then I asked him what he would think of me if, after opposing its policies for years, I now flopped to the winning side, even though my own had gone back on me.

"We know that, but we want you."

"Could you think well of me if I accepted, Hioki?"

"You are asking me a private question, and my mission is official."

"The alternative?"

"A bad one, I am afraid. I am sorry. There is a cavalry transport leaving at once. I can't even tell you where she is going, but only that I shall see to your things myself and put them on the American collier in Chemulpo. Of course you will be treated with every consideration and transferred to the first vessel going to America."

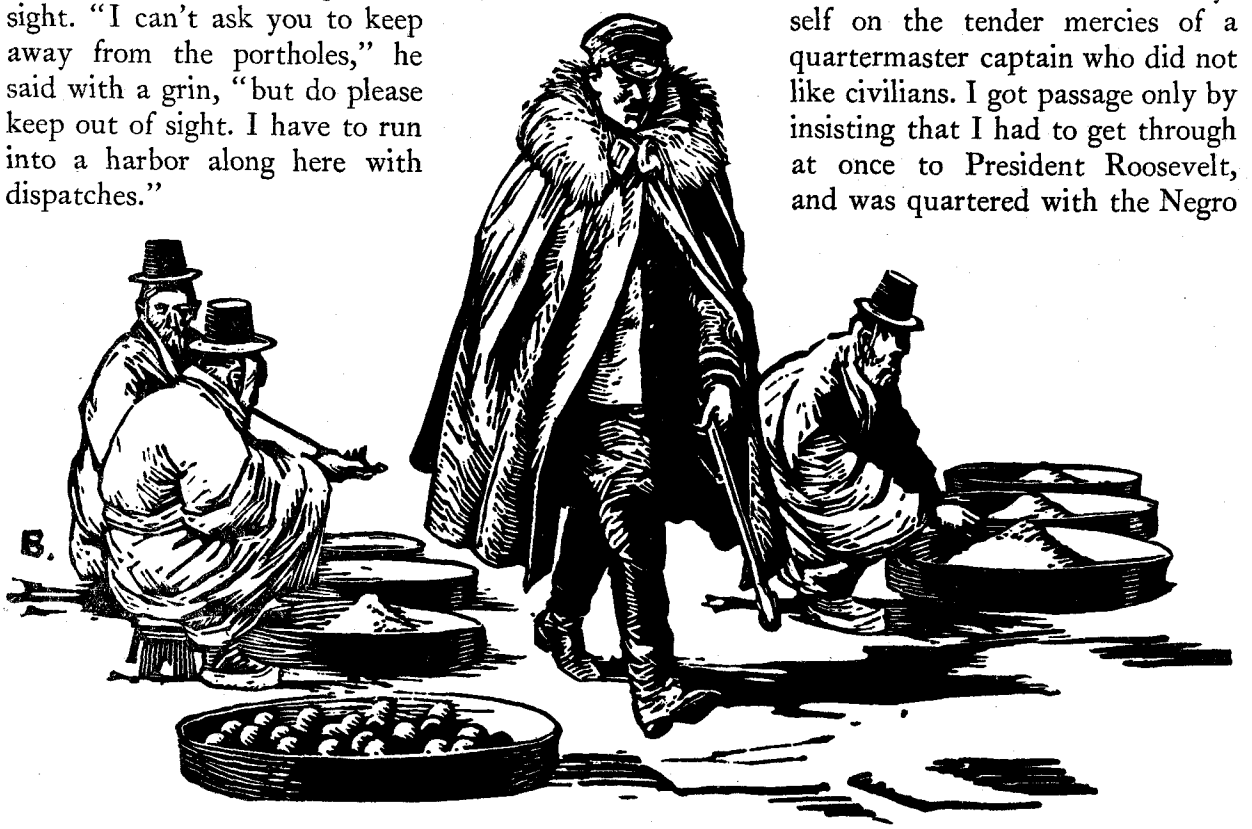
VI

No one could have been more amiable than the captain of that Japanese transport. He had the air of one hugging a gigantic thrill. As we ran down the coast of Korea he asked me to go below deck and keep out of sight. "I can't ask you to keep away from the portholes," he said with a grin, "but do please keep out of sight. I have to run into a harbor along here with dispatches."

He had good reason to keep me out of sight. Cable dispatches had told the world of the first naval attack on Port Arthur and how the Russian forts had been knocked about with practically no damage to the attacking fleet. That was news of great value to the navies of all countries. But here, in the harbor where the transport anchored, was that fleet itself, tucked away in a Korean bay — battered, bruised, and badly smashed, as one would expect it to be after engaging powerful land batteries. It was in no condition to be seen by foreigners.

For a long time past we in Korea had been aware that the Japanese were particularly interested in this harbor. Various attempts had been made to get it in concession. No doubt the whole place had been surveyed and blueprinted, but this world of busy people and equipment for repair must have come out with the Japanese fleet, been set up and prepared for the result of the great sea attack on Port Arthur — that fortress which the Russians thought impregnable. I made as good use as I could of our brief stop, for I realized that there were no foreign observers with the fleet.

My captain landed me at Nagasaki, where I found the *Thomas* army transport en route to San Francisco and threw myself on the tender mercies of a quartermaster captain who did not like civilians. I got passage only by insisting that I had to get through at once to President Roosevelt, and was quartered with the Negro



Japanese soldiers were being landed with clock-like precision.

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non-commissioned officers. With rare tact the colored sergeants made me comfortable, since I was forbidden the officers' deck. They got me such little luxuries as personal towels and soap, the best ventilated space in their sleeping quarters, and as much privacy as possible. Their manners were perfect and their unobtrusive attentions delicate.

Straight through to Washington and to the White House I went, as fast as steam could carry me. Roosevelt was incredulous when I told him of the condition of the Japanese Grand Fleet — that battered fleet I had seen in the out-of-the-way Korean harbor. My story did not tally at all with what he heard from Tokyo; it simply was not possible. What I said contradicted every report he had; I was flying in the face of facts! And the same was true of everything else I had to tell him about the East.

That night I was dining with Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. He had as a guest a British major-general who has just come from India by way of the Far East. Over the coffee I asked him as questions the things I had told Roosevelt that morning, and found that he agreed with what I had reported.

"I wish you would tell our President what you have just told us," I said.

"No need! Your President is a remarkably well-informed man. I had a long talk with him this afternoon and — would you believe it? — he actually knew the condition of the Japanese fleet. I don't suppose there is another man in America who knows where that fleet is!"

The State Department was not interested in what I had to say either. Everybody there, including all those who had never been in the East, knew so much more than I did that I felt very small and decided never to speak of it again.

After several months I was sent for by Mr. Taft, Secretary of War, but holding down the lid of the whole government, for President and Secretary of State were absent.

Mr. Taft had a problem in Panama. General George Davis, Governor of the Canal Zone, and John Barrett, Minister to Panama, were at loggerheads; and each was right. The Minister insisted that communications to the Panama Government must go through the legation, while the Governor insisted that without the privilege of going direct in canal matters, the canal could not be built. Taft wanted to withdraw both men and combine both offices in one person. Did I want to try my hand at a very delicate negotiation, not at all likely to succeed, and get Charles E. Magoon accepted for the two posts of governor and minister?

I did, and so found myself back in the regular diplomatic service, my private adventure finished. I rolled up the map of the Far East and turned to learning Latin America.

Tom Hardy

Continued from page 288

up tobacco and drink and was on the road to the Kingdom.

V

I WISH you could have been there the last night. It looked like all the sinners in the country, good, bad, and indifferent, except Hix, were hitting the trail. Old bums and soaks who'd never been inside a church and didn't know Moses from Beelzebub were bawling and blubbering around there by the dozens. And along toward the end Tom went gawking up and flopped down at the mourners' bench. At that the Cyclone began ripping around on the platform, tearing his hair, hugging the singers, both of them, and then leaping way into the air with those springy legs of his and roaring out "Praise God! Victory! Hallelujah!" He grabbed the black runner off the organ and snapped it about like a banner. If you hadn't known better, you'd have thought all hell was loose.

Then the Cyclone stopped dead still, held up his hand, and said, "Let us pray." He prayed a stem-winder of a prayer. Then the Professor prayed. Then his wife. Then Sister Rosane. And she outprayed all three of them put together. Then they all prayed at once. Everybody prayed and groaned and shouted. And they were all praying for Tom, as if the other sinners didn't count.

After a while the Cyclone broke right into the middle of the praying and struck up "The Blood of the Lamb." That was Tom's favorite. I never in all my life heard such singing. And down under the singing the groaning and sobbing of the sinners was going on all the time, like a sort of undertow that was sweeping them into the fold. It was worth the best part of your life, liquor included, to be in on it. And that's saying a lot. I felt downright sorry for Hix. I'd never heard the old cuss sing, but if he'd been inside that tent he would have pitched in along with the crowd for all he was worth. People that you would have sworn didn't have a tune in their whole insides turned loose as if they hadn't done anything else all their born days but shout and sing.

And it must have got Tom through into the Kingdom at last, for all of a sudden Sister Rosane bounced up from the mourners' bench, where she had been praying and singing at him, and shouted: "Glory! Glory to God! This poor lost lamb is through into the fold! Amen! Glory to God!" Then the Cyclone shot off the platform, clear over the row of sinners, and he and Sister Rosane both began fussing with Tom. They say the Cyclone was trying out his healing powers and laying on his hands, but some big ox got in my way just then and I didn't see that part of it. There may be nothing to it. When I did get a look, the Cyclone and Sister Rosane were tugging at Tom, trying to bring him to his feet.

At last he did get up, a little wobbly but taller even than the Cyclone, and turned around and faced the crowd. He stood there for a minute, his red hair more messed up than ever, and rubbed the back of his hand across his blinking eyes. Then he began fumbling at his lips. I could see what was on the poor devil's mind, and as much as I hate to think it I will always more than half believe that Sister Rosane had told him that if he got through to glory, God would open his lips. But God didn't. And in a moment Tom gave a horrible scream and fell flat in the sawdust there by the bench and began moaning and choking and gurgling. At times it sounded like he was laughing.

The crowd kept right on singing "The Blood of the Lamb," but pretty soon it began pushing up trying to get a look at Tom. It was awful. Then I heard a high, cackling laugh from outside the tent. It was Old Hix. He was out there doubled up with laughter. I think I could have killed him then, and maybe Sister Rosane too. Between them they had made a fine mess of it. Finally Tom heaved himself to his feet, shoved through the crowd, and went shambling out into the night. We all stood there watching him, no one singing any longer, no one praying, no one saying a word. I thought maybe he was going to get Hix, but he walked right past him.

Then I thought maybe he was headed for the saloon or the river. A couple of us ran out after him, but we couldn't find him. We might have caught up with him, but just then a fast train roared through.

The next morning, though, they did find him. The train had done for him. I was glad of it, in a way.

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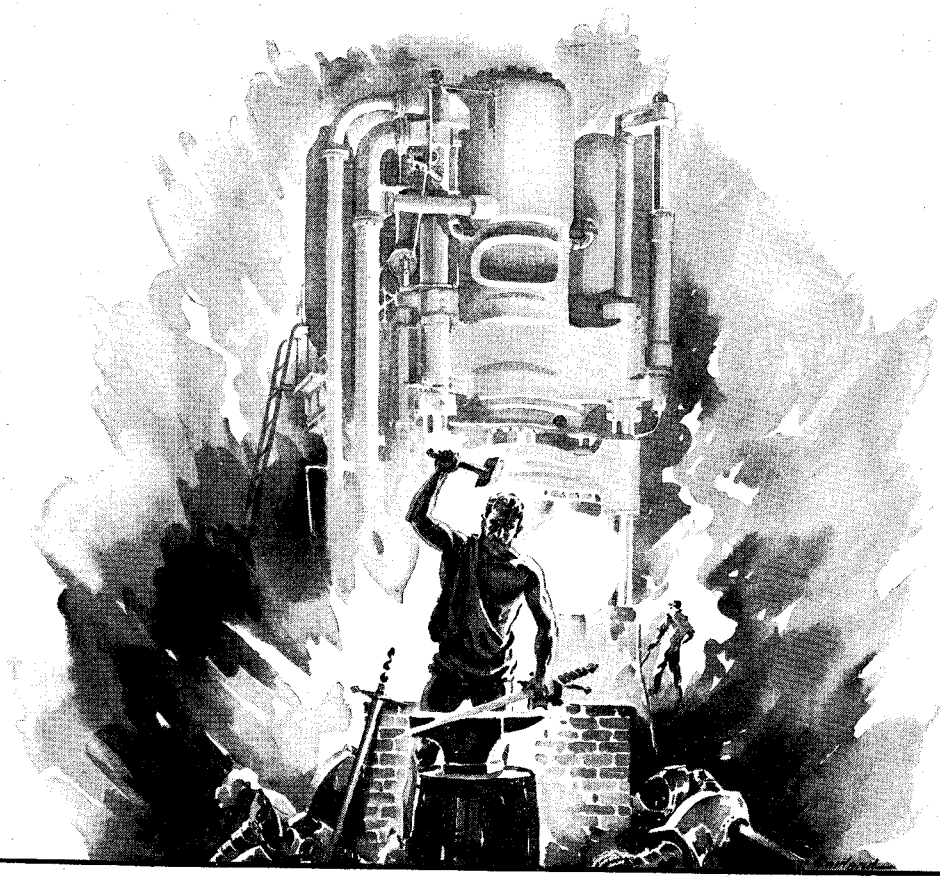

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Etching of The Chellah, Rabat by W. Douglas MacLeod

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TRAVEL

The Islands of Good Genii

***by* DOROTHY GILES**

"THE ISLANDS of Good Genii" — we saw that name on an old, yellowed map in the Cluny Museum. Comparison of that ancient mariners' chart with a modern atlas told us that the Greeks' "Islands of Good Genii" were the Balearic Islands of to-day. It occurred to us as an ideal place for a winter vacation, since it was only a night's sail from Barcelona and we were told that early February was the time to go, because the almond blossoms were then in bloom.

We never regretted it. For three weeks we lived, moved, and had our being in a mist of tender pink blossoms. The rosy haze wrapped the flanks of stark old Puig Mayor; it ran down the pass into Soller, a fishing village on a landlocked harbor that was a nest for Moorish pirates in the twelfth century. It veiled the steeps where the mystic, Ramon Lull, original of Browning's Paracelsus and the most amazing figure in all that fourteenth century, had his hermitage and evolved the philosophy which is still taught in the schools of his native Majorca. Ramon Lull is to Parma what Francis is to Assisi.

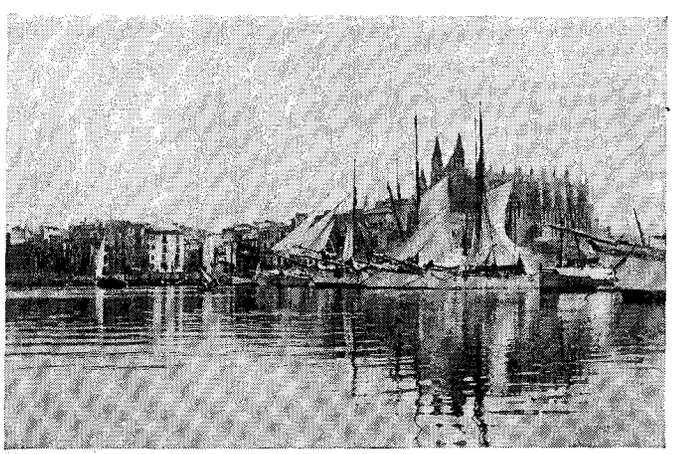
The orchards alternate with groves of ancient olives. Their trunks have twisted and tortured themselves into the likeness of the trees in a Rackham drawing.

"Why are they like that?" we asked a charcoal burner who gave us a lift in his donkey cart.

"Because they are so old," he said. "They grow tired. As men do. Once every hundred years they must turn around."

Majorca's capital, Palma, is a somnolent, ochre-colored city dreaming beside its tideless bay. Its great cathedral — Cram calls it the fourth finest Gothic church in Christendom — lifts its lacework of pinnacles and flying buttresses from the cliff above the Mediterranean. All day the beat and retreat of the sea echoes in its aisles, like the surge of a hidden organ.

From the terrace of our hotel at El Terreno we could look across the bay and see the gay villas that surround it, with their little terrace gardens full of geraniums and calla lilies and bougainvillea and purple stock, and with their private bathing pools below. We could look across the curve of bay and see the sun come up behind those fairy tale buttresses and grim old Puig Mayor. Below there was a curve of blue and buff and rosy-red houses behind a fringe of listless palms, and a tangle of masts and orange-hued sails.



Palma

Palma's market tumbles down a flight of stone steps from the cathedral height to the Borne, the main thoroughfare of the city. It is a multicolored medley of pottery and oranges and the purple and magenta woolen shawls which the peasant women wear. On Saturdays there is a "Bottle Market" in the Plaza Aceite. Old Majorcan glass is a treasure for collectors. The modern products in amber and sea green are hardly less interesting. Glass, fine carved and painted furniture, enamels, and embroidery — these are the arts of the Majorcans. The native em-

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Travel

broidery has been rescued from oblivion by an American woman, resident in Palma, who has developed a cottage industry and opened a shop in the town where the peasant needle women's work is sold to tourists.

The British, with their unerring faculty for discovering places, have been coming to Majorca as a winter resort for years. There is an English tennis club, a lending library, a chaplain, and of course a Tea Room. And so kindly does Majorca accept this invasion that the policeman on the Bourne wears a Union Jack pinned to his tunic out of compliment to *les inglesi.*

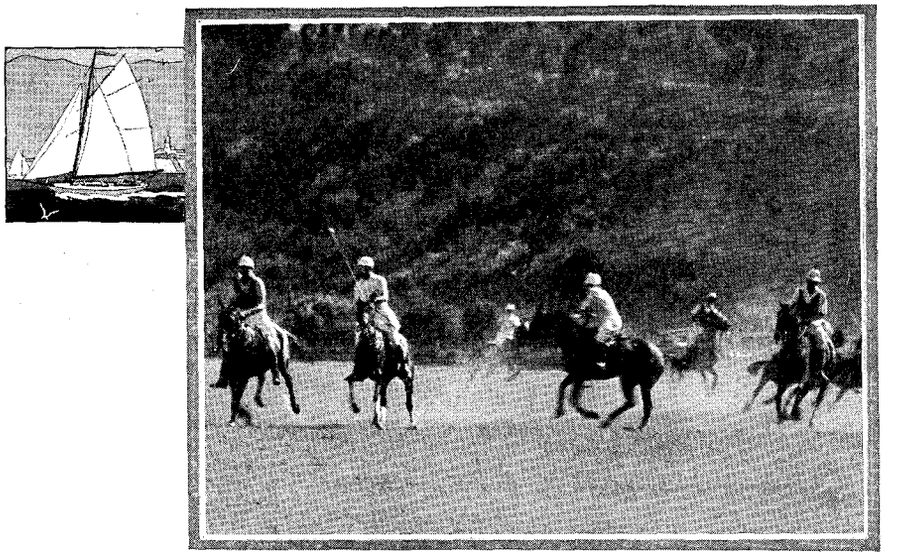
THESE ISLANDS have belonged to Spain since Jaime *el Conquistador* conquered the Moors there in 1229. He established himself and his Provençal court in the ruddy-hued palace of the Emirs. The place is a rookery of turrets and muezzin towers and overhanging balconies. Jaime divided the land between nine of his knights, and the descendants of these form the present Majorcan nobility. For seven centuries marriages outside the sacred circle have been frowned upon.

Their palaces, magnificent stone piles with sculptured gateways through which one looks into arcaded stone courts, stand about the cathedral in Palma. Their country houses, which were taken from the Moors, are on the hills in the center of the island. One drives out to Alcùdia, with its Arabic mottoes over the gates and its many fountained gardens, to Raixa, the estates of the Count of Montenegro. The gardens at Raixa are built in seven terraces, symbolic of Mahomed's seven paradises.

In traveling about Majorca one may go by the little toy railroad, or better still afoot over innumerable lanes and mountain paths, by motor, or in one of the box-like yellow carts with windows and curtains, and a door and steps at the back. These are typical of the islands.

The main road from Palma leads over the hills through Valdemosa and the deserted Carthusian monastery where George Sand and Chopin found lodging for a sunny winter. Their rooms in the cloister and their terrace garden with the view down the valley to Palma and the sea are shown to visitors by a gentle-faced woman who wears the *bolante,* the little cap and frill under the chin which is the ancient Majorcan headdress.

From Valdemosa the road runs over the high-pitched Col de Soller. It flings itself in a series of loops and twistings down the mountain side. Soller is a fascinating place for lazy days, with a white inn that has a garden full of orange and lemon trees. The beach is crowded with fishing boats, many with saints painted on their high prows to ensure protection against the whirlpools of this dangerous,



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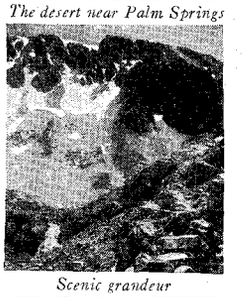
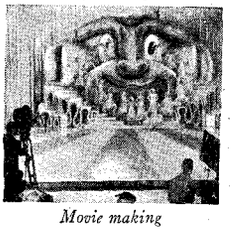
The desert near Palm Springs



Scenic grandeur

Foreign atmosphere



Movie making

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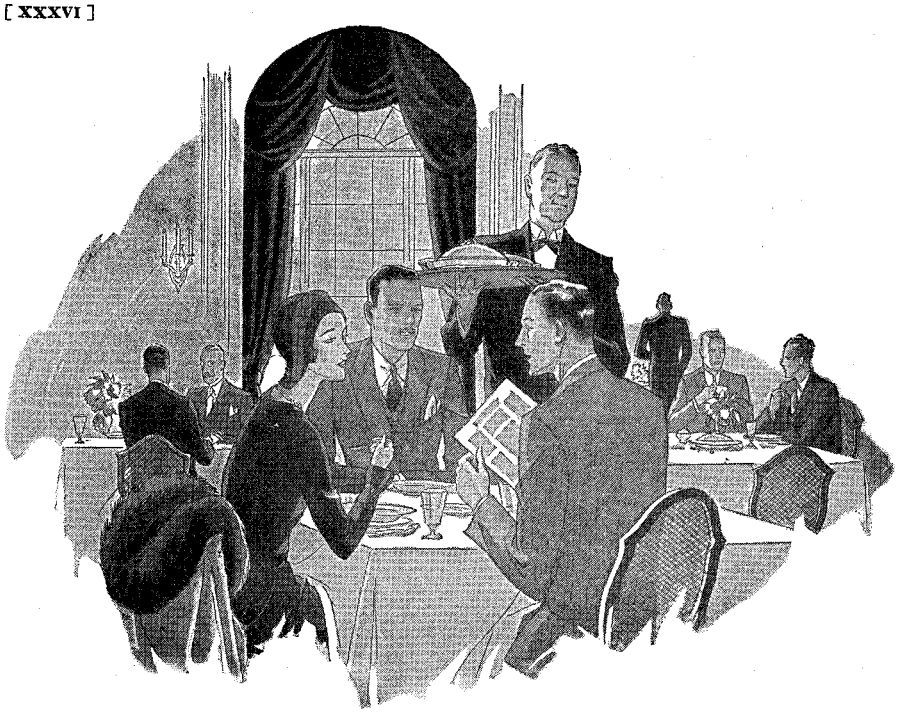

Every Wednesday—Corned Beef Hash

Every Wednesday at Hotel Cleveland there's a gathering of the clans . . those chosen souls who know the joy of good corned beef hash.

Try it once and you'll begin to look forward to Wednesdays, for here's the way our chef prepares it . . . Selected shoulder corned beef, all lean, and cut fine. Mealy Idaho potatoes boiled and diced. Chopped onions browned in golden creamery butter. Meat, potatoes and onions mixed, thick cream stirred in, and the whole slowly boiled for an hour. And there you have a dish fit for a king!

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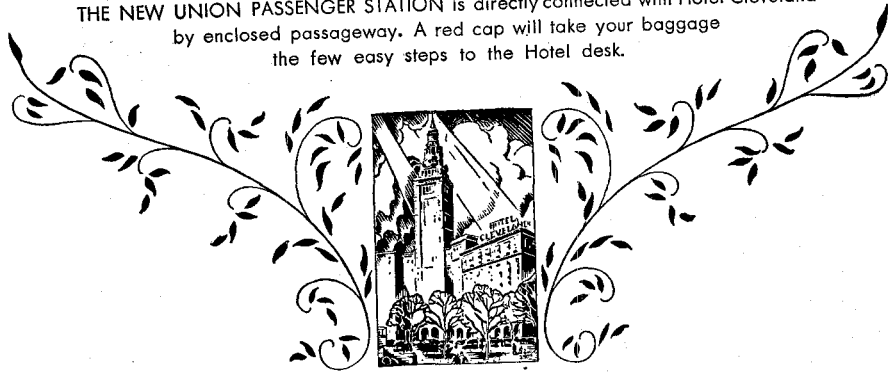

Travel

rockbound coast.

A few miles along the shore near a startling headland that has a hole high up in its face, a natural eye through which the blue sea winks, is the romantic white marble palace Miramar. About it stretch miles of forest of stone pine and live oak, and below it curve terraces of Malmsey grapes. A Hapsburg archduke, Ludwig Salvator, built it a century ago. After an unhappy love affair he retired here to a self-imposed exile. He died in 1913, leaving to his valet his vast estates and the forests he had religiously preserved, always buying his firewood from peasants on the other side of the island. The archducal yacht, a long, black and gold corsair, lies rotting at Palma's wharf.

POLLENSA, a Roman town, once "the Powerful," lies on the island's eastern shore. It is set within high purple cliffs whose undersea caverns sprout pink and purple sea anemones and the octopi which appear in a sauce of *Jerez dulce* at dinner. Pollensa is one of the few untouristed places in the Mediterranean world.

Go there during Holy Week and you will be witness to a ceremony which for its sincerity and simplicity puts Seville to shame. On Thursday in that week the fishing boats come down into Pollensa's harbor. The stalwart fishermen then carry the saints from the church up the long flight of steps to the town's Calvary. Those steps are guarded by lines of ancient cypress trees, against which dark wall the candles and the bobbing lanterns of kneeling worshippers bow like fireflies.

There are small boats which ply between Pollensa or Palma and Port Mahon, on Minorca, the second island. It once belonged to Hannibal's younger brother. For several centuries it was English property and the traces of that cleanly, orderly occupation remain. Port Mahon is famous for its memories of Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton.

The villages of Minorca and the smaller fishing settlement on Iviza are more primitive than any on Majorca. Formentera, the fourth island, is only a rock. On the island of Iviza you will see the old women sitting on the door steps twirling their spindles and looking away to sea, just as their ancestors looked away for sight of Ulysses' ships.

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Travel News

LATE AUTUMN HOLIDAYS

No longer does the end of summer mean the end of vacation time. Mellow autumn is being recognized as having certain advantages over heat-laden, crowded July and August; and October, November, and even December — especially in the South — provide delightful weather for a holiday. Down in Pinehurst, North Carolina, these months are perhaps the pleasantest period of the year. The season opens on October twenty-seventh and in the following sixty days no less than seven golf tournaments are scheduled. Furthermore, polo, a sport in which America is taking an increasingly active interest since its victory over England last September, may be viewed at the Sandhill Polo Club every Tuesday and Thursday beginning November fourth, with frequent week-end games all through the season. Of course one need neither play nor watch games to enjoy Pinehurst in the fall: the tang of the atmosphere and the beauty of the country is enough.

GRASS SKIRTS

At risk all the year round, the tourist trade to Hawaii always takes a decided leap forward in late autumn. December sees ship after ship departing from California laden with the Honolulu-bound, and of course in January and February the heaviest traffic takes place. It might be remembered that two lines sailing direct to the Hawaiian Islands have their home ports in California — the Los Angeles Steamship Company in Los Angeles, and the Matson Line in San Francisco. Both companies send out boats which rival European ships in speed and luxury if not in size. The majority make the run in six days, though there is a boat which takes only five. Honolulu has hotels for every purse, and there are numerous excursions to the various islands which may be joined.

TRIANGULAR TOUR

With winter in the offing, the new tour to Europe now being offered by the Cunard Line in coöperation with Elders and Fyffes and the United Fruit Company has its distinct advantages. At an inclusive rate only slightly higher than a regular round-trip passage to Europe, one may sail through Southern waters and stop over at either the West Indies, a Columbian port (providing a short visit to South America), or the Panama Canal Zone. After these southern countries, one goes on to Europe by means of an Elders and Fyffes steamer — and after Europe comes a homeward passage aboard one of the Cunard ships. These tours may begin

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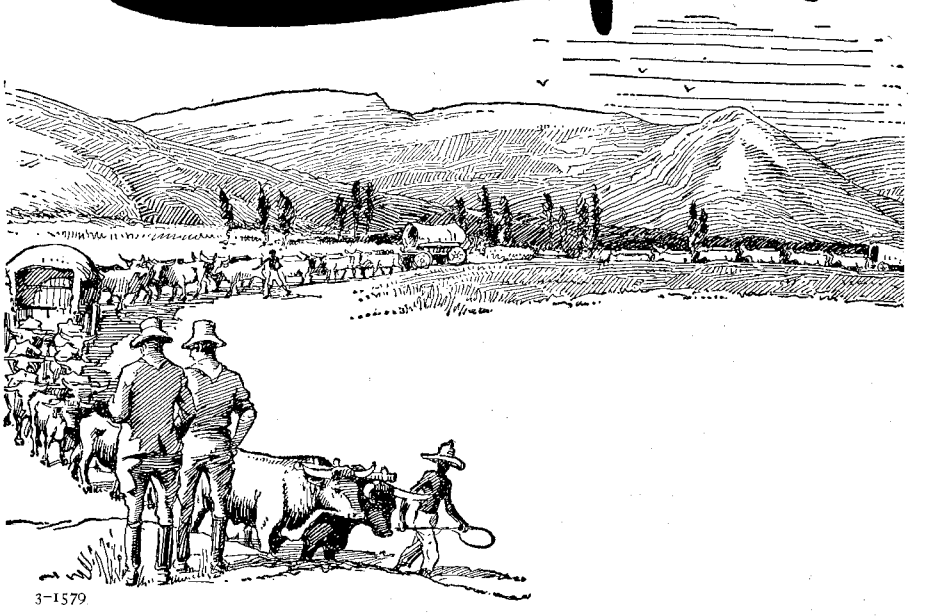

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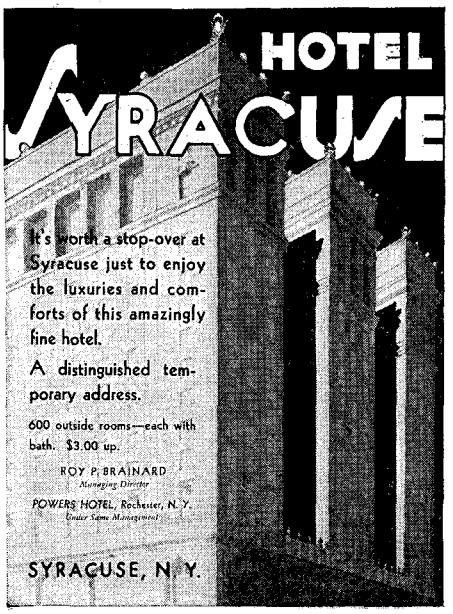
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Travel News

at any port in the itinerary and apply in either direction. Passengers may disembark and rejoin any later sailing of the line on which they are booked at the various ports of call. The same tour may begin at Montreal.

SNEAKING UP ON SUMMER

THE AMERICAN Mail Line has announced its annual Oriental winter cruise as sailing from Seattle on January twenty-fourth on the *President Grant*. One of the chief features of this voyage is the fact that the ship trails summer and spring around the Eastern part of the globe. The tourist disembarks first at the Philippines and then, moving up through the Orient, keeps in the forefront of the new summer which has been born along the equator and is expanding northward as the months go on. Hongkong is next in line, after which comes Canton and Macao. Abreast of the moving season, the boat then goes to Shanghai, Peking, and then Mukden in Manchuria. Here spring and the tourist part company, the latter to dip southward again into summer and Seoul, the capital of Korea and a familiar name to those FORUM readers who have been following William Franklin Sands' *Memoirs of a Diplomat*, the last installment of which appears in this issue. From Seoul the tour crosses over to Japan and the cherry blossoms.

HOLIDAY SEASON

EVEN NOW it is not too soon to plan for Christmas. Most people spend this best of all holidays at home, but lately there has been a tendency for those who can to go south for the week between Christmas and the New Year. Indeed, New Year's Eve in Havana has already become almost an institution in the travel world. There are numerous routes which may be taken, and among them is that from New York to Havana and thence to Mexico City. There is also the well-known New York-Bermuda-Havana tour — a popular summer route and equally inviting in winter. Those who are planning to spend the holidays at any of these Southern resorts are advised to make their hotel reservations well in advance. The Cunard Company is operating a pre-Christmas cruise to "the radiant West Indies" which leaves New York on December second and returns on December eighteenth. The itinerary includes Port-au-Prince, Kingston, Colon, Havana, and Nassau. As the Cunard people point out, this tour provides an opportunity to do Christmas shopping with an alluring difference — to browse along the Prado in Havana for Spanish shawls, and to buy silks in Nassau. The ship is the S. S. Franconia.

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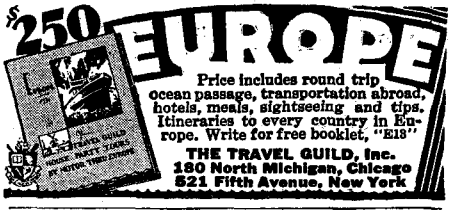
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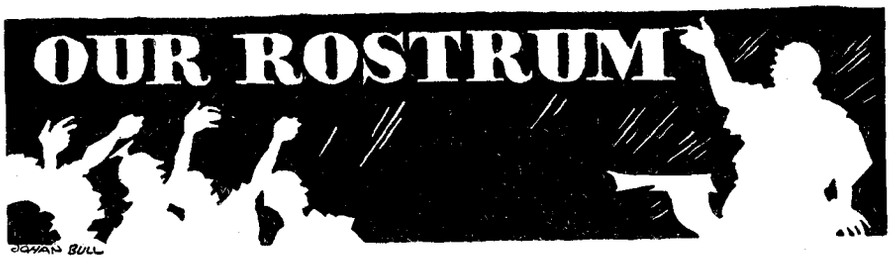

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.

Inconspicuous Authors

To the Editor:

I have read your recent statement, in answer to a correspondent who accused you of running to seed with known writers and of neglecting unknowns, that "THE FORUM's pages are wide open to any unknown who proves himself a 'fearless, good thinker,'" but that "the difficulty is in finding him when he is unknown."

I have been reading similar statements by American editors for at least forty years, and I suppose that they have stuck to this bit of fiction so long that they have come to believe it themselves. The pretensions of editors do not impose on me, for I know them too well. No matter what they may say to the contrary, I know that it is all but impossible for any American writer to get his work accepted by an American magazine, except by means of fiction, unless he has made himself conspicuous in some way.

MOWRY SABEN

Washington, D. C.

[EDITOR'S NOTE — *If Mr. Saben will glance through the table of contents of this issue he will discover that half the contributors are inconspicuous persons, comparatively unknown, who achieved the all-but-impossible by gaining admission to Forum pages — a very fair average for the all-but-impossible. And only one sneaked in through the back door of fiction.*]

The Forum's Talkies

To the Editor:

The Forum series of Socratic dialogues has brought to my mind an interesting comparison. That is, a comparison of the adequacy of the two forms of discussion, the personal and spoken as against the written medium of discussion.

It is understood that the dialogues themselves were to some extent written, for they were edited and organized, but even in their revised form there was a characteristic difference, it seemed to me, in the emotional content.

I recall particularly Will Durant, Dr. Watson, Clarence Darrow, and Fabian Franklin, all of them capable of the most lucid, direct, and orderly exposition. But in the hand-to-hand contact of the dialogues their remarks, even though subsequently groomed for publication, showed the crippling effects of emotional reaction. In the case of Madame Corra Harris, it seemed to me only fair that some Boswellian hand should have been engaged to render her efforts intelligible, as well as to save from inanity the questions and remarks, evidently under the stress of gallantry, addressed to her.

Of course, it is merely trite to observe that a carefully prepared written document should be more reasonable than a free-for-all personal discussion. However, the difference may be worth noting if only to bring out more distinctly the value of your stimulating magazine, where one can find the interchange and opposition of ideas adequately and satisfyingly expressed. Furthermore, it is comforting to the humbler minds to discover that even the most intelligent are earth-bound when it comes to vocalizing their sentiments in company.

GEORGE M. ROBERTSON

Flushing, N. Y.

Soviet "Dumping"

To the Editor:

In your September issue I note your editorial statement that the next ten years will see proof of whether or not Communist industry can produce goods more cheaply than capitalist industry. If Communism can do that, you say that it will flood the markets of Europe, and if it cannot, that it will be doomed to miserable failure.

Please pardon me if I point out to you that this is nonsense, and is simply a revelation of your failure to study Communist and Socialist theory. Communism and Socialism are not under the slightest obligation to flood anybody's markets with any products, and it is the last thing in the world that a Communist or Socialist state would desire to do. It is capitalism which is under the necessity of finding foreign markets for its surplus products, and the reason is because capitalism does not and cannot pay its workers sufficient to enable them to purchase and consume what their labor has produced.

That is why capitalism is doomed to death — because it makes international competition, and therefore war, and therefore revolution. But under Communism or Socialism the workers own the full value of their product, and therefore they have the money to purchase what they produce, and therefore Communism or Socialism is a stable form of economic

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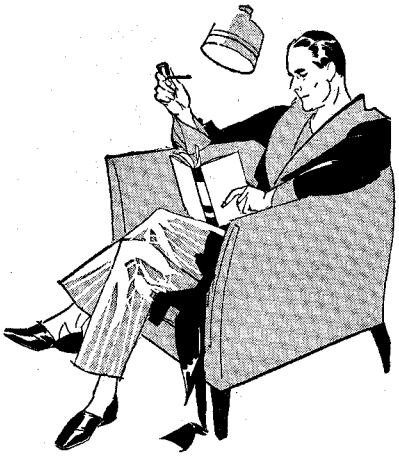

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Our Rostrum

society, and Communists and Socialists can stay quietly at home and enrich themselves and enjoy life. They need to trade with foreign countries only for such products as they themselves cannot produce at home. In the case of a country such as Russia, which has nearly all the natural resources, this means very little need for foreign trade.

Such "dumping" as Soviet Russia is doing at present is a purely temporary phenomenon. The Soviets need machinery in order to build up their industries quickly, and in order to pay for this machinery they rush out everything they can spare. This present year the Russians socialized about fifty per cent of their agriculture. Because of that, they purchased some thirty million dollars worth of tractors in the United States, and kept our tractor industry alive. But now they have completed the Stalingrad factory, which will turn out fifty thousand tractors a year. So, if American tractor manufacturers imagine that their Russian trade will continue, they are fooling themselves sadly. And exactly the same thing applies to all other Russian purchases everywhere. They will continue only until the Russian industrial machine is complete. Then they will all stop, and Russia will be the richest nation in the world, and the only happy one.

Of course, all that is based on the assumption that world capitalism will let Russia alone while it gives this demonstration of the superiority of coöperation over competition. But I have very little hope that world capitalism will be stupid enough to permit its grave to be dug before its eyes.

UPTON SINCLAIR

Pasadena, Calif.

America's Bad Boy

To the Editor:

The customary avalanche of invective, vegetables, halleluiahs, and prayers for the repose of the dead will undoubtedly greet Mr. Mencken's enlightening article. It was with unfeigned interest that I looked forward to the "What I Believe" of America's bad boy. But what a pity: I am disappointed again. Seemingly Mr. Mencken has forgotten his text.

Could we but coax Mr. Mencken away from his brick pile long enough to learn his beliefs they might prove revealing, but alas, Mr. Mencken prefers pitching bricks to penning impossibilities.

WALTER G. DRYSDALE

Inglewood, Calif.

[EDITOR'S NOTE — *We wish to acknowledge receipt of the invective, vegetables, halleluiahs, and prayers which Mr. Drysdale predicted. While it is impossible to print all of them, we are giving a few samples herewith.*]

"Razorback Philosophy"

To the Editor:

I have just read and re-read in your September number the article by Mr. Mencken on "What I Believe." He levels humanity, including himself, down to the plane of the ass and the swine with one flourish of his pen, though he shows enough of innate human selfishness and conceit to insist that "there are men who are worse asses" than he is.

What more superficial view of life could be put into words than his own declaration: "The question before us is a practical one: how are we to get through life with a maximum of entertainment and a minimum of pain?" Just interpret his notion of "entertainment" as consisting chiefly of a full stomach and you have the Arkansas razorback's ideal of life.

Although he professes great admiration for an honest search for truth, the insincerity of the man is revealed in almost every paragraph by the way in which he heaps scorn and contempt on everyone who holds a view of life differing from his own beastial conception. According to the general tone of his article, a man cannot be honest and believe in God; he cannot be truthful and be a Christian; he cannot be free and be moral, virtuous, and law-abiding. How does Mr. Mencken know? Has he ever tried it?

R. H. CANNON

DeWitt, Ark.

"Shovelfulls of Sludge"

To the Editor:

What is the big idea in forcing Mencken's diatribe of words on your readers? Let us suppose Mencken had a ghastly cancer in his groin and insisted on your printing a photo of it on your front page in the name of "realism"; would you do it? And pay him real money for the privilege?

Nominally this is a free country. Mencken is at liberty to believe, and disbelieve, as he will. But I deny that he, or you either, has a right to throw shovelfulls of sludge from his soul sewers onto the clean mental clothes of passersby on the Lincoln Highway of life.

ERNEST HOLLENBECK

Davison, Mich.

"Exalted Ego"

To the Editor:

Mr. Mencken certainly takes a great deal of space to elaborate his supreme smart-alecism, but at that he has plenty of room left to state his credo. Indeed, entirely too much. For the statement of

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Our Rostrum

Mr. Mencken's credo he needs space for but one word — a capital I. Plainly that is what he believes in and nothing else. And his belief in that might be somewhat shaken if his exalted ego would but permit him once to take a square look at himself.

Mr. Mencken will doubtless be spared the devastating disappointment which the possible summoning of his psyche to heaven would entail.

MRS. J. W. SHELL

Pittsburgh, Pa.

"A Cure for the Dumps"

To the Editor:

No doubt you will be swamped with letters of protest against the article by H. L. Mencken. I see by your "Rostrum" that some people plainly mistake the province of your paper, which is a forum for the discussion of questions that arise, both pro and con, and are not aware that they are presented for the purpose of stimulating debate.

This article alone is worth a year's subscription. It certainly is exhilarating, refreshing, and entertaining, and a cure for the dumps. More power to you, Mencken!

WILLIAM WOLF

"More Mencken!"

To the Editor:

Due to THE FORUM'S stated editorial policy I suppose it was necessary to insert an editorial foreword concerning Mr. Mencken's article in your September issue. When such a policy is required of a magazine one could undoubtedly expect to see some such apology for an article on mathematics — even if same embodied the banal idea that two plus two equals four. Otherwise there'd be no two sides or controversy.

Being an admirer of Mr. Mencken's critical ideas as well as of THE FORUM, I take the liberty to point out that the editorial foreword's classification of Mr. Mencken's frank "I Suppose" as a statement of absolute fact quite as dogmatic as historical religious dogmatism, is unfair to the general obvious context of the article. In no way can Mr. Mencken's article, which plainly states suppositions, be compared to the absolute dogma of Holy Writ and the positive utterances of its partisans.

As to liberty, "the utmost freedom of conduct that is consistent with living in organized society" clearly shows Mr. Mencken's meaning. He agrees that all government "must necessarily make war upon liberty," but it is obvious that he considers government "evil" because of the general inability of governments to discriminate intelligently and decently between what is consistent with organized society and what is not.

On the whole, I think there is a vast and quite obvious difference between Mr. Mencken's frankly stated suppositions and the absolute dogmatisms of all religions. Yours for more articles by Mencken.

FRANK SLATER

Dayton, Ohio

That Awful Friedman Story

To the Editor:

After reading the wonderful article, "What I Believe," by H. G. Wells in the August FORUM, I read the story "Table d'Hôte," by Favius Friedman. I do not usually read fiction and so am not familiar with the standard of THE FORUM, but I am surprised at its low level as demonstrated by the publication of this unutterably coarse production. Its only virtue — if it may be called a virtue under the circumstances — is its strength. I admit its strength — as I might admit the strength of the stench from a dung-heap.

To read the article by Wells and follow with this story is like passing through a wind-swept field of fragrant clover into the muck of a putrid heap of offal. It is an insult to both your readers and contributors.

MRS. J. S. HANNA

Los Angeles, Calif.

[EDITOR'S NOTE — *We should like to take Mrs. J. S. Hanna by the hand and lead her to a real dung-heap — or her fragrant alternative, "a putrid heap of offal" — to refresh her memory and give her a more accurate scale of values in her future literary criticism. If that Friedman story was offensive to the ordinary healthy nostril, may we be struck down by hay fever and never smell another thing!*]

The Cause of Crime

To the Editor:

"When Animals Were Criminals," by Harry Hibschman in the September FORUM, is by far the most interesting article I have seen in your magazine.

But I fear that Mr. Hibschman's article will appeal only to those who are personally interested in this question of crime and its prevention, and will cause much severe criticism from the medical and legal fraternity. Let him not forget what happened to the psychiatrist who testified for the defense in the Hickman case.

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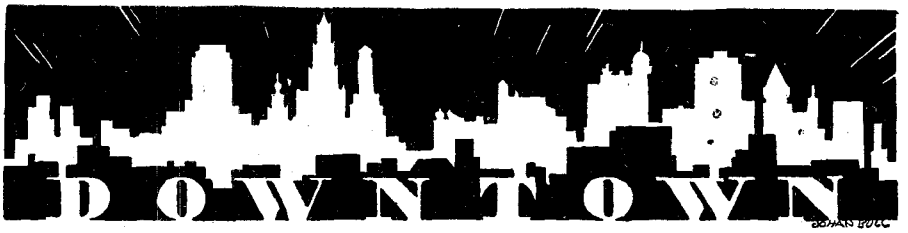

Investing in Common Stocks

by **DONALD REA HANSON**

EXACTLY a year has elapsed since the stock market panic of 1929 shattered the hopes for wealth of millions of people. The industrial depression which followed that crash has developed most of the characteristics that have been clearly defined in previous cycles, and with it there has come the usual pessimism. But those with stout hearts, whose experience in previous depressions has taught them to have faith in the ultimate recovery of this nation's economic position and in its financial institutions, are facing the future with confidence.

Experience shows that a generation in American business covers a period of from seven to ten years, which is about the average length of the major cycles in business. In the stock market a generation is shorter, measuring by the cyclical movements, which are fairly clearly defined as periods of about forty months each. And each generation carries with it new opportunities. It is time to forget the opportunities that were lost in the past and to look ahead to the future.

Nothing illustrates more clearly the remarkable rapidity with which fortunes can be made in this country than a consideration of the comparative youth of many of the major industries of to-day. Seventy-one years ago the petroleum industry in the United States consisted of one 69½-foot hole in the ground in Pennsylvania, capable of producing 15 barrels of crude oil per day. The discovery of oil by Edwin Drake in Pennsylvania was followed by a general stampede to the oil fields of that state and one of the first to jump at the new opportunities opened up was John D. Rockefeller. In his first year in the new venture Mr. Rockefeller is understood to have cleared a profit of $17,000. What the Rockefeller family draws down in dividends from the oil business to-day is not known, but it is generally credited with being the largest owner of Standard Oil stocks in the world. And this year the Standard Oil group of companies will distribute close to $280,000,000 in dividends. The entire history of the petroleum industry in this country covers a span no longer than an average lifetime. Mr. Rockefeller is still living. Each generation has opened up new opportunities for the petroleum industry. The production of gasoline has multiplied ten fold since 1913. The demand for it is increasing and with it new opportunities for profit are being developed each year through constant improvement in producing and refining methods.

Only 54 years have passed since Alexander Graham Bell spoke to Dr. Thomas A. Watson over the instrument now known as the telephone. To-day the largest single corporation in the United States is the American Telephone & Telegraph Co., born of that invention. Dr. Watson is still living and thousands of people are still living who can recall the beginnings of that enormous industry. Money was made rapidly in the telephone industry. Consider that the stock of that company is now selling in the open market at a valuation of $3,500,000,000, an aggregate valuation entirely accumulated within a period of fifty-four years, but most of which has been accumulated within the past five or ten years.

Thomas A. Edison's greatest invention was unquestionably the incandescent lamp, which was patented in 1878, or two years after Bell perfected the first practical telephone. From this simple invention has grown the electric power and light industry of to-day, with its present enormous extension into the field of industrial power. Mr. Edison is still living, as are thousands of his contemporaries who were able to visualize to some degree, at least, the possibilities of the incandescent lamp and profit by it.

Within the memory of the present generation the automobile industry has sprung from one of a dozen cars scattered over the roads of a few of the eastern states to a point where 35,000,000 cars are on the roads of every civilized country of the world, nearly 27,000,000 of which are in operation in the United States alone. Money has been made quickly in this industry in the past decade, as everyone knows. The fortunes of Henry Ford, Couzens, the Dodge brothers, Willys, Raskob, du Pont, and scores of others are familiar to all, even though their exact dimensions cannot be estimated with any degree of accuracy. In the General Motors organization alone it was common talk a year ago that John J. Raskob had created eighty millionaires in a period of

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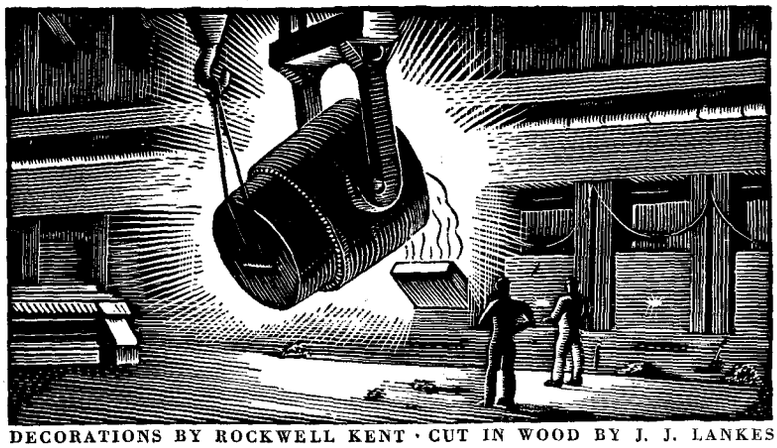

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During this period of great industrial expansion, many investors reaped an immense and virtually unparalleled profit, while others, less fortunate or less accurately informed, made no profit or suffered an actual loss.

In the year 1927, when the total of manufactured products was more than $62,718,000,000, nine of the sixteen "billion dollar" industries showed an actual decrease in production under 1925. Even in the industries showing the greatest loss, however, some companies showed a decided gain, both in production and in profits.

Interpretation of these figures shows the need of constant supervision of industrial investments. For while the gains have continued and will continue, the leaders of one period are not necessarily the leaders of another.

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It was from a Loan made to the Government in 1789 by the Bank of New York that the President's first Instalment of Salary was paid. Alexander Hamilton upon assuming the Position of Secretary of the Treasury had found himself entirely without Funds to meet the ordinary expenses of Government and turned to "The Bank" (as it was then known) in the Nation's time of need.

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less than five years, merely through the opportunities offered in the expansion of that huge organization. The owners of the common stock equity of that company saw it expand from a matter of $250,000,000 in 1923 to a maximum peak of approximately $4,000,000,000 in 1929. The opportunities for profit were obvious. But they were not limited to a selected coterie. The common stock of the company was listed upon the New York Stock Exchange and had been listed for many years. Although the du Ponts were recorded as the owners of about 7,000,000 shares out of the 20,000,000 outstanding seven years ago, there was plenty of stock available at around $13 a share for those who had confidence in the industry in general and this company in particular.

The point is that most of the great industries of to-day have sprung into being within the space of a lifetime, and that the opportunities for participating in the future expansion of these industries or in new industries that are constantly springing to life have by no means been exhausted. But it should also be observed that the only practicable method for the public to participate in these opportunities is through the ownership of a portion of the equity of those industries. The crash in the stock market a year ago had a tendency to destroy the confidence of many in the desirability of common stocks for investment. It is unfortunate that this should be the case and the situation exists not primarily because common stocks are necessarily risky investments, but because the mania for common stocks was carried to extremes during the boom. While it is demonstrably true that money can be made rapidly in this country, it is now evident that the common error a year ago was to endeavor to make money too rapidly. The individual who owned ten shares of stock in a successful company reasoned that he would make money five times as fast if he borrowed enough money to carry fifty shares on margin. His greed proved his undoing and, in a nutshell, that was the cause of the crash. Too many saw the error of their methods at once and all tried to get out by the same exit at the same time. It is only a matter of common observation that the surest and safest method of making a profit is by the exercise of patience; that margin speculation and quick turns in the market do not yield the best results. Long pull investments in a diversified list of securities have ordinarily produced better returns.

LONG PULL INVESTMENTS

"LONG PULL investment" is an indefinite sort of a term and one that is often overworked in Wall Street. To some margin traders a long pull investment may be a purchase to hold three or four weeks,

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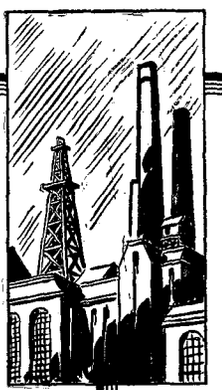
$6,350 invested in 100 Shares of CITIES SERVICE COMMON STOCK on January 1, 1911 has grown to $230,000

(as of September 2, 1930)



Cities Service Radio Program—every Friday, 8 P. M., Eastern Standard Time—N. B. C. Coast-to-Coast and Canadian network—34 Stations.

The above calculation is based upon all stock dividends being held and the proceeds of all rights having been invested in CITIES SERVICE Common stock at the then existing market price.

401,102 investors are now Common stockholders of CITIES SERVICE COMPANY—a company whose annual net earnings have increased from $38,657,916 to $57,110,650 in the last twelve months. During this same period net to CITIES SERVICE Common stock and Reserves has grown from $1.13 to $1.46 per share.

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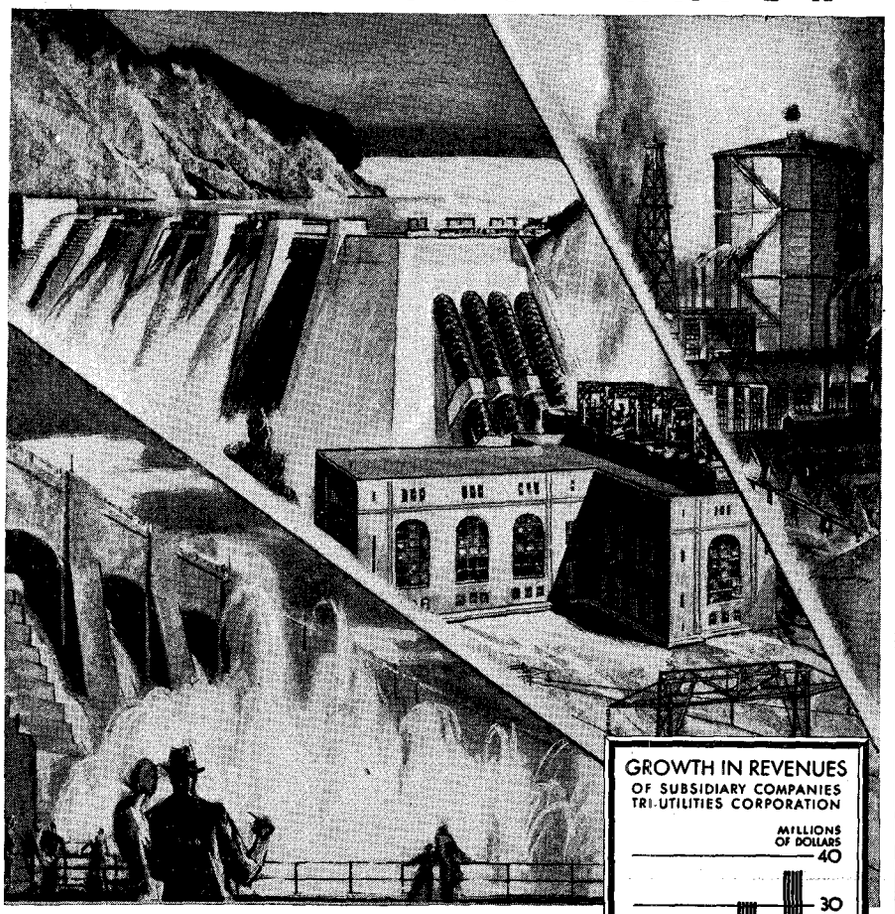

Utility Earnings Gain

A Comparison with Other Industries

New evidence of the stability of earnings of public utility companies is revealed by a recent survey, which compares the first six months of this year with the same period last year.

● While net earnings of representative companies in other fields showed a substantial reduction, those of public utility companies showed a GAIN. Earnings of 552 industrials were 28% lower; 172 Railroads, 33% lower; while U. S. Department of Commerce figures show the earnings of 95 utilities to be 4% HIGHER. These include electric light and power, gas, and water companies.

● Tri-Utilities Corporation is one of the great utility systems of the country, operating in twenty-six states of the union—furnishing electric light and power, gas, and water—and serving nearly five million people.

● For investors, the securities of Tri-Utilities Corporation offer a degree of diversification seldom found. Because of the essential nature of the business, it expands with population, and its earnings grow without the fluctuations found in less essential businesses.

The above chart shows impressive and steadily increasing revenues ...These figures do not yet include any revenues from the subsidiary, Southern Natural Gas Corporation, which has built and put into operation this year one of the largest pipe line systems for gas ever constructed.

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or about as many months. To others, who buy for outright ownership, the term may mean a purchase for the duration of a business cycle, or anywhere from three to five years. These trust to their ability to sell stocks when they are overvalued and repurchase them when they are undervalued, according as the swings from bear to bull markets affect prices. Not many are sufficiently gifted with foresight and judgment to succeed.

There are still others whose idea of a long pull investment is for a discretionary period governed by the promising prospects of an industry as a whole and an assurance that high standards of managerial efficiency are being maintained in the particular corporation in which they invest their funds. To others a long pull investment is an investment *in perpetuum*. To them it is a purchase in a given issue for keeps, an investment in which the individual rides aloft on the wings of prosperity if his judgment is good, but is prepared to go down with the ship if she sinks. We find many such investments in the hands of those who hold enormous blocks of stocks, too large to be readily liquidated, or in the hands of those identified with the management of a company. The very fact that this is so is a suggestion that an investment for a lifetime has something to recommend it. To the small investor the risk of loss of all of one's capital can be minimized by diversifying it in several different industries. By such methods a loss in one selection will usually be offset by gains in others in the long run, provided ordinary discretion is exercised in the selection of the list.

BONDS LESS FAVORED TO-DAY

IT IS noteworthy that large institutions and trustees are decidedly more partial to common stocks to-day than they were a decade or two ago. We can safely assume that this is a permanent policy, notwithstanding the set-back to the common stock for investment theory occasioned by the panic. The reasons are clear. Except for purchases in real estate, common stocks offer the only practical method of participating in the expansion, or the increase in national wealth, which has been a characteristic of our country.

Ten years ago the investments of Yale University were made up of about 63 per cent in bonds and 10 per cent in common stocks. The remainder was largely in mortgage loans and in real estate. The latest report indicates that bonds comprise but 38 per cent of its total investments, common stocks about 33 per cent, and the remainder is in mortgages and real estate. A large proportion of Harvard University's endowment is invested in common stocks. The degree of success of

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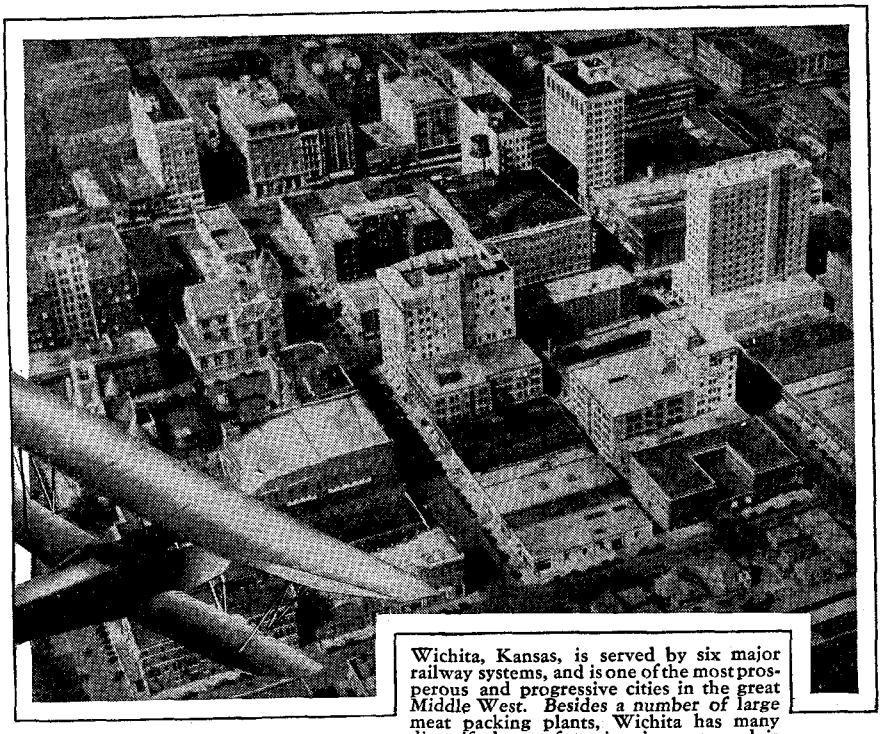
this policy can be imagined when it is realized that several thousand shares of General Electric are carried on its books at $1 for the lot. The understanding is that stock dividends and profits realized upon a portion of this investment enabled the trustees to charge the net cost of the remaining block down to practically nothing.

The chairman of the board of one of the largest trust companies in New York was quoted several months ago as saying that 49 per cent of the assets of large estates were in equity securities. Some idea of the way some special funds have expanded may be realized by an examination of reports made public of a trust fund which John D. Rockefeller set aside some years ago for his daughter. In 1917 Mr. Rockefeller set aside 12,000 shares of Standard Oil Co. of Indiana stock for this fund, then worth about $9,000,000. During the following twelve years the stock yielded $6,693,320 to the beneficiary in income and, through split-ups and stock dividends, grew to 356,350 shares worth about $18,000,000.

Life insurance companies in the United States are restricted severely by law in their investment procedure and common stocks are not legal for investment. No such restrictions exist in Canada, however, where the Sun Life Assurance Co. has had remarkable success with stocks. Discussing this policy in an interview with a London newspaper last summer T. B. Macaulay, president of the company, said: "I believe that a group of carefully selected and well diversified stocks will almost certainly have a gradual upward trend in both earnings and capital value over a long term of years, but even the best of them will have periodical dips of more or less severity in their market values, and this fact cannot be ignored even though it be but a paper valuation. Population, wealth, and volume of business will certainly continue to grow and great corporations will as certainly grow in proportion. That means increased earnings and increased dividends in years to come. That is what can reasonably be expected and past experience has abundantly confirmed this."

"I am no prophet," he went on to say, "but I rather think that by the end of this year selected common stocks, of the type that we have in our portfolio, will on the average have regained in market value 60 to 70 per cent of the loss sustained last autumn. By the end of 1931, or at any rate by the end of 1932, I expect the average perhaps to have attained the 1929 peak again. At those prices stocks were too high last fall, but they should be really worth that price on the average in 1931 or 1932 as the result of intervening expansion in business and the ploughing back of additional earnings."

An airplane tour of the communities served by the operating properties of the American Water Works and Electric Company, Incorporated



Wichita, Kansas, is served by six major railway systems, and is one of the most prosperous and progressive cities in the great Middle West. Besides a number of large meat packing plants, Wichita has many diversified manufacturing interests and is one of the foremost agricultural centers of the United States as well as the hub of mid-western commercial aircraft activities.

THE Wichita Water Company is one of many successful operating public utility companies owned by the American Water Works and Electric Company. It has supplied the growing population of this Kansas metropolis for many years with its most essential public service.

One of the forty-three seasoned operating water companies in the diversified American Water Works and Electric System of electric, water and other utilities, the Wichita property is constantly adding to the sound values behind its own and the parent corporation's securities.

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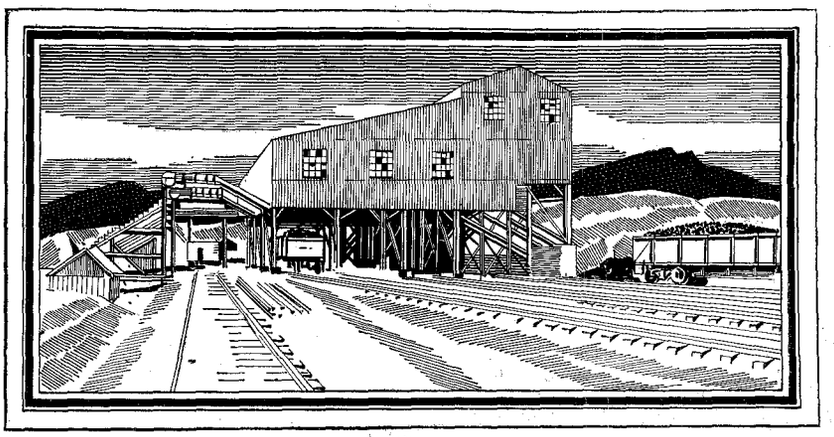

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Rich deposits of coal...estimated to be sufficient to supply the entire United States for 100 years...make coal mining one of the leading industries of the state. Colorado outranks all western states in the production of this mineral. In value, the output from its coal mines is almost three times the yield of its famous gold and silver deposits and is nearly twice that of its sugar beet crop, its leading farm product.

Together with other minerals, agricultural products and livestock, coal enables Colorado to enjoy a thriving commerce throughout the Empire of the West...particularly with California where its products find an ever-growing market.

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***Mr. Donald Rea Hanson*, Editor of "*Downtown*," will be glad to give *Forum* readers his opinion regarding matters of investment. No advice regarding speculative operations will be given. Postage for reply should be enclosed.**

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THE FORUM, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Investment Literature

We present to our readers the following list of booklets issued by reputable financial houses with the belief that they may be helpful in the solution of investment problems. Copies of these booklets will be furnished free upon request.

WATER WORKS—THE OLDEST PUBLIC SERVICE. A description of the water works operations of the American Water Works and Electric Company, Inc. Copy upon request. American Water Works and Electric Company, Inc., 50 Broad St., New York City.

CLASS A STOCK. A new illustrated twelve-page booklet describing this investment stock and including photographs of the properties, map of their location, analysis of territories served, and charts of growth in earnings, assets and number of customers. Associated Gas & Electric Company, 61 Broadway, New York City.

THE LIFE INSURANCE TRUST. An outline of the program to be followed in arranging for the administration of your estate, with particular reference to insurance trusts and the benefits to be derived from such a plan. Bank of New York and Trust Company, 48 Wall Street, New York City.

CITIES SERVICE COMMON AS A PERMANENT INVESTMENT. This booklet describes the activities of Cities Service Company and its subsidiaries; also discusses common stock for investment, with special reference to the past history and future possibilities of Cities Service Common stock. Henry L. Doherty & Co., 60 Wall Street, New York City.

UNITED FOUNDERS CORPORATION REPORT FOR SIX MONTHS ENDED MAY 31, 1930, showing a complete list of portfolio holdings together with earnings statement, may be obtained from Founders General Corporation, 50 Pine Street, New York City.

THE CARE OF YOUR SECURITIES. A booklet describing the advantages and small cost of a Custody Service Account and outlining the numerous services offered security holders, such as review of investment holdings, collecting coupons, notification of maturities, etc. Guaranty Trust Company, 140 Broadway, New York City.

THE STRENGTH OF THE UTILITIES. Full of facts about the utility industry, its importance, and fundamental character; also sets forth the security of public utility bonds and tells how to choose them wisely. Copy upon request. Halsey, Stuart & Co., 201 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

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Investment Literature

THE JOHN HANCOCK HOME BUDGET. A guide in home budgeting, showing the proper apportionment of income to fit average needs: the amount to be allowed for rent, clothes, insurance, and other savings. Budget sheet sent upon request by Inquiry Bureau, The John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co., 197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass. Please enclose 2c for postage.

UTILITY PREFERRED STOCKS. An informative and interesting analysis of the advantages offered by Preferred Stocks in general and Utility Preferred Stocks in particular, showing present high yields and other advantages. G. L. Ohrstrom & Company, Inc., 36 Wall Street, New York City.

HOW TO GET THE THINGS YOU WANT. A booklet which outlines how life insurance can be used to advantage in any investment program and describes the uses and purposes of various policies, particularly retirement income policies and others for special needs. Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company, 493 Elm Street, Hartford, Conn.

23 YEARS OF SUCCESS. A booklet telling about the financial condition of the company; its method of doing business without agents; its diversified investments, and the wide distribution of its benefits. Postal Life Insurance Co., 511 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

LIFE INSURANCE AS AN INVESTMENT. A booklet outlining the advantages of life insurance as against other forms of investment for the regular and systematic saver. Provident Mutual Life Insurance Company of Philadelphia, 46th & Market Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

PRUDENCE-BONDS FOR PRUDENT PEOPLE. A brief description of how Prudence-Bonds are secured by conservative first mortgages on income producing properties and guaranteed by over $16,500,000 of the Prudence Company's capital, surplus and reserves. The Prudence Company, Inc., 331 Madison Avenue, New York City.

HOW TO INVEST MONEY. A new booklet published by S. W. Straus & Co. It describes various types of securities and is a valuable guide to every investor. S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

These booklets may be obtained by addressing the firms listed or

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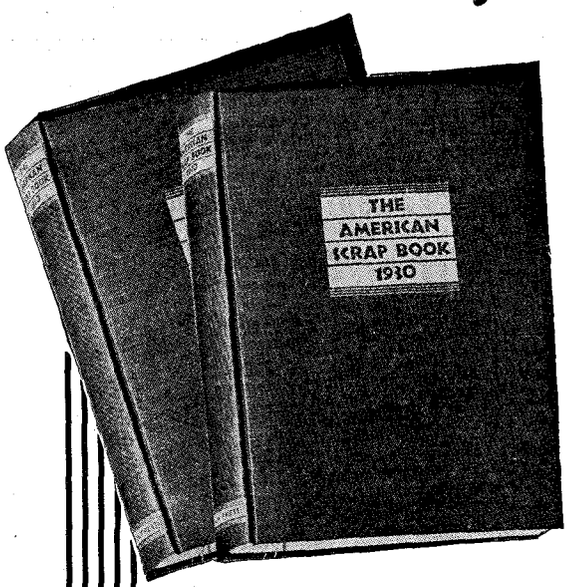

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TOASTS

LAST spring JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS returned from a winter in Italy to act as chairman of the Pulitzer jury in history. He has been a member of that committee for seven years. His book *The Adams Family* (of which family he is not a member) was the June choice of the Literary Guild, and a definitive edition in ten volumes of the books of Henry Adams, which he is editing, will be published this fall. Now back in Europe again, he is working on a new book on American history, material for which he collected in Washington this summer.

LEWIS MUMFORD

THE FACT that he has written about architecture has suggested to some people that LEWIS MUMFORD is an architect, but this is untrue. His forte is literature: indeed he has been professionally dedicated to letters since THE FORUM in 1914 accepted one of his first short stories. At nineteen, when Mr. Mumford was studying biology at the College of the City of New York, he came under the influence of Professor Patrick Geddes, the Scotch biologist. He reinforced Mr. Mumford's interest, not merely in science, but in the arts, in city planning, in philosophy, and in life generally, and to him, says Mr. Mumford, "my intellectual debts far outweigh any others that I owe." In discussing the changes and the growth of the last decade and a half he writes: "For all the disillusion that existed, the twenties was a good time to be alive; for if one survived at all, one had the advantage of a little extra toughening of the muscles; and the attempt to treat that decade as a unit to belittle its achievement is an amusing one, coming as it does chiefly from those who failed to make any mark on it: the historian will probably mark the period from 1910 to 1930 as the first *general* fruition of American culture since the Civil War."

IN THIS issue appears the last in the series of articles which WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS has been writing about Korea. They are soon to appear in book form. After years in the American diplomatic service, Mr. Sands is now teaching American history at the School of Foreign Service in Washington.

ONE CRITIC has said that until H. G. WELLS began to write, the nineteenth century had not completely happened, for the biological and economic discoveries which were the main achievement of that age were lying as lakes, profitable only to those who lived in their immediate neighborhood, until his novels appeared to turn them into reservoirs to irrigate the mind of the community. From obscure birth through self-education Mr. Wells has risen to world-wide fame as a most versatile author. He has made himself so thoroughly sure of his scientific and historical backgrounds that he writes with equal ease a fanciful tale of the men of Mars or an international best-seller such as *The Outline of History*.

LIFE for HELEN CONWAY began in the far West, and her early years include a background of the more uncivilized parts of Idaho, Washington, and Oregon, with Indian Reservations, homesteads, cowboys, sagebrush plains, and raw first settlements in new irrigation projects. Her journalistic career began with her first job after graduation and covered everything from police to society news for a little daily paper on the Pacific Coast, in the land of lumberjacks and moonshiners. Now Miss Conway is in New York, and the scope of her interests remains equally varied. The latest is a novel, not yet finished.

LOWRY CHARLES WIMBERLY was born in Louisiana, where his father began his ministry as a circuit rider. "Like most preachers' boys," says Mr. Wimberly, "I did my share of deacon dodging, becoming in the process a sort of juvenile Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Among other disturbing things that I learned by the age of ten was the fact that there may be more charity in the heart of a saloon-keeper than in that of a church elder." All five of Mr. Wimberly's brothers are preachers, and although he himself once had a small charge, he decided after preaching two secondhand sermons that the cloth was not for him, and turned to school teaching. At present he is teaching English at the University of Nebraska and editing *The Prairie Schooner*, a mid-western literary quarterly.

H. G. WELLS

ARTHUR BRIGGS says he has been professionally engaged in lit'ry work for twenty years. Under his own and various pen names he has tossed off three or four novels, hundreds of short stories, scores of articles, and several thousand pieces of verse. He has been a newspaper reporter, coal-heaver, clerk, deckhand, and editor. Known as a prolific writer, he says that if he could cure himself of doing his own house painting, furniture repairing, cabinet work, and other such hobbies, he would write twice as much, twice as well, and probably make four times as much money. But he'd lose a lot of fun.

BORN in Seattle in 1872, ASHMUN BROWN is one of the senior members of the corps of Washington correspondents. He comes from a family active in American journalism for more than a century. Prior to going to Washington, Mr. Brown served in all the departments of newspaper work, from reporter to managing editor, on innumerable papers. Mr. Brown is known in the national capital as a political analyst of distinction. In 1927 he was president of the Gridiron Club, that famous dining club made up of active political writers stationed in Washington.

SINCE his high school and college days HERBERT CARLETON MAYER has spent a great deal of time with young people, who are his hobby as well as his profession. After considerable experience in camps and training schools for boys and girls, teaching in Wisconsin, Ohio, and Massachusetts, Mr. Mayer entered the war and became a commissioned pilot in the air forces. After various assignments in this field he is now editing a series of aviation text books for the Century Company and doing other writing, all connected with young people, their needs, and their interests.

NATHAN ASCH was born in Warsaw. At an early age he moved to Germany, then France, and then Switzerland. In 1915 he came to America and settled in New York. When he was sixteen he joined the Navy, but was released when he was discovered to be under age. After trying Syracuse and Columbia Universities for a time he went on to Wall Street. The successive failure of several firms with which he was connected convinced him that business was not for him. Deciding to try his hand at writing, he went to Paris and remained there for almost three years, with occasional trips through Poland, Germany, Italy, and Spain. *Pay Day* is his most recent novel.

AN AUTHOR far too well known to FORUM readers to need much introduction is JOHN T. FLYNN. During the last two years his articles on finance, as seen through a journalistic eye, have caused an ever-increasing flow of letters into this office.

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